Collier's

OCTOBER 25, 1952 • FIFTEEN CENTS

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RED GRANGE

I Couldn't Make the Varsity Today!

•

MORE ABOUT

MAN on the MOON

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
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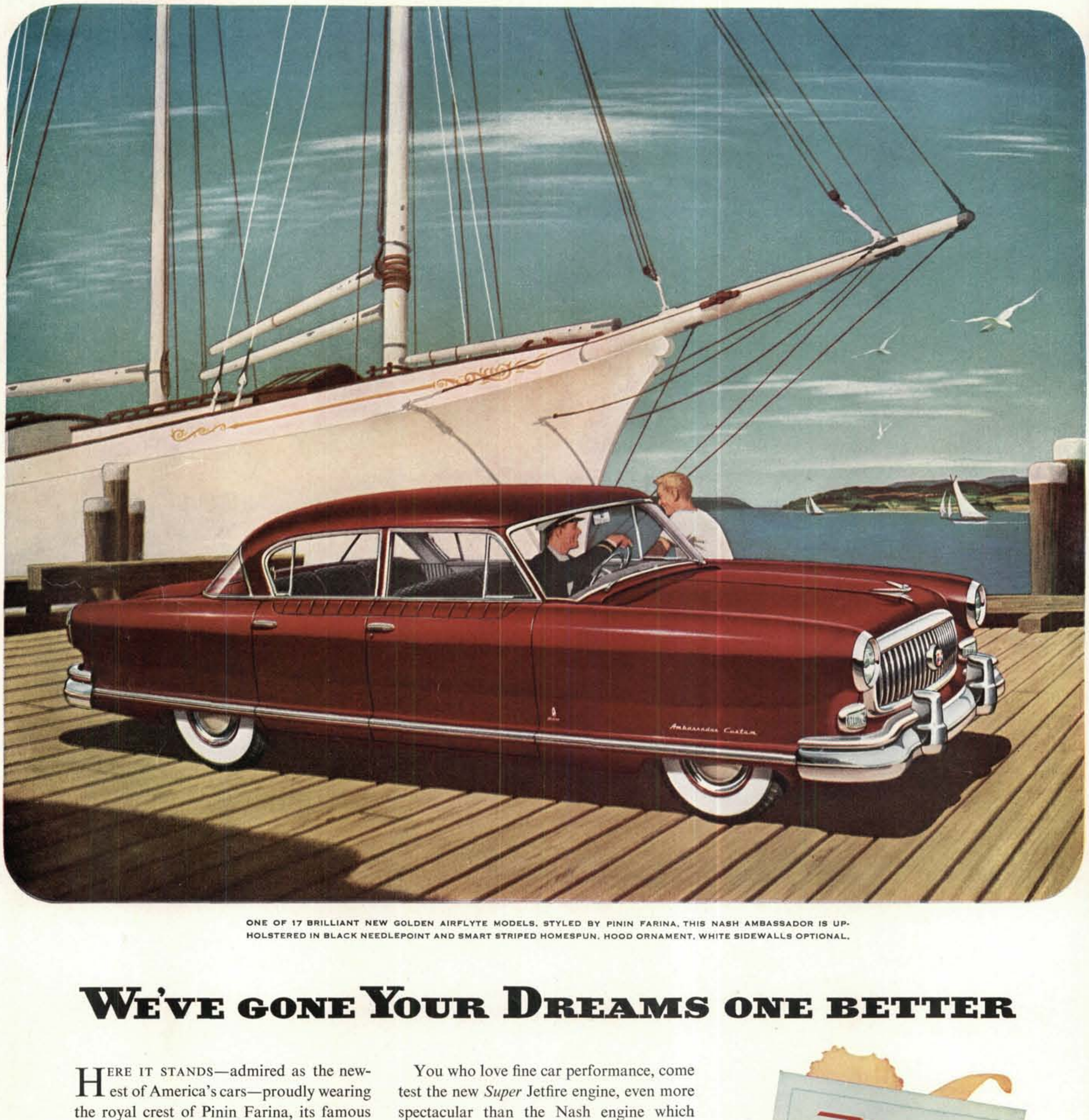
485797 2Y 8 25



ONE OF 17 BRILLIANT NEW GOLDEN AIRFLYTE MODELS, STYLED BY PININ FARINA, THIS NASH AMBASSADOR IS UPHOLSTERED IN BLACK NEEDLEPOINT AND SMART STRIPED HOMESPUN. HOOD ORNAMENT, WHITE SIDEWALLS OPTIONAL.

WE'VE GONE YOUR DREAMS ONE BETTER

HERE IT STANDS—admired as the newest of America's cars—proudly wearing the royal crest of Pinin Farina, its famous stylist. The Nash Golden Airflyte!

You who love luxury, come see the car that goes your dreams one better. See doors that magically open at one finger's touch! Seats that are sofas, in size and softness—and if you wish, seats that recline, even make into twin beds at night! Around you, the greatest sweep of vision that ever enchanted your eye—the widest windshield and widest rear window. And every mile you drive, each breath of air you breathe is filtered, heated and circulated scientifically!

You who love fine car performance, come test the new *Super* Jetfire engine, even more spectacular than the Nash engine which broke last year's stock car record.

You who love comfort, feel the *incredible* smoothness of the Airflyte ride . . . the feather-touch response of new handling ease . . . the *quietness* of a car forever free of the squeaks and rattles of body-bolts.

Yes, here's the car that goes far beyond your dreams . . . the car that you'll be proud to park in your driveway.

And it's so much easier to own than you think! Don't wait another day to see your Nash dealer and take a Golden Airflyte ride!

THE AMBASSADOR • THE STATESMAN • THE RAMBLER

Nash
Golden Airflytes
1902
1952

The Finest of Our Fifty Years

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit 32, Michigan

HOW FIRE INSURANCE *puts the finger* ON THE FIRE BUG

Not too long ago, "arson rings" preyed upon America's big cities. But today, local authorities, aided by arson specialists, are making it too hot for these potential murderers. Incendiarism now is mostly the work of juveniles and mental defectives. Helping to get rid of fire bugs is another public service of the capital stock fire insurance business which saves lives and property and keeps down the cost of your fire insurance.

Fire insurance service benefits us in many other ways. When you're building or buying a home, fire insurance protects you and helps make your investment secure. It keeps stores open, plants humming. Because of it, business men can plan ahead with confidence, relying upon insurance to protect them against unexpected fire losses.

YOU'LL SEE your fire insurance agent at the high school game—with his family. He's interested in his community, too. And he's an example of what makes America click. Every business he insures, large or small, competes in an open market—as he does. Both must give full value—or they won't stay in business. And it is from such private enterprise that every local community prospers.

HOW MUCH WOULD IT COST TODAY TO REPLACE A HOUSE YOU PAID $7,500 FOR TEN YEARS AGO? You know how construction costs have skyrocketed. But would you have enough fire and lightning insurance if fire damaged or destroyed your home today? Why not call your agent or broker. He'll be glad to make sure you're adequately protected.

AN ADVERTISEMENT SPONSORED BY THE CAPITAL STOCK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES, THEIR AGENTS AND BROKERS,
THROUGH THE NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS, 85 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK 38, N. Y.

CAPITAL STOCK Standard protection COMPANY INSURANCE

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Protect it with **Miracle Power**

Remember when a new automobile cost around $700? Today, your big investment—and the fact that world conditions indicate it may have to last a long time—are reasons enough for taking care of it.

That's why mechanics and racers say, "Use Miracle Power in oil and gas". They know that oil alone can't protect modern engines against friction and DRY STARTING* damage—major cause of engine wear. And oil can't lubricate upper cylinder areas effectively because it breaks down under terrific combustion chamber temperature.

Miracle Power assures constant lubrication. It contains colloidal synthetic graphite in suspension. This lubricating graphite clings to metal . . . saves vital engine parts when oil is absent or ruptures . . . provides effective top cylinder lubrication because it keeps lubricating at "red hot" combustion chamber temperatures.

To save your car, use Miracle Power.

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Miracle Power

in 1951 and 1952 Indianapolis Races

The AAA certified that the same Miracle Power you buy was used in the "Leightenberger Special" which finished both '51 and '52 races.

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U.S. MEASURE
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Colloidal Synthetic Graphite in Suspension
PUTS THE "PURR-R-R" IN ENGINE PERFORMANCE®
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Use in Gas and Oil

At gas stations, garages, car dealers and all Ford, Kaiser-Frazer and Willys-Overland Dealers
75c

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

Prevents "Engine Ulcers" caused by DRY STARTING*

*During stops, oil drains into the crankcase, eventually leaves parts dry. When you start, it may take up to five minutes before oil returns to all moving parts. Meantime, dry metal grinds against dry metal. This, plus acid etching, causes "Engine Ulcers"—and sooner or later, costly repairs.

Treats the Engine, Not the Oil!

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October 25, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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▶ **CHANGES OF ADDRESS** should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. *Give both the old and new addresses.* ◀

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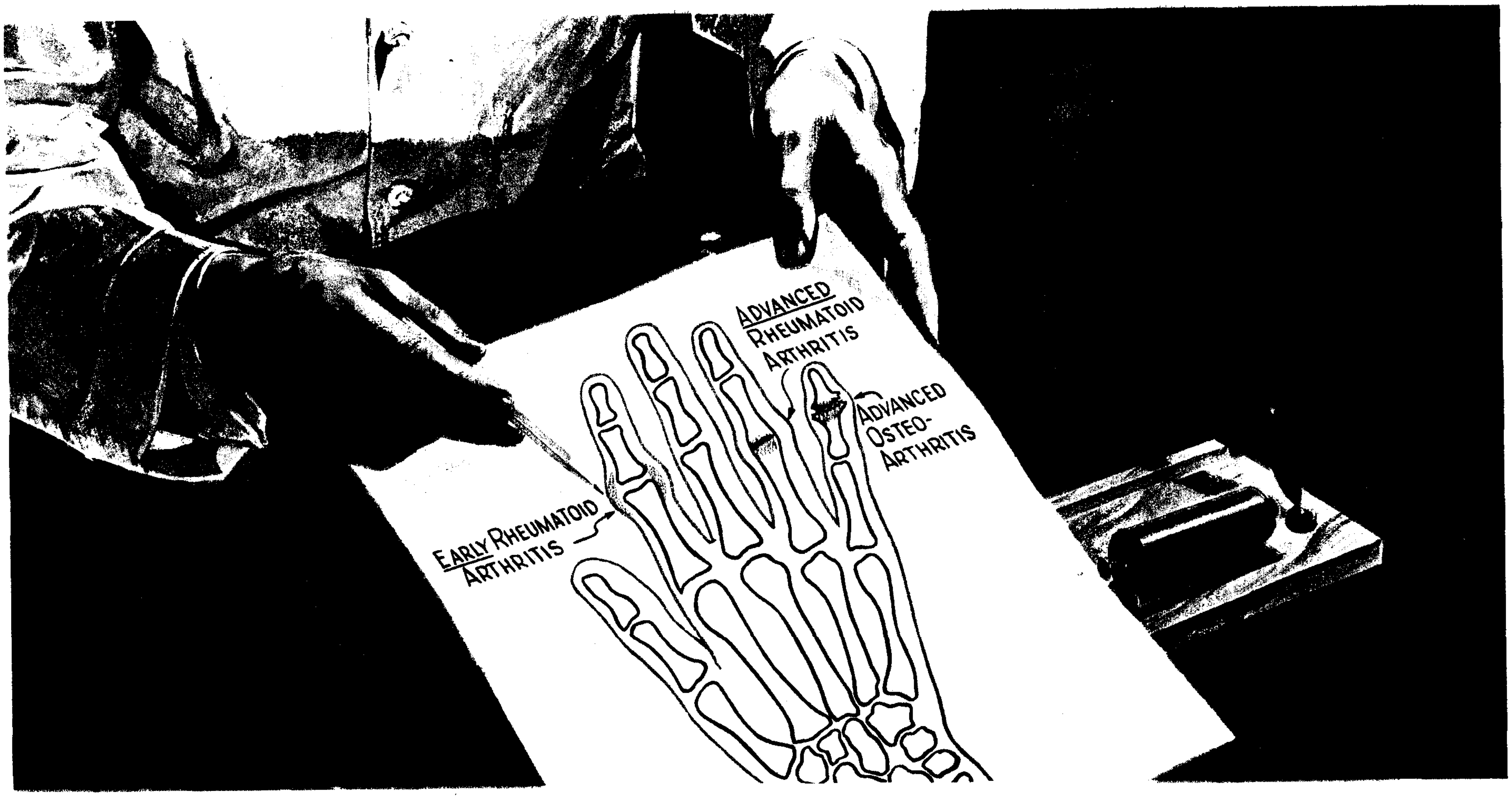


ARTHRITIS

Today the outlook for most people with arthritis—particularly those affected by the rheumatoid type—is encouraging. This is because medical research has uncovered new facts about this disease, and provided more effective drugs for its treatment.

Such advances are heartening because the arthritic diseases are not only widespread but are second in disabling effect among all diseases in the United States. In fact, the Public Health Service recently reported that more than 10 million people in our country have some form of this disease.

In the sketch above, some basic facts about the two most common forms of chronic arthritis—*rheumatoid arthritis* and *osteoarthritis*—are illustrated. The joint-swelling, which is characteristic of early rheumatoid arthritis, is shown on the index finger. Since the joint itself is not damaged, *prompt* treatment may bring complete relief.

The effects of *advanced* rheumatoid arthritis are shown on the third finger. Here an overgrowth of bone has caused a complete stiffening of the joint. Even at this stage, however, patients can often be helped.

The little finger illustrates the enlarged ends of bones and the diminished joint spaces caused by osteoarthritis. It is primarily the result of aging and generally does not cause severe crippling.

Doctors do not consider rheumatoid arthritis simply a disease of the joints. They say that the person who has this condition generally shows signs of disease of the *entire* body. This may be evidenced by loss of weight, fatigue, anemia, infection, emotional upsets, nutritional deficiencies, and sometimes by other more serious conditions.

Safeguards against Arthritis

1. **Keep your weight at normal, or below.**
2. **Eat a balanced daily diet, and get plenty of rest and sleep.**
3. **Maintain good posture.**
4. **Develop a calm mental outlook.**
5. **Have regular medical and dental check-ups.**

Whenever signs of rheumatoid arthritis occur, a *thorough physical examination* is needed. Only in this way can an exact diagnosis be made and treatment outlined to meet the patient's *individual* needs.

There is no known cure as yet for rheumatoid arthritis. Medical authorities believe that standard treatment—*if continued persistently*—can prevent serious complications in 70 percent of cases, and even completely relieve the painful symptoms in many cases. This treatment includes rest, good nutrition, physical therapy, and other measures.

To help prevent arthritis—or lessen the effects if it should occur—*one should not neglect seeing the doctor whenever persistent pain occurs in any joint.* Moreover, it is most important for the patient to realize that relief from *any* type of arthritis depends largely on close and faithful cooperation with the doctor in all phases of treatment.

Above all, arthritic patients should take an optimistic attitude toward this disease, because worry and mental strain may intensify symptoms. Today it is reassuring to know that *the great majority of arthritis cases can be greatly helped.*

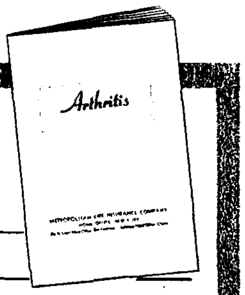
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please mail me a free copy of your booklet, 1052C, "Arthritis."

Name________________

Street________________

City__________ **State**__________



Escape from the commonplace

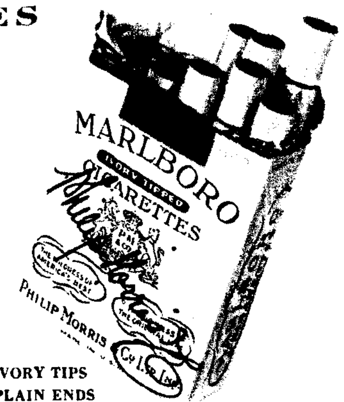
Archway of Santa Catarina—Antigua, Guatemala.

Enjoy something different

...try MARLBORO CIGARETTES

Finer taste, superior mildness—a luxury in smoking unmatched by any other cigarette!

When smoking has stopped being a pleasure and becomes only a habit, it's time to freshen up your taste. So if you need a change, *remember* . . .



IVORY TIPS
PLAIN ENDS
BEAUTY TIPS (RED)

Marlboros are better in every way for those who smoke throughout the day!

The Cover

If you were sitting in a dinghy waiting for some ducks to come over, what would you do if a mama and papa duck cruised confidently by with three of their progeny? Artist Howard Forsberg, who reports he has drawn here from personal experience, says you'd probably react as our hunter is doing.

Week's Mail

Good, Live Indian

EDITOR: Such articles as Smile When You Call Me Pocahontas, by Wauhillau La Hay (Aug. 30th), are a heap big help in correcting some popular misconceptions about Indians.

America's minority in moccasins is all too commonly misunderstood.

DANIEL FRANCIS CLANCY, Continental Confederation of Adopted Indians, Springfield, Ohio

. . . Seems to me too many people forget too quickly just how much we have to be thankful for to the American Indian. Many of our greatest men have been of Indian descent.

Too many people have very little or no knowledge of the Indians past or present, yet they are continually making stupid remarks concerning the Indians.

So thanks to Miss La Hay for writing such a wonderful story. It was deeply appreciated by one of your most avid readers.

MRS. JUDY HALLORAN, Dallas, Tex.

. . . In all the years I have read Collier's for knowledge and pleasure I have never been so pleasantly rewarded as I was by Wauhillau La Hay's article. How wonderful it is to know of the ignorance existing in the upper bracket as well as the middle class.

Our experience here in the industrial center of the world was like Wauhillau's. We migrated here from that outlandish state no one ever heard of —West Virginia, where everyone carried a shotgun as standard equipment and no one was any race or creed except "hillbillies"!

During the war, one "lady" in the factory where I worked came up to me and "didn't want to get personal or anything like that, but was it true that we were traded for livestock in marriage?" I never batted an eyelash as I replied, "Yes, it's true. My father traded me off for an old sow and a litter of pigs, and my man must be satisfied because he never has asked for them back." MRS. PHYLLIS HARTLEY, Detroit, Mich.

Compound, Not Element

EDITOR: A slip is showing in Damsels Preparing for Distress (Aug. 30th). Since fluorine is a gas, it is highly improbable that, as stated, fluorine powder was used to dye the water to guide search parties. Probably fluorescein, which is an organic dye and yields a fluorescent green color in a dilute alkaline solution, was used.

JOHN L. MEISENHEIMER, Evansville, Ind.

Charming, but Firm

EDITOR: I couldn't have been more pleased than I was to find the article about Judge Mildred Lillie (Beauty on the Bench, Aug. 30th).

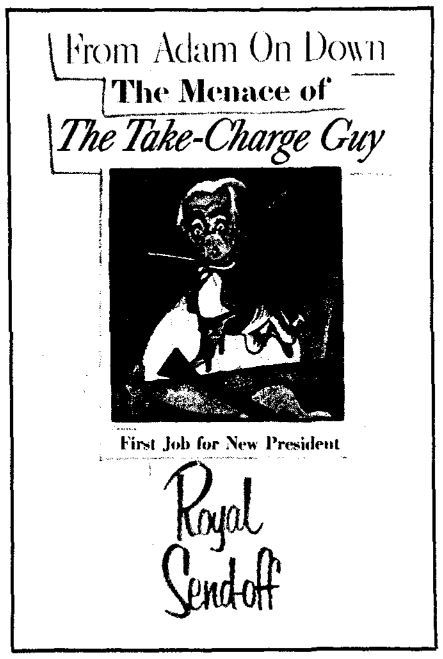
Late in January, 1950, I was fortunate enough to be on a jury panel and then on the jury proper while Judge Mildred Lillie first served on the bench in the Superior Court here.

Within the first ten minutes Judge Lillie's charming appearance, her firm discipline and concise grasp of the issues involved were established. One of the attorneys, a bluff, belittling old-fashioned man's man, was late. He was reprimanded, instructed and firmly put in his place without rancor. Men on the jury panel who had been skeptical sat up in respect and the women with pride.

From that moment through the whole conduct of a difficult case and during the entire period that I served as a juror I heard no voice raised about Judge Mildred Lillie except in glowing praise, admiration and respect, from longshoremen, clerks and retired farmers; housewives, stenographers and society women.

GRACE H. SCOTT, Long Beach, Cal.

Composite Comment



From Adam On Down
The Menace of
The Take-Charge Guy
First Job for New President
Royal Sendoff

EDITOR: Some time back you had an editorial about the ex-Mayor of New York and now Ambassador to Mexico, William O'Dwyer. Being a native New Yorker I heartily agreed with your editorial.

While thumbing through Collier's for that same week I happen to notice certain captions which I thought were very interesting, especially when placed together. So taking these captions plus the picture to your wonderful editorial, I got the above results.

MIKE R. ROMANO, USS Walker, FPO, San Francisco, Cal.

Two Pairs

EDITOR: Is it possible that Collier's, as illustrated by the picture accompanying its August 30th editorial All Cards on the Table, actually feels that the game of politics is played with a stacked deck? Among the playing cards of your illustration there are two aces of hearts and two fours of diamonds.

Or is Collier's viewpoint one which

New Zenith Norfolk—17″ Screen. Beautifully styled cabinet in a rich mahogany veneer. $239.95*

New Zenith Marlborough—21″ Screen. Period console design, polished mahogany veneers and select hardwoods. $379.95*

Inevitably you will want...

1953 Zenith Quality TV

(Ask any Zenith owner)

Once you see and hear the new Zenith Television Receivers, it is inevitable that you will want one.

For, without exception, each Receiver exceeds all previous standards of television performance as you have known it. You will find this immediately apparent in the incredibly fine picture you receive, in the flawless transmission of sound.

In tuning a new Zenith TV you turn *one* dial and find your picture in true focus, your sound perfect. The fact is, you can tune any new Zenith blindfolded, change stations as effortlessly as with push-button radio.

If you live out where TV reception is difficult, you'll fully appreciate the Zenith long-distance K-53 chassis. It pulls in pictures where others won't. Pictures with richer blacks, purer whites than ever before possible.

The new Ultra High Frequency stations? Take them for granted when you own a Zenith. Addition of inexpensive channel strips prepares any Zenith TV ever sold for UHF reception. (Takes no more than 15 minutes.)

All these things are as obvious as the quiet good taste displayed in Zenith cabinetry. But even the less tangible things contribute to the lasting satisfaction of owning Zenith Quality TV.

For example, every new Zenith—regardless of price—has its own built-in antenna. Thus apartment dwellers can enjoy unusually good reception even though not permitted an outside antenna. And from the beginning Zenith TV has provided for private earphone listening—a blessing for the hard-of-hearing, and a way for your youngsters to enjoy their favorite programs without disturbing your peace.

On each of the new Zenith models you can even switch channels without leaving your easy chair, simply by adding the "Lazy Bones" Remote Control at moderate extra cost.

You might expect to pay considerably more for television this fine. The surprising thing is, you can enjoy Zenith Quality TV for as little as $199.95*—including Federal Excise Tax and Parts and Tube Warranty. There is no reason in the world why you should settle for anything less. Ask any Zenith owner!

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Also Makers of Zenith "Royal," "Super Royal" and "Regent" Hearing Aids. Small, compact, beautifully designed. Money back guarantee. Sold only through authorized dealers at $75.

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*Manufacturer's suggested retail prices shown include Federal Excise Tax and Parts and Tube Warranty. Slightly higher in South and Far West.

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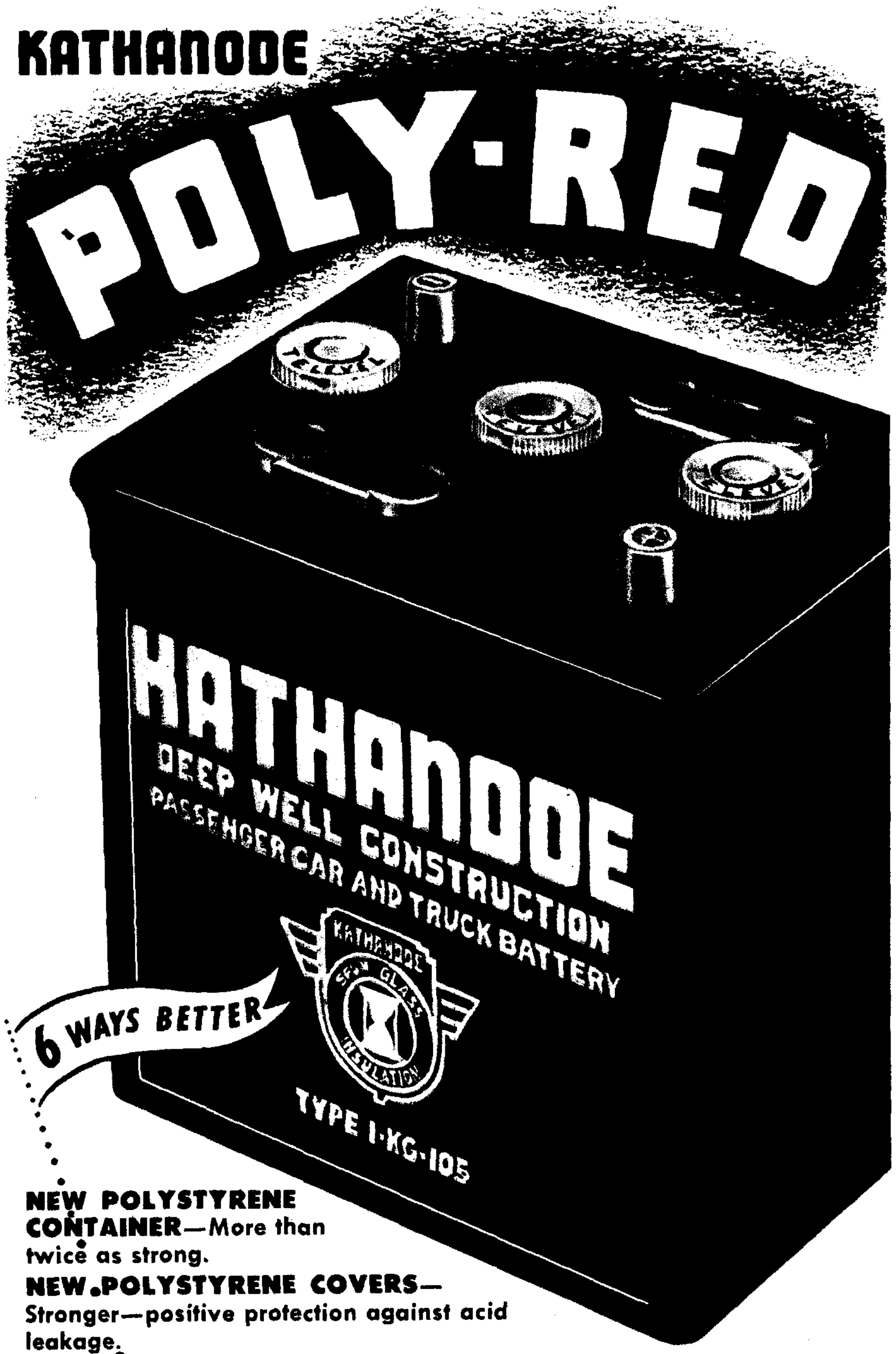
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
and TELEVISION

THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION

GOULD-NATIONAL ANNOUNCES

A Famous Battery Made Better
With a Polystyrene Plastic Container



NEW POLYSTYRENE CONTAINER—More than twice as strong.
NEW POLYSTYRENE COVERS—Stronger—positive protection against acid leakage.
NEW RESERVE ACID CAPACITY—62% more electrolyte above plates.
NEW SEPARATOR TOP PROTECTOR—*Guards against damage.*
NEW KATHON GRID METAL AND DESIGN—Increases conductivity, life, power.
NEW BIPLAK SEPARATORS—Plus spun glass retainer mats—the modern battery insulation.

POWER BEAUTY OF AUTOMOTIVE BATTERIES
KATHANODE POLY-RED

• Kathanode Poly-Red is more than a powerful battery. It offers a truly great advance in automotive battery construction—a new jet airplane-type polystyrene container . . . twice as strong—*unaffected by battery acids*, extreme heat or sub-zero cold—resistant to chipping or cracking. • With a new type grid metal and grid design, new BiPlak separators and new reserve acid capacity above plates, Kathanode Poly-Red is surely the Power Beauty of automotive batteries. • When you buy a new car or replace your present battery, insist on Poly-Red for positive performance always.

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St. Paul 1, Minnesota

Please send me the name of nearest Gould or National battery dealer. ☐
Send me complete information on Kathanode Poly-Red. ☐

*NAME*____________________
*ADDRESS*____________________
*CITY*__________ *STATE*__________

Week's Mail CONTINUED

implies that Ike and Adlai must have different decks of cards to play with?
PETER G. SATIR, Bronx, N.Y.

Or maybe artist Harry Devlin used a canasta deck for a model.

Campus Costumes

EDITOR: Please say it isn't so. A conservative estimate of the initial outlay for a wardrobe of the dimensions outlined in Campus Cues for Clothes (Aug. 30th) runs well into four figures. As the father of three growing sons with reasonable expectations of college, your article inspires nightmares of second mortgages and hocked life insurance.

As an undergraduate at one of our oldest Eastern universities in the period immediately preceding World War II, when your "standards of fashion leadership" were allegedly being set by American colleges, I did not feel socially handicapped by a wardrobe never containing more than two suits, exclusive of Tux, two sport jackets, two pairs of slacks, three pairs of shoes, one sweater, or any sport shirt designed for anything but squash and tennis wear.

As a faculty member aware of the newer styles in dormitory accommodations, I cannot help but wonder where your haberdasher's dream will hang his clothes and still leave himself space to open a book occasionally.
W. H. SAWYER, Belmont, Mass.

. . . Four of my seven sons will be in college this year in the North and East. Poor boys! It seems that they will be practically naked according to Bert Bacharach's chart. But, all of them being athletes, they look pretty good, even in dungarees.
JESSE W. HOKE, Oklahoma City, Okla.

. . . I started to college this fall—by coincidence, to one of the best-dressed campuses in the country, the University of Virginia. I speak for myself and probably many others when I say that a large majority of budgets could not hope to provide even a small share of the amount of clothes you suggest.

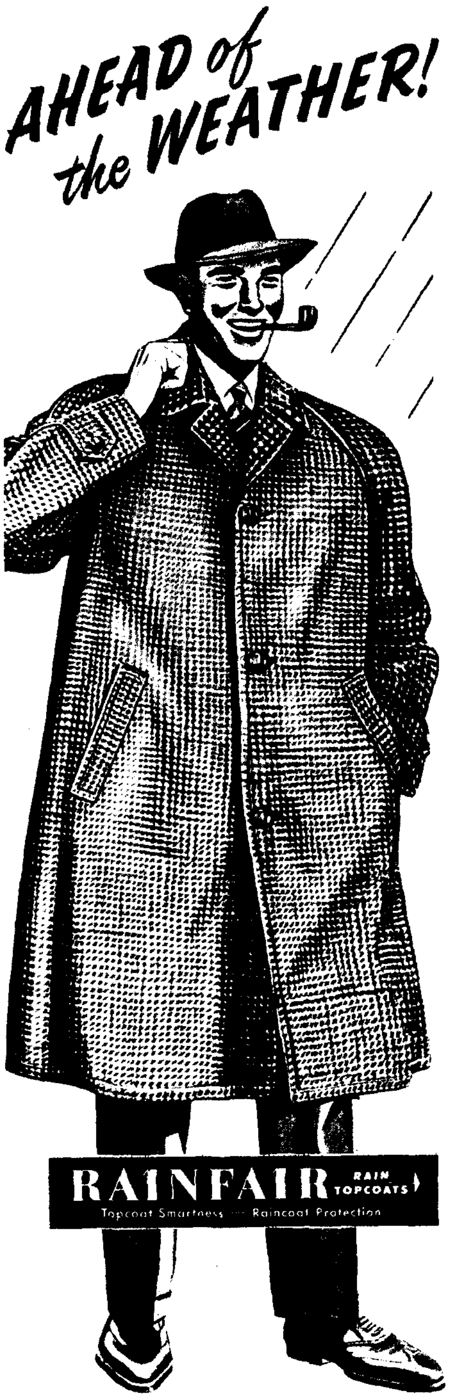
Many of us need some logical guidance on clothes by an authority, but after seeing this chart we are all the more confused on what is really necessary for college wear.

After all, a college student is theoretically on a campus for the purpose of obtaining an education, not becoming a clotheshorse. A well-balanced wardrobe is, of course, essential; but I really do not believe a college student needs the extensive one you describe.
DAVID J. HATMAKER, Strasburg, Va.

. . . In regard to your uninformed article Campus Cues for Clothes, no Stanford student would even dream of starting a school year with so few as three suits and only 5 sweaters.
WARREN G. WONKA, Stanford, Cal.

Bert Bacharach's campus-clothing cues *were the result of a coast-to-coast survey* of 29 colleges by the Crowell-Collier research department. About 100 students were interviewed on each campus *and questioned about the number of* items in their wardrobes, the number of items they thought necessary, preference as to color and fabric and so on. Bacharach was as surprised at the result as were some of our readers quoted above.

RAINFAIR keeps yo



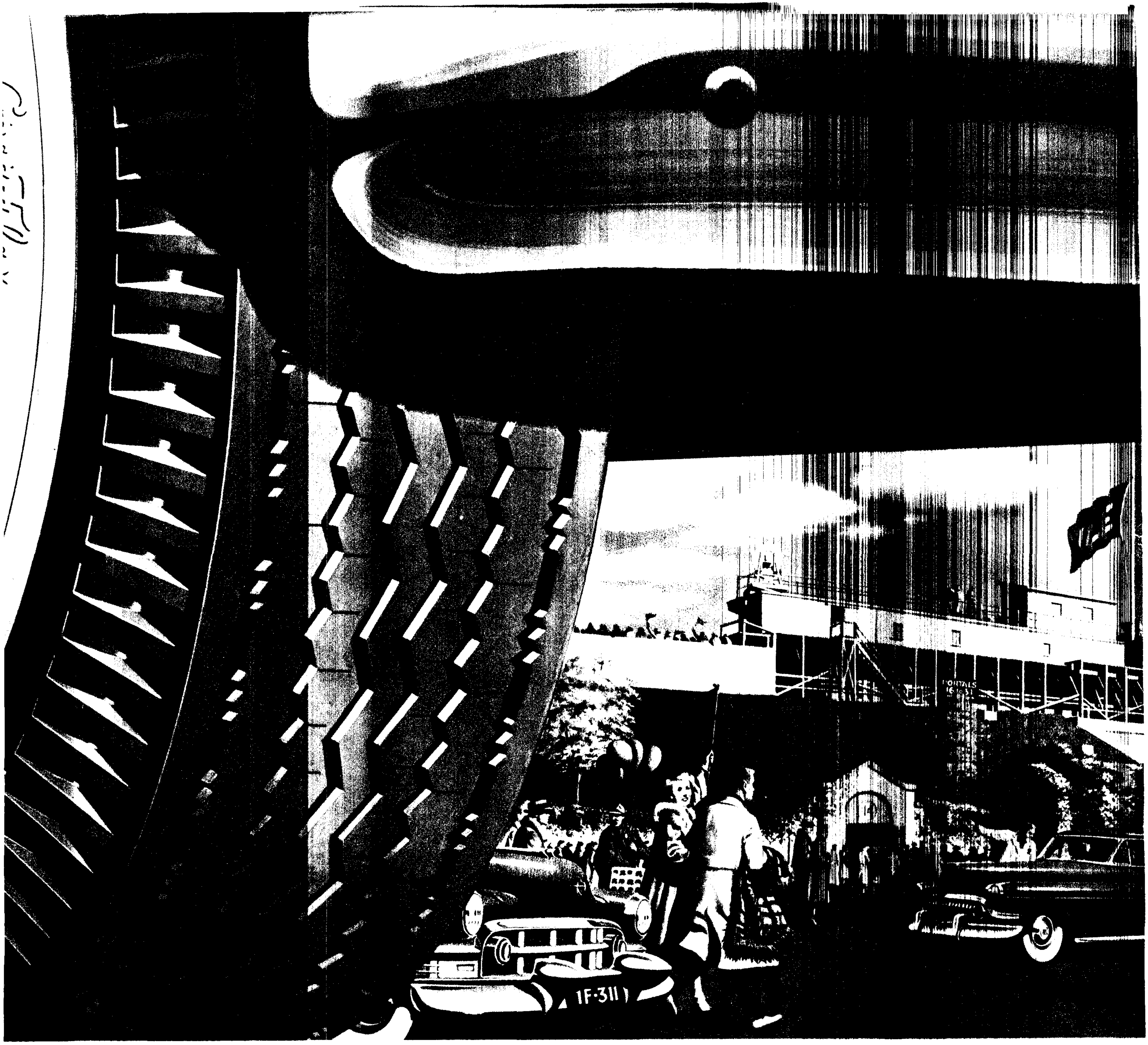
The Checkerton—
contains ACRILAN®
newest of the miracle fibers!

Houndstooth checks are in style and Rainfair has them—in a cashmere-like blend of rayon, acetate and ACRILAN, the new wonder fiber! Only ACRILAN has that "million dollar feel," that touch of luxury at modest cost. Choose the new *Checkerton*, a Rain Topcoat you'll wear with pride in any company. It's dependably showerproofed and styled with raglan sleeves, full drape, leather buttons. In grey or tan, $25.75. Similar houndstooth check appeal in the *Checkrain*, of rayon and nylon, $22.50. Write for free style booklet and name of nearest dealer.

•

New nylon raincoat! **The *Nylonair* is 100% waterproofed nylon, has a rich, silky appearance, is topcoat-tailored for high style even in a deluge. Weighs only 15 oz., fits in a pocket-size pouch. Unconditionally guaranteed, $14.95.**

RAINFAIR, INC. • RACINE 4, WISCONSIN
Makers of SMARTAIR Leisure Wear



BUILT FOR OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE: YALE BOWL . . . KELLY TIRES

Wherever you go... GO WORRY-FREE ON KELLYS!

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KELLY
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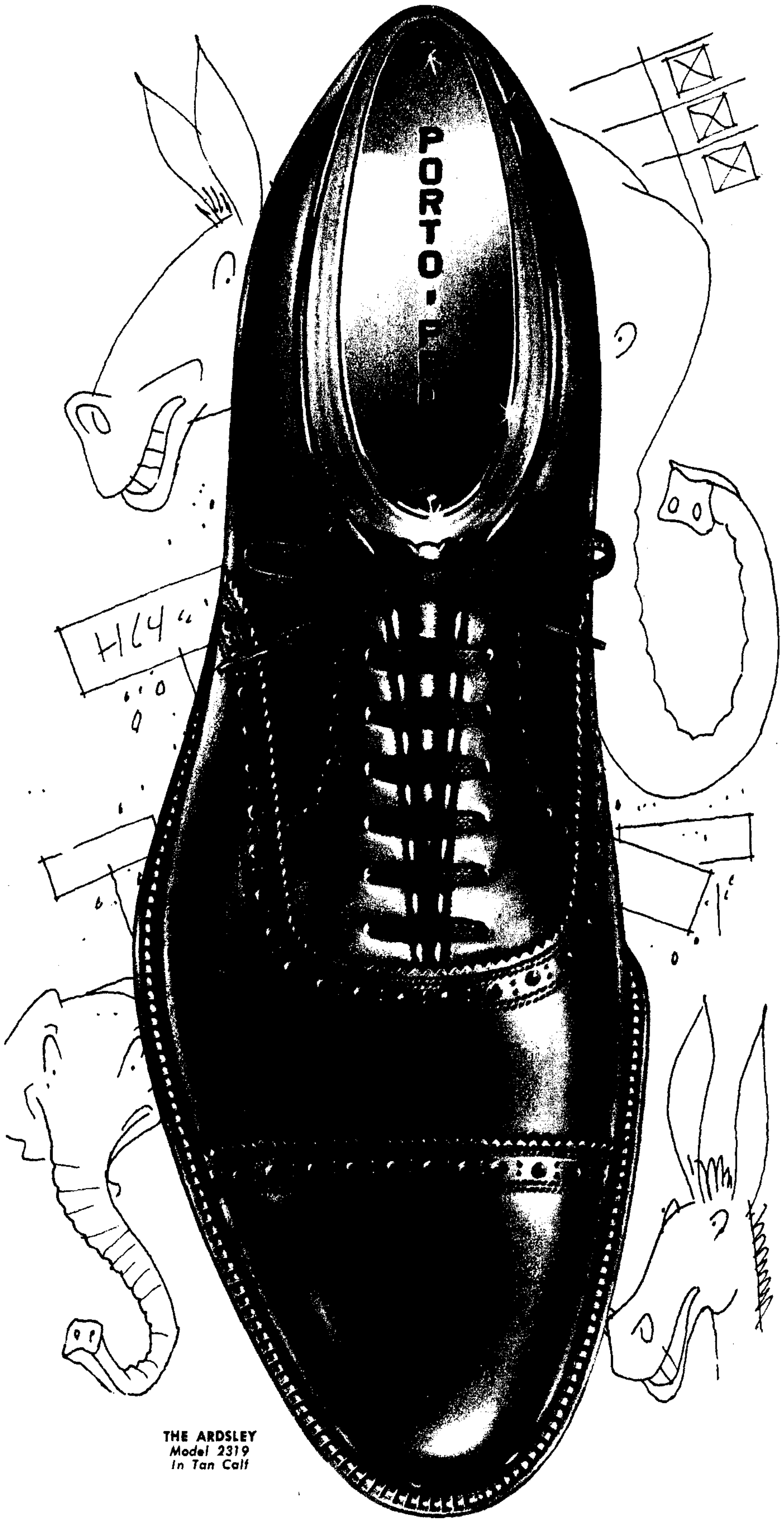

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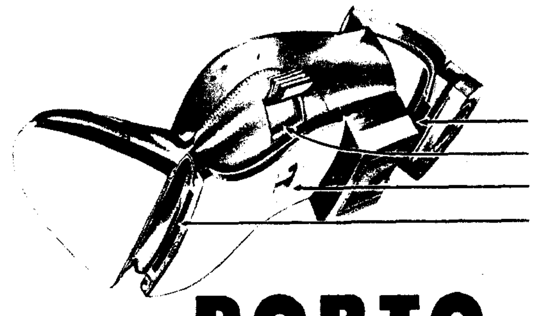

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See your Portage dealer or write us for his name.

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Customer in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, who signs himself merely Yandle, says he was not surprised to read that some scientist has announced there are about 80,000 species of moths and butterflies. Yandle says he found all of them when he opened the closet where he kept his fall woolens.

★ ★ ★

Another scientist, a Swedish glaciologist this time, says the world is getting warmer by the week. If it hadn't been for Mr. Cole Mergrasser, of Concord, New Hampshire, we wouldn't have known about it. He warns us not to worry. "Bound to cool off here and there after November 4th," says he.

★ ★ ★

Cub reporter assigned to investigate traffic accident caused by flying mattress blown off a pickup truck in San Francisco asked his city editor if there were any specific instructions. "Yeah," yawned the city editor. "Find out whether the truck driver was on the mattress and whether it woke him up."

IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

Judge Frank Armistead retired from the Virginia bench two months ago. He'd given considerable time figuring out what he'd do with all his looming leisure. Decided to make buggy whips. Naturally they asked him why. You're expected to ask when somebody makes a crack like that. The judge told them that making buggy whips would probably keep him with as little to do as anything he could think of.

★ ★ ★

Owing to numerous requests about How to Become a Cowboy, we appealed to the Thermopolis (Wyoming) Independent Record. Didn't know it was so simple. Independent Record gives you seven easy rules: 1. Get a guitar. Learn two chords. 2. Get a horse. Get on the horse with a guitar. 3. Catch a head cold to sing through. 4. Work yourself into lonesome mood. (Gotta be lonesome like.) 5. Learn to bend and break your voice in the middle. (Or, in other words, to yodel.) 6. Hit one of your two guitar chords. 7. Sing—or a reasonable facsimile. And that's all there is to it. Cows? Stay away from them. No money in it.

★ ★ ★

"In blessing new cars," says Mr. Jasper Landry of Mellen, Wisconsin, "Father Kauer, pastor of the Holy Rosary congregation, told his parishioners that the blessing was good only for up to sixty-five miles an hour—the state speed limit."

★ ★ ★

A certain amount of the money Congress grants our armed services should be invested in ordinary civilian education. This is the candid opinion of Mr. Carl Applethong. On hotel stationery from Bangor, Maine, Mr. Applethong writes that we gave billions to the Pentagon for planes, and all we got were plans. "Those generals and admirals have got to learn to write plainer," says Mr. Applethong.

★ ★ ★

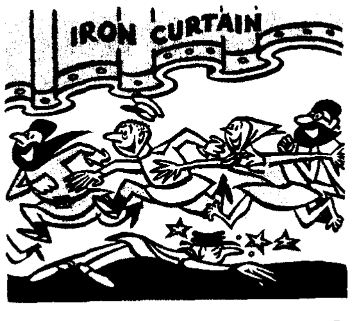
Suppose you were called upon to give a goldfish artificial respiration. Would you know what to do? Just as we thought. But we would. You take two toothpicks. With one you pry open the creature's mouth. Gently, of course. With the other, you open and close one of the goldfish's gills, thus (and we quote Mr. Claude Dunnagan, a reliable fellow, of Ocean Drive Beach, South Carolina), "permitting oxygen to pass through his life-giving gill breathers." Where else do you find such fascinating information?

★ ★ ★

We're asked to keep an eye, when it's not otherwise engaged, on a young man named Joseph. Mr. Joseph, a junior at Mississippi State College, will be one of the football team's very best defensive backs, specializing in pass interception. And it is only incidental, this intelligence goes on, that his first name (not a nickname either) is Bucket.

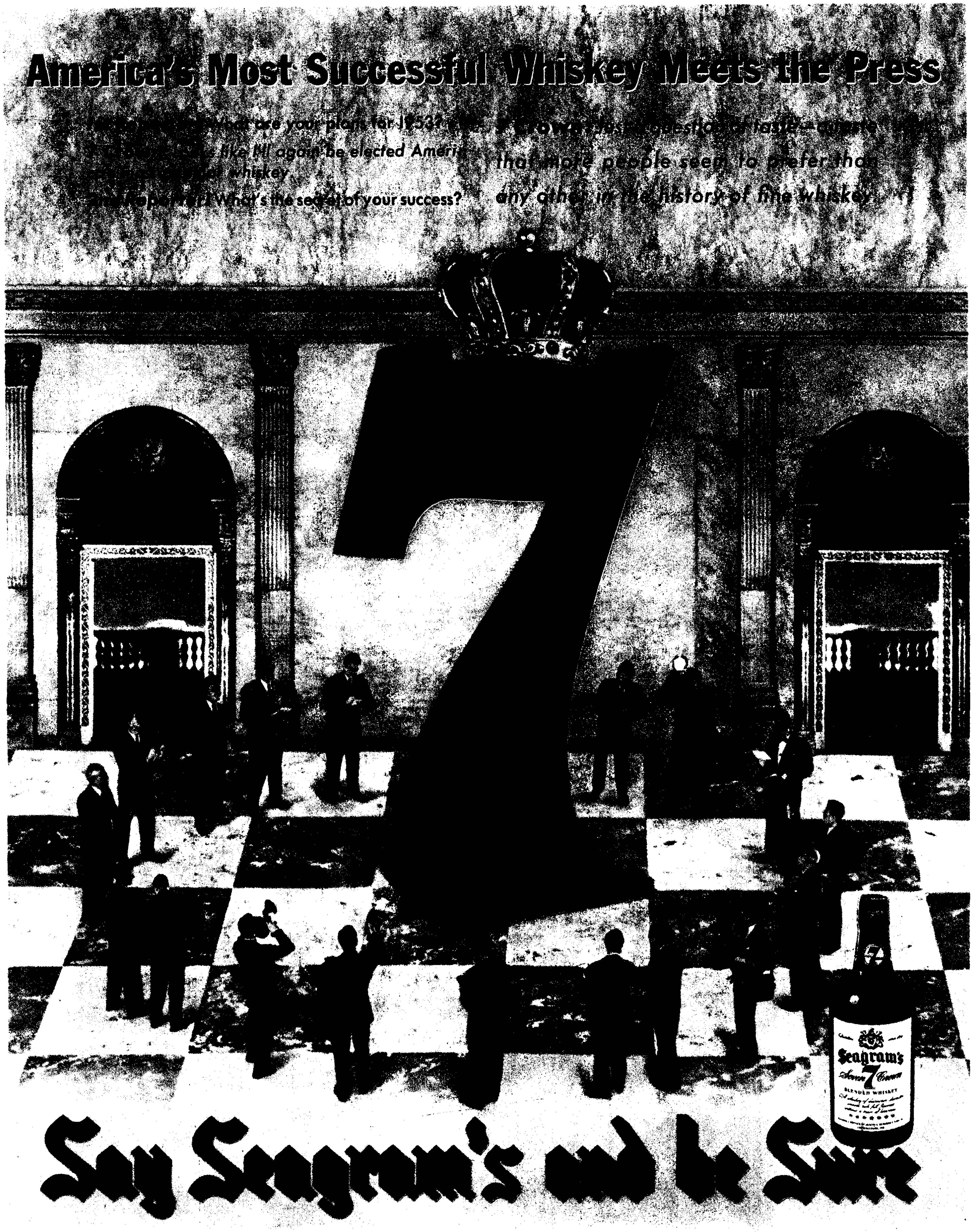
★ ★ ★

Being somewhat calamity-minded, Mr. Bert Austin LaPrade thought this one up after an evening of TV whodunits in his Chicago home. "Let's suppose," says he, "that Russia lifted the Iron Curtain for a few weeks, inviting tourists in and giving the green flag to everybody who wanted to get out. Then let's try to figure out what the inflow would look like after the outflow got through trampling it."



★ ★ ★

Y'see, the doctor told him to get away from it all for a couple of weeks or so—get into his car and drive off on a holiday. So Mr. Lou Reeble did so. Mr. Reeble is now back home in Rochester, N.Y., and has recovered suffi-


America's Most Successful Whiskey Meets the Press
[illegible] What are your plans for 1953? [illegible]
[illegible] like I'll again be elected Ameri[illegible]
[illegible] whiskey.
[illegible] What's the secret of your success?
7 Crown: [illegible] question of taste [illegible]
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BLENDED WHISKEY
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Win Any Argument...

More arguments start over White Stag "Thirty-Two's"—those glowingly warm thirty-two inch comfort coats—than over football. That's because each model offers more features to brag about than any coats you've ever seen. Anyhow, there's a style to set *you* bragging, too! The style is a matter of choice, the quality a matter of fact.

Manor Coat. Quilted Gold Seal Thermostag lining for light weight warmth! Weatherized Mouton collar. 3-piece detachable belt. Inside knit wristers. Seam hidden pockets. Grey, Dark Green, Brown, Navy. Sizes 36-46 .... **$34.50**

Ranch Coat. 100% nylon fleece lining... warmth without weight! 3-piece detachable belt. Seam hidden pockets, broad raised shoulders. Grey, Navy, Dark Green, Brown. 36-46.......... **$34.50**

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Shasta Coat. Thermostag lined for extra warmth. 3-piece detachable belt. Two lower slash pockets. Grey, Dark Green, Navy, Brown. Sizes 36-46 .... **$25.95**

All "Thirty-Twos" are durable water-repellent, crease-resistant Nylostag Gabardine — Rayon and 20% Nylon, both warp and weft.

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at top stores

ciently to write about the splendid time he had. "I drove all day," says he. "Drove some at night too, when I wasn't dancing somewhere. Stopped off to eat a lot of strange stuff that didn't agree with me now and then, and drank some also. Sometimes I got out of the car to lie in the sun and got quite sunburned. Seems somebody left a lot of poison ivy lying around where I was sun bathing, and I got five traffic tickets for violating a few highway laws I hadn't heard of. Sprained my left ankle, to boot. What I mean is, I'm home now—in bed. Doctor's coming to see me. But not the one I used to have."

* * *

A health tip. If you're driving in the vicinity of Hibbing, Minnesota, and decide to park in the evening, be sure you're not in Stuntz Township. The Stuntz Farmers' Protective Association will not know whether you've parked merely to enjoy the scented beauty of the autumnal night with its moon and stars and all, or are a turkey rustler. And they're shooting first and inquiring later. At least one alleged turkey snatcher is already picking birdshot out of his person. Just thought you'd better know if you're figuring on being around to vote next month.

* * *

Not only did this guy get a ticket for speeding just outside Edmond, Kansas, but he lost his argument with the cop. Good mathematical argument, too. At a crossroads, one sign said 25 miles an hour. The main-highway sign said 65. "Very confusing, Officer," said this guy. "I didn't know what to do till I struck an average—45." All the cop said was, "Oh, yeah?" as he handed out the ticket. No imagination.

* * *

We've been trying to tune in Radio Moscow for inside stuff about that Communist party congress. Frequent interruptions with bang-bangs and boom-booms. Can't make out whether somebody's messing up the air waves or whether it's nothing but the MVD shooting citizens who aren't cheering long and loud enough.

* * *

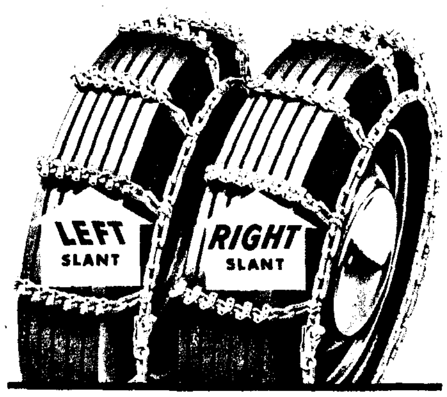
Mr. Tom Criddleberry, of Mt. Katahdin, Maine, says: "Frosty mornings like we're having makes getting up in the early hours of morning a question of mind over mattress."

* * *

When Mr. Truman said coyly that he was but a private in the rear rank awaiting orders from Governor Stevenson, Mr. Joe Haispink of Camden, New Jersey, couldn't help but think of a discussion of discipline by an English army officer and a U.S. Air Force officer. The Englishman didn't think much of American armed forces' discipline. The American thought is was fine, just fine. And as he was saying so, a private appeared: "Listen, Cap," said he. "How's for letting me have your jeep for tonight?" The captain said sure, go right ahead and take it. "See," said the American officer to the English. "See? He mightn't have asked me."

* * *

And that seems to be about all we have room for, except that a customer in Bismarck, North Dakota, reports catching a trout so big that the photo of it weighs five pounds. Says he's not a publicity seeker, so we're not mentioning his name and address. ▲▲▲



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THEY STOP YOU SHORTER—
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GIVE DOUBLE WEAR
thanks to Flaring Reinforcements with 288 Gripping Points
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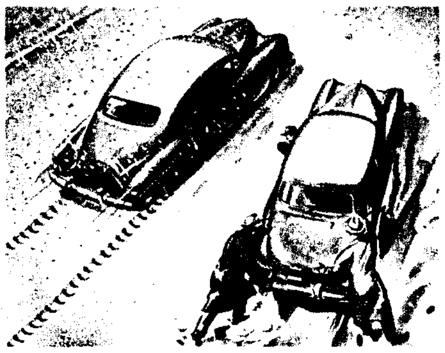

Too late for WEED CHAINS after you're stuck in the snow. Put them on before you start.

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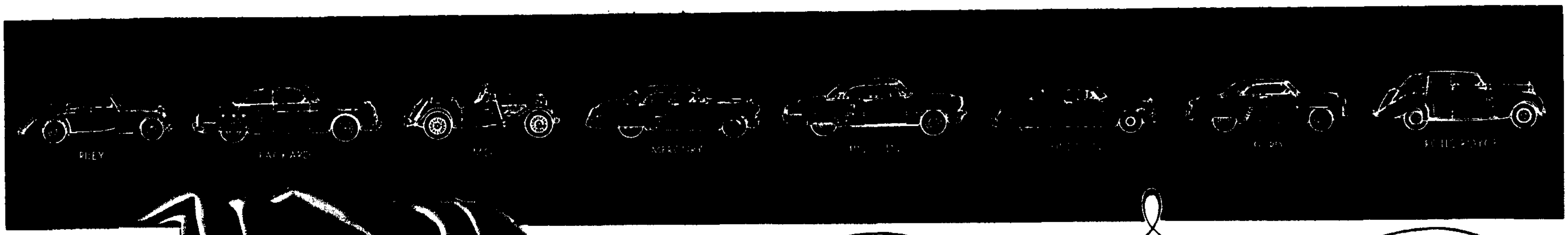

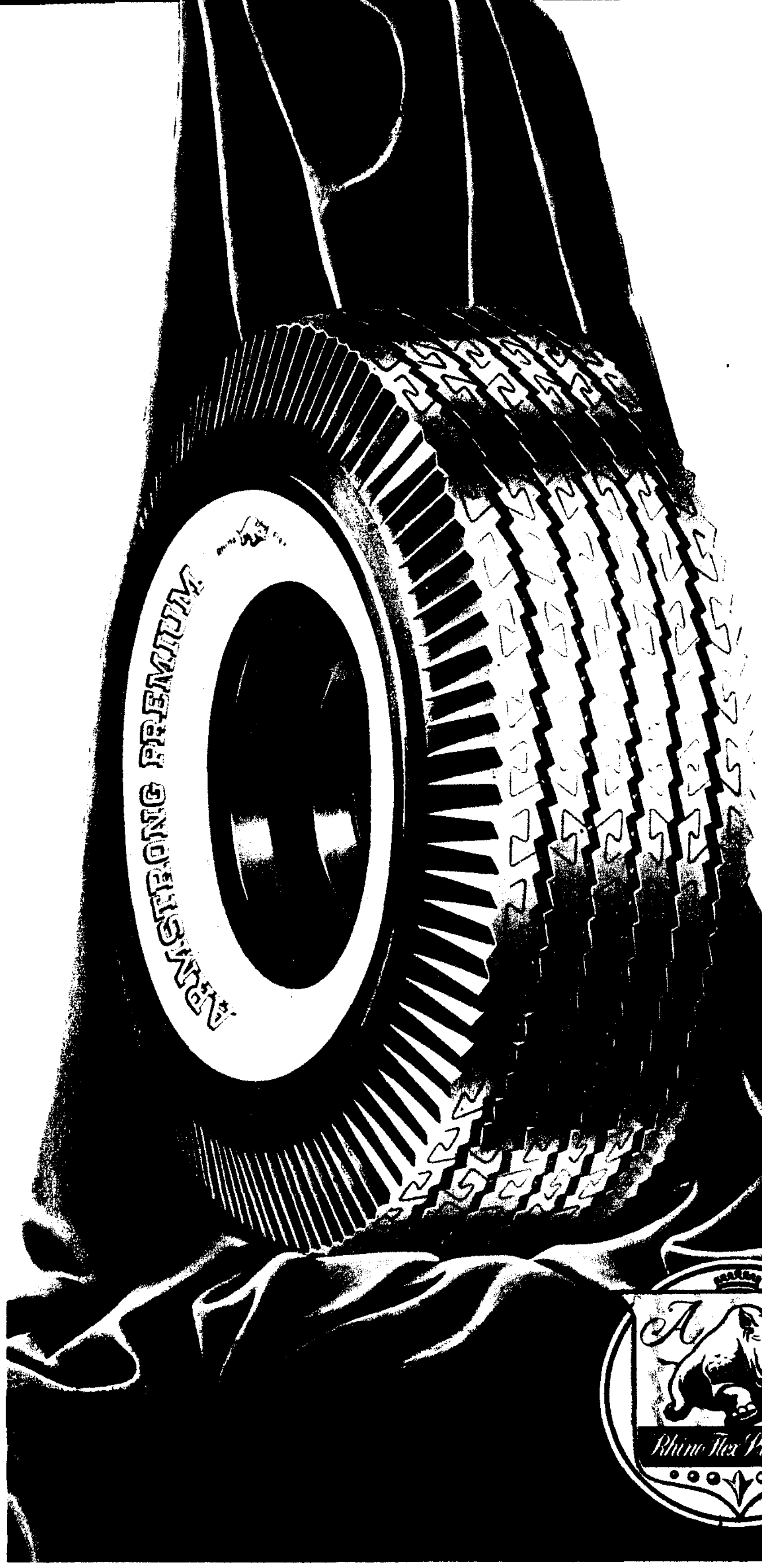

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FIRST TIRE IN HISTORY WITH RADICALLY NEW ALL-DIRECTIONAL SAFETY GRIP!

Four revolutionary features! (1) New Inter-Locking tread—first tread to take hold in *all* directions. (2) New **Uni-cushion contour** for easier steering, longer, more even wear. (3) New **Intra-tread bumpers** make this the first non-squeal tire. (4) New patented **Silent traction design** eliminates sing, hum. All this plus white-walled beauty, completely scuff-guarded, that adds elegance and value to your car. Here's silent, sure-footed riding luxury—and a 10-minute test ride proves it to you! See your Armstrong dealer—he's listed in the red book. His liberal change-over plan makes it an economy to own the finest—Armstrong Rhino-Flex Premiums.

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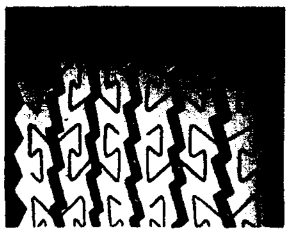
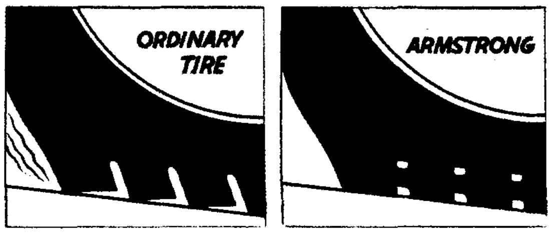
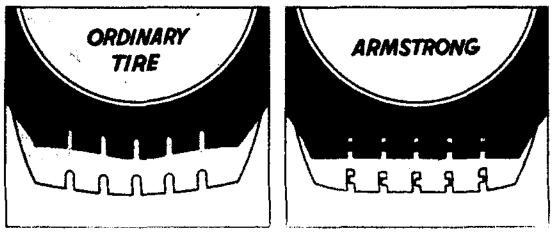
against all road hazards!



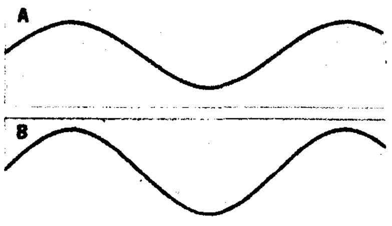
World's first INTERLOCKING SAFETY TREAD! Exclusive all-directional tread provides 2640 extra gripping edges for greater hold forward, backwards, sideways.



World's first INTRA-TREAD BUMPERS! On curves, ordinary tires vibrate, squeal. In Armstrong Premiums, exclusive intra-tread bumpers contact tread ribs—muffle annoying squeal. Sound engineers rate Armstrong the world's first squeal-proof tire.



World's first UNI-CUSHION CONTOUR! Armstrong's exclusive broad shouldered construction puts more rubber *squarely* on the road. It distributes pressure evenly, places uniform load on each rib. This eliminates fast wear, bumpy rides, hard steering.



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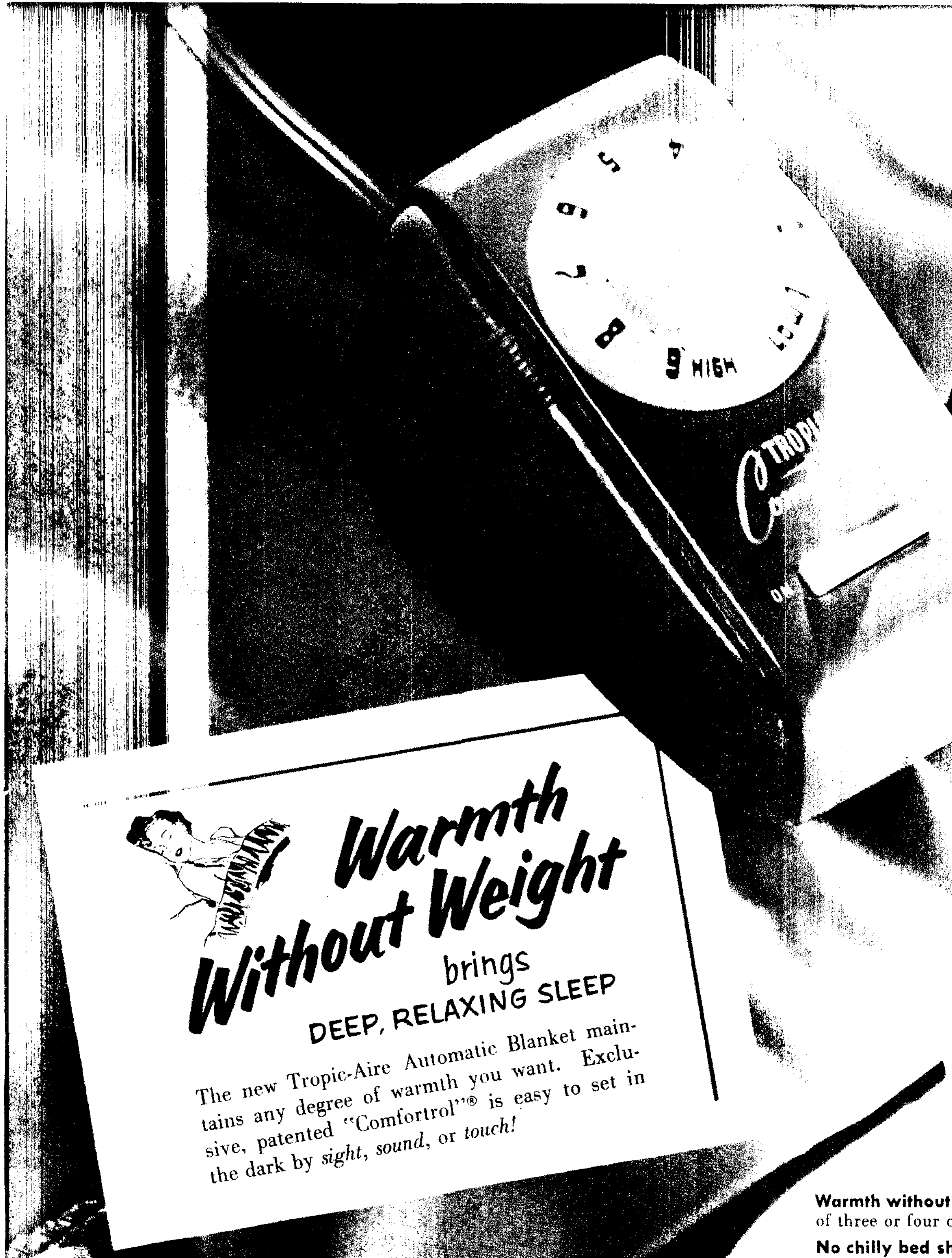

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DEEP, RELAXING SLEEP

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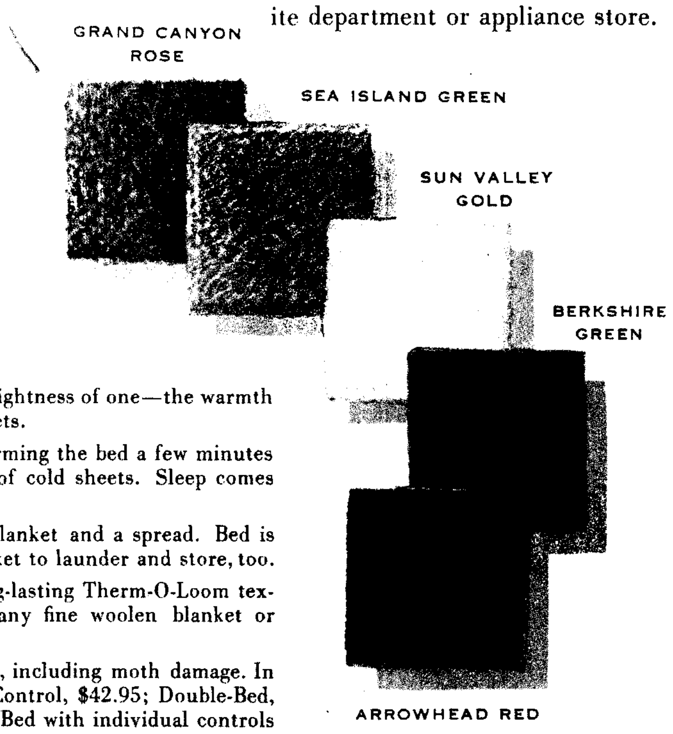
IF YOU'RE easily chilled on cold winter nights, or sleep fitfully, restlessly, under a mound of heavy covers, you'll welcome the Tropic-Aire Automatic Electric Blanket. For here is warm, luxurious sleep all night—no matter how much room temperatures change. It's the kind of sleep that over 4 million people enjoy. Begin now to enjoy that deep, relaxing sleep yourself. Ask to see the Tropic-Aire Electric Blanket at your favorite department or appliance store.

LAKE LOUISE BLUE



Warmth without weight. The lightness of one—the warmth of three or four ordinary blankets.

No chilly bed sheets. Pre-warming the bed a few minutes before retiring ends the shock of cold sheets. Sleep comes faster—in solid comfort.

Easier bedmaking. Just one blanket and a spread. Bed is made in a jiffy. Only one blanket to launder and store, too.

Easy to launder. Special, long-lasting Therm-O-Loom textile is washable as easily as any fine woolen blanket or garment.

Fully guaranteed for one year, including moth damage. In three sizes: Single-Bed, Single Control, $42.95; Double-Bed, Single Control, $44.95; Double-Bed with individual controls for "Mr." & "Mrs.," $53.95.

TROPIC-AIRE
Automatic Electric Blanket
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Smart Gift Case and Sturdy Storage Container!

Every Tropic-Aire Electric Blanket comes in this beautiful case—the elegant way to enclose your gift. Also doubles as a convenient, safe, clean storage container.

TROPIC-AIRE

Automatic Electric Blanket

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I COULDN'T MAKE THE VARSITY TODAY!

By RED GRANGE with BILL FAY

The Galloping Ghost, comparing the razzle-dazzle football of today with the rush-rush-pass-kick game of yesterday, says with embarrassment that last New Year's Rose Bowl champions would have whipped his own best Illini team by 50 points

LAST winter, a group of fat and fortyish ex-football players got into a strenuous conversational scrimmage during a luncheon huddle in Chicago. One well-aged tackle, vintage '25, kicked off the heated discussion with an unflattering appraisal of the unbeaten Illinois eleven, which walloped Stanford 40 to 7 in the Rose Bowl last New Year's.

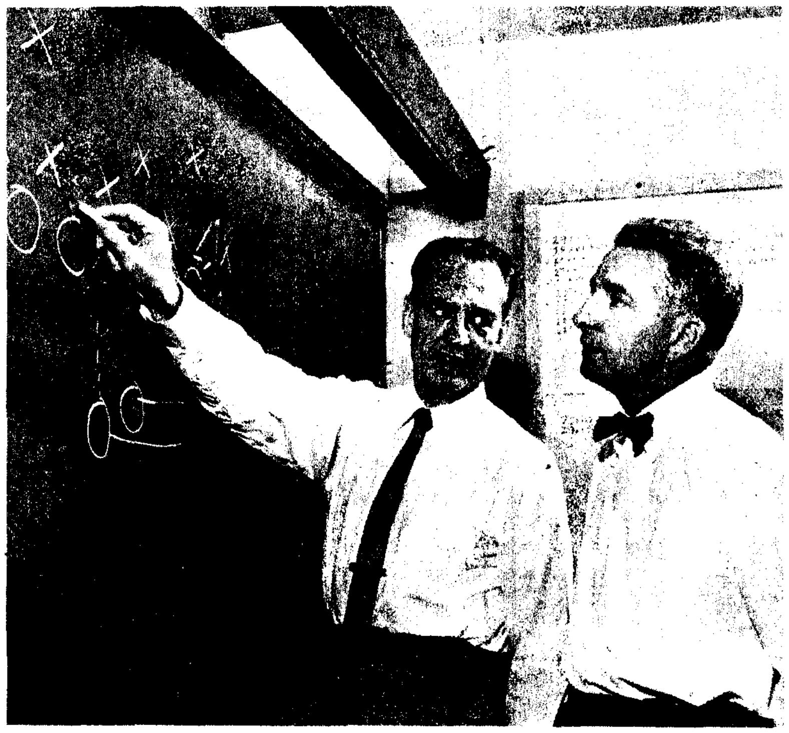
"Specialists!" he snorted. "Those Illinois kids were all specialists. Some of them could run. Some of them could block. Some of them could tackle. But there wasn't one real, good, all-around, 60-minute football player on the whole squad."

"The trouble with football players nowadays," spoke up a corpulent end, vintage '24, "is that they're just too lazy to get into shape. They aren't tough enough to play the whole game the way we used to."

"Nobody runs with the ball any more," mourned a balding fullback, vintage '22. "These T-formation quarterbacks are pass-crazy. Why, the last time I watched Notre Dame," he added, "I thought the Irish were playing volleyball without a net."

. . . And so it went. Finally, the well-aged tackle turned to a paunchy, gray-haired halfback, vintage '25, and said: "I'll leave it up to you, Red. That 1923 team you played on at Illinois was undefeated. Just suppose your 1923 outfit played Illinois's unbeaten 1951 team. Who'd win?"

It was a tough question. There were some mighty fine football players at Illinois in 1923—fellows like Jim McMillen, Earl Britton, Harry Hall, Wallie McIlwain and Frank Rokusek. They played rock-'em-sock-'em football, and their blocking made a halfback named Grange look like a pretty nifty ball carrier. No doubt about it, my old teammates were great players in their day. However, that was almost 30 years ago and—much as some of the old-timers hate to admit it—the quality of football has improved tremendously in the meantime.



JOHN MENDICINO

Now a businessman and sportscaster, Red Grange (l.) maps play for Collier's Bill Fay. Red was an All-American from 1923-'25

How much? Well, my reluctant but honest answer to the embarrassing question posed to me was: "The 1951 Illini would have beaten our old 1923 club about 50 to 0."

What's more, I believe the 1951 Illini could have beaten any of the outstanding teams of the 1920s, including Notre Dame's famous Four Horsemen and Seven Mules, by at least 50 points.

Now, before somebody accuses me of being a strictly prejudiced Illinois alumnus, I'd better add that, in my opinion, any of the other top-ranking 1951 teams—like Michigan State, Maryland, Tennessee and Princeton—could have beaten Notre Dame's Four Horsemen by at least 50 points.

And, before Notre Dame fans take umbrage at my seemingly odious comparisons, I'd better explain that I have used the great Four Horsemen squad of 1924 as an illustration only because Irish elevens are generally regarded as the traditional yardstick of football excellence. Certainly, the Irish have improved the quality of their own teams tremendously in the last three decades. For example, I believe that Frank Leahy's twice-beaten 1951 Irish could have whipped the late Knute Rockne's unbeaten national champions of 1924 by six or seven touchdowns.

Time out! Before too many old-time fans start thinking I've become punchy as well as paunchy in my declining years, please let me explain how I come by my views.

First, let's consider my original estimate that the 1951 Illini would wallop my old 1923 outfit by at least 50 points. This overwhelming margin is based on the assumption that—in any such imaginary contest—the 1951 Illini would employ their 1951-style offense against my old club's 1923-style defense. Under such circumstances, the 1951 Illini would give us an awful beating. And here's why:

Our 1923 team had only one defense—a seven-man line reinforced by four backs deployed either in the shape of a box or a diamond. We used that defense every play of every game during the whole season. So did Notre Dame, Michigan, Army and all the other leading teams of the 1920s.

Of course, that unvarying seven-man line was all we needed, because offensive strategy in the 1920s was almost as stereotyped and unimaginative as our defensive formation. In those days (remember?), smart quarterbacks never passed on first down, seldom passed on second down, and always passed on third down if they were in scoring position and needed more than five yards for a first down. Most of the running plays (remember?) were power drives inside or outside tackle.

Our seven-man line was effective against the ponderous offenses of the 1920s, but I hate to think what a smart T-formation quarterback, vintage '52, would do to such a setup. Certainly, he wouldn't waste time ramming runners against our jammed-up front line. Instead, he would probably split his ends, put his halfbacks out wide on the flanks as receivers, and pass us dizzy.

Coach Ray Eliot Discusses Defense

Nowadays, topflight teams may use anywhere from six to ten defenses in one game, running the gamut from four-man to eight-man lines. As Ray Eliot, the Illinois coach, points out:

"You've got to juggle your defensive patterns to keep the offensive team guessing. When we shift our men up front—say from a five- to a six-man line—the offensive blockers must make a last-second switch in their blocking assignments. Naturally, this complicates their running-attack problems. Moreover, by frequently switching the assignments of our defensive backs, we at least have a chance to keep the other team's passing attack under control.

"One thing's sure in modern football," Eliot continues. "If the attacking team can anticipate how your defense will react in a certain situation, it will come up with a specific play designed to overcome that defense. What's more, the youngsters playing nowadays have learned to throw a football so far and so accurately they're likely to score from any position on the field."

Eliot's allusion to modern pinpoint passing techniques underscores the real reason why any good 1952 college team could beat the best of the old-time elevens without much trouble. In my day, we simply had no passers who could compete with the current collegiate crop.

Of course, there was an excellent reason why our passers lacked finesse. In my day, a football measured 22½ to 23 inches around the middle. Subsequently, the rules committee reduced the girth of the ball by one-half inch in 1931, and a full inch more in 1934. So modern passers are handling a streamlined spheroid one-and-one-half inches slimmer than the cantaloupe-shaped object we played with.

The importance of this change in the size of the football cannot be overemphasized. The modern football is designed for throwing. Any youngster with an average-shaped hand can grip today's football firmly and throw it with a cocked-wrist motion, like a baseball pitcher. What's more, today's football can be caught one-handed.

By way of contrast, passers in my era had to palm the ball and throw it with a stiff-armed motion which diminished their range and accuracy. In wet weather, the plump ball was apt to skid off their fingers. Even in dry weather, that cantaloupe wasn't easy to catch—with two hands.

Consequently, our old-time offensive strategy restricted ball handling to an irreducible minimum. We shied away from lateral passes, underhand tosses behind the line and quick pitch-outs to on-the-run halfbacks, all of which are routine maneuvers in modern football. When we wanted to move the football, we stuck it under our arm and carried it.

As a result, our touchdown tempo was geared to running speed. But modern football is geared to throwing speed. That's why today's game is incomparably faster and better.

So much for how the game itself has improved. Now, how about the individual players? Are today's so-called specialists—the youngsters who work only on offense or defense in the two-platoon system—actually more skillful and effective performers than the rugged old-timers who scorned substitutions and played the whole game?

That's another tough question. Certainly such onetime grid greats as Pudge Heffelfinger of Yale, Willie Heston of Michigan, George Gipp of Notre Dame, Jim Thorpe of Carlisle and Walter Eckersall of Chicago possessed amazing natural ability. They certainly would have adapted themselves to modern conditions and become stars today. However, the average old-timer ranked far below the average modern player in skill and all-around effectiveness.

Basically, there are three reasons why today's specialists are better football players than the "ironmen" performers of my generation.

First, they get better coaching, particularly in high school.

Back in 1919, when I was a freshman at Wheaton High School in Illinois, the manual-training teacher coached our team in his spare time. When I asked about the signals, he said: "I don't know what they are. Better talk to the captain—he made them up."

Matter of fact, high-school coaching was so poor in the 1920s that Bob Zuppke, my coach at Illinois, complained: "I wish you kids hadn't played in high school—then I wouldn't have to waste so much time correcting the bad habits you've developed."

Nowadays, virtually every sizable high school employs a full-time, experienced coach. Consequently, youngsters master the fundamentals and often are ready for varsity competition as soon as they enter college.

Second, today's specialists are better gridiron workmen because they're working with better tools. The streamline ball is better for throwing, catching and punting. In addition, they wear football suits which are safer, more comfortable and about five pounds lighter than the cumbersome canvas-felt-

Old "77," looking askance at today's game, says: "The ironmen of my era would have melted down

a hurry if they'd ever attempted to play a full game at the pace demanded by modern football”

and-leather creations of the 1920s. Manufacturers have accomplished this weight-saving by making use of such materials as plastics, sponge rubber, nylon and aluminum.

In 1925, when Illinois battled Penn in a downpour, my old-style pants and jersey absorbed about 10 pounds of water and mud. Obviously, carrying that extra poundage was a heavy handicap. Most of the rain my uniform absorbed that afternoon would be shed by modern equipment.

What's more, current gear is designed to increase speed and mobility. The bulky hip pads, which were sewn into our pants, now are separate, girdle-smooth items. The old, rigid, one-piece shoulder pads have been replaced by made-to-measure, hinged, lightweight jobs which permit complete freedom of arm movement—a great boon to both passers and receivers. Even football shoes have been vastly improved. Nowadays, a ball carrier has more traction, because he's running on conical aluminum or nylon cleats which dig deeper into the turf than the oblong, leather cleats we old-timers wore.

Third, today's specialists are better football players because—thanks to frequent rest periods on the bench—they can go at top speed every second they're on the field. The ironmen of my era would have melted down in a hurry if they'd ever attempted to play a full, 60-minute game at the tremendous pace demanded by modern football.

The real reason our stars played 60 minutes was that if they were taken out of the game for any reason the rules prohibited them from returning until the next quarter. Consequently, coaches minimized substitutions, fearing to lose a key man for 10 or 12 minutes. As a result, both teams frequently tired together, the quality of play deteriorated as the game progressed, and the action often became dull and listless in the last quarter.

By way of contrast, modern rules (which permit unlimited substitutions throughout a game) enable coaches to give the players frequent breathers on the bench. Many coaches now split their teams into offensive and defensive platoons. The rest periods the offensive platoon receives while the defensive platoon is at work, and vice versa, keep both units sufficiently fresh to operate at top speed throughout the game. Actually, there is considerable doubt whether the ironmen who were in action 60 minutes really worked as hard as modern specialists, who may spend only 30 to 35 minutes on the field. Here's why:

Old-time linemen seldom moved more than a few steps per play (except to cover punts). If a ball carrier were tackled a yard from the side line, that's where we started the next play. Nowadays, the ball is brought in and spotted on the inbounds “hashmarks” some 18 yards from the side line, giving the offense running space toward either flank. As a result, modern linemen chase ball carriers from side line to side line virtually every running play. What's more, on pass plays the linemen must rush the thrower—probably the most fatiguing assignment in football, and one which was virtually unknown in the days of the ironmen.

And here's another factor which is usually overlooked. Modern teams spend less time calling signals than the old-timers, and modern officials spot the ball for the next play much more quickly than their predecessors. Consequently, modern teams run about 160 scrimmage plays per game, whereas old-time elevens ran about 135.

So I would estimate that the average modern specialist, working about half of each game, labors just as hard, or harder, than the old-timer who played 60 minutes. Here I'm considering only the physical aspect. Mentally, today's specialists, confronted with immensely complicated offensive and defensive maneuvers, work at least 12 times as hard as the old-timers.

Modern Football Requires Thinking

Recently, an outstanding college coach, who was a Collier's All-America selection some 20 years ago, said: “Don't quote me by name, Red, but football has changed so much since 1940—when everybody started jumping on the T-formation band wagon—that you really can't compare today's players with the old-timers. Nowadays, we're playing an entirely different game. Something new has been added—thinking!”

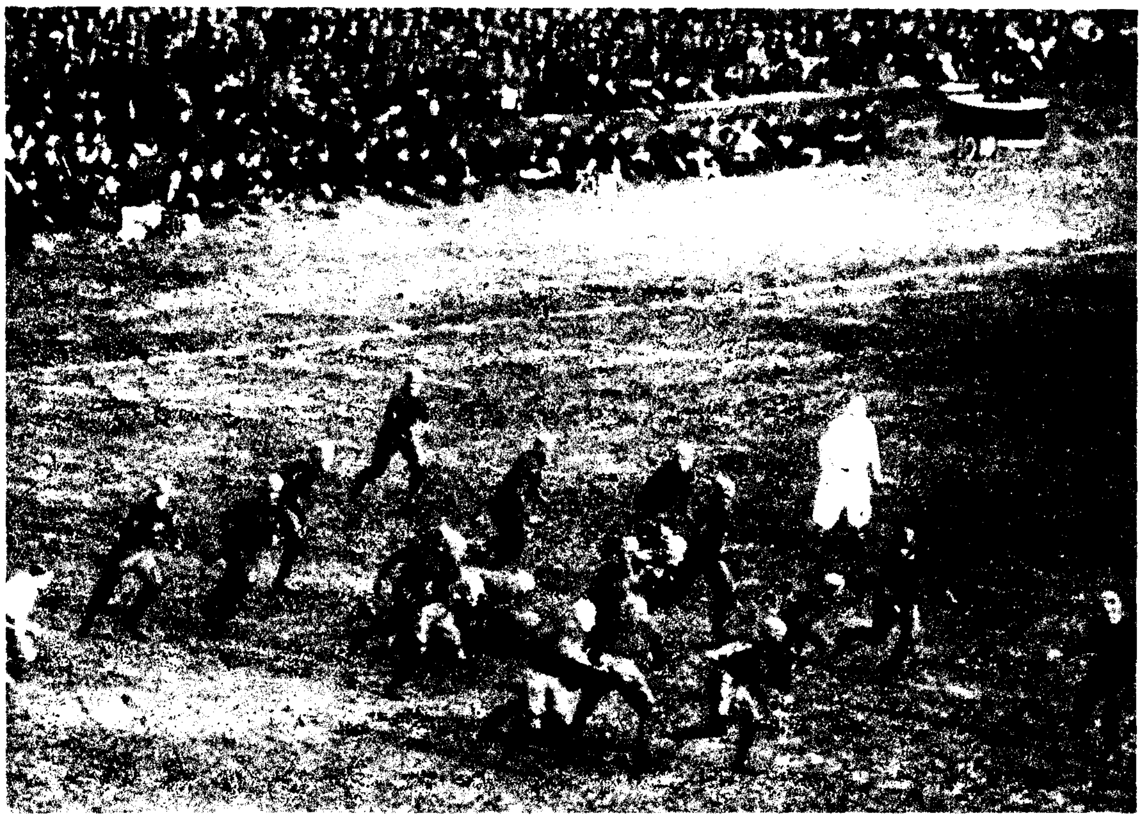
Perhaps this statement—which implies that the old-timers never had to bother much about thinking—sounds farfetched, but it begins to make considerable sense when you consider the radical changes which have taken place in football since the early 1900s. Undoubtedly, there are numerous ways to measure gridiron progress, but the most graphic method is to analyze the contribution of outstanding individuals. In my opinion, the major developments in the evolution of modern football can be traced to the influence of six men: President Theodore Roosevelt, Walter Camp, Glenn S. Warner, Knute Rockne, Benny Friedman and George Halas. Briefly, here's what each accomplished:

In 1902, Michigan's mighty, but misnamed, “point-a-minute” team rolled up 644 points in 770 minutes (11 games of 70 minutes each). This staggering total was amassed through crunching use of mass formation power plays, in which players formed a solid wall of interference and then smashed into the opposition.

Inevitably, mass-formation offenses, which relied upon brute force for success, caused so many serious injuries and fatalities that many college presidents banned football as a sport. Finally, in 1905, President Roosevelt issued an executive order demanding that the rules be changed to make football a safer pastime—at once!

At this critical moment, Walter Camp of Yale, founder of Collier's All-America tradition and a

DRAWING BY WILLARD MULLIN



UNITED PRESS

Grange starts an end run during 1925 Penn Game, played in near cloudburst. His old-style suit soaked up rain and mud, saddling him with extra 10 pounds. Illinois, led by Grange, won 24-2

member of the rules committee from 1878 until his death in 1925, took the lead in drafting the legislation which saved college football. These rules changes legalized the forward pass, banned hurdling, prohibited mass interference formations, and shortened the game from 70 to 60 minutes.

Camp's legislative influence moved football out of the mass-formation era into what might be called the "middle era," dominated by Glenn (Pop) Warner and Knute Rockne. Each man gave his name to an offensive system. For almost 20 years (1920-'40) virtually every major college eleven employed some version of the single- or double-wingback attack, popularly known as the Warner system, or Notre Dame's shifting offense.

"Pop" Warner and Rockne Compared

Basically, the Warner and Rockne systems depended on running plays. "The big difference between Warner and Rockne," as Bob Zuppke once pointed out, "is simply this. Warner tries to put as many interferers as possible in front of the ball carrier. Usually, Pop assigns two blockers to work on the opposing tackle. He believes in power and is content to grind out yardage in short chunks.

"But Rockne," Zuppke added, "leans more to speed than power. He teaches man-to-man blocking, which isn't designed to produce consistent short yardage. Instead, Rock works for the perfect play—when every blocker knocks his man down—and the ball carrier breaks loose for a long gain."

During Warner's successful tenures at Carlisle, Pitt and Stanford, and Rockne's brilliant career at Notre Dame, football was predominantly a running game. However, as I've already noted, the strategy of the running offense was unimaginative and stereotyped. Passing was a neglected art—the last resort of a losing team. Consequently, the defense never had to budge out of a seven-man line.

The man who first jolted the defense out of the stereotyped seven-man line—and thus injected thinking into defensive strategy—was Benny Friedman, the Michigan quarterback, who joined the New York Giants of the National Football League in 1929. Benny could think, run—and pass. True enough, he couldn't toss our cantaloupe-shaped ball with the artistry of Sammy Baugh or Otto Graham, but he was accurate enough to riddle the pros' defenses with unexpected passes on first and second downs.

Friedman was the first quarterback to recognize the potentialities of the pass as a touchdown weapon on a par with the running play. "The time to pass," Benny once told me, "is on first or second down. Why wait until the third down, when the defense is looking for it?"

To counteract Friedman's passes, the Chicago Bears (whom I joined upon leaving Illinois) finally dropped the center out of our seven-man line, thus creating a 6-3-2 defense. The Bears did not invent the 6-3-2. Other teams had used this alignment occasionally in obvious third-down passing situations. However, I believe the Bears were the first team to use the 6-3-2 as a basic defense instead of the standard 7-2-2.

Once Friedman's imaginative passing strategy unlocked the coaches' thinking, all sorts of defensive combinations were concocted, ranging from a 4-4-3 to an 8-2-1. Naturally enough, this revolution in defensive thinking forced the offensive strategists to more imaginative maneuvers. Finally, George Halas' Chicago Bears perfected the trademark of modern offensive football—the man-in-motion T-formation.

Incidentally, the Bears' man-in-motion T should not be confused with the old-fashioned T, which was a popular formation 'way back in the early 1900s. In the old-fashioned T, the quarterback squatted behind center, the fullback hunched over some four yards directly behind the quarterback, and the halfbacks flanked the fullback, thus forming an inverted T.

Originally, this inverted T was considered an excellent running formation, since the back could strike quickly anywhere along the line. However, the old T had one serious weakness: it could not put enough blockers ahead of the ball carrier to make end runs profitable.

The Bears solved this weakness in the early 1930s by sending a halfback in motion toward the side line before the ball was snapped from center. This man-in-motion became a target for laterals and forward passes. Aided by his running start, he could get outside the defensive end.

Gradually, the Bears expanded the man-in-motion concept by adding a flanker—a halfback stationed *outside* the offensive end—to their attack. Also, the Bears began to split their ends—that is, on certain plays, an end would station himself anywhere from 2 to 15 yards wide of the tackle.

Thus, by stationing a flanker near one side line, sending a man-in-motion toward the other side line, and splitting one or both of the ends, the Bears extended their attacking front almost the width of the field. Consequently, the defense was forced to spread itself to cover the Bears' flanker-receiver. Naturally, this spreading of the defense opened up the middle of the field for running plays. So, by widening their attacking front, the Bears produced a balanced, wide-open offense equally effective on passing or running plays.

Although the Bears started tinkering with the man-in-motion in 1930, the formation did not gain widespread acceptance until 1940, when the Bears steam-rollered the Washington Redskins 73 to 0, in a play-off for the National Football League title, and Stanford (using the Bears' T) whipped Nebraska 27 to 13 in the Rose Bowl.

When Leahy Boarded "T" Band Wagon

This double-barreled T-formation triumph literally revolutionized offensive football. Overnight, hundreds of college and professional coaches jumped on the T-formation band wagon. In 1942, the band wagon picked up a highly important rider —Coach Frank Leahy of Notre Dame. When Leahy discarded the Rockne system—the trademark of Notre Dame teams for two decades—the Bears' man-in-motion T became the dominant football offense.

Speaking as an old-timer, I'll admit frankly that I don't think the Grange of 1923 could land a halfback job on the 1952 Illinois varsity. If that sounds like false modesty, let's look at the facts. In 1923, when I scored 12 touchdowns, my basic running play was a drive toward right tackle. I'd run to the right, parallel to the line of scrimmage, for two or three strides; then I'd fake, left or right, to make the defensive end commit himself. If the end stayed wide, I would cut back inside him; if he crashed toward me, I'd veer outside and try to run around him. In either case, I waited until the hole developed before selecting my route of advance.

Nowadays, halfbacks don't wait for holes to develop. Instead, they run at full speed toward the spot where a hole is supposed to open. When a play is timed perfectly, the hole opens a split second before the ball carrier arrives. As a result, he bursts into the line about two seconds after the snapback. In my day, I often reached the line three or four seconds after the snapback.

Of course, effective ball carriers run on instinct in the open field. Somehow, they sense when to change pace or cut back. I'm confident I could maneuver as effectively in the open against the 1952 tacklers as I did against those of the twenties. However, to get into the open under modern conditions, I'd have to alter drastically my '23 running style. Specifically, I'd have to master the quick, explosive start which has become the trade-mark of today's T-formation ball carriers.

Bob Zuppke recently summed it up another way. "In your day, Red," said Zupp, "you were a mighty important fellow. You were the tailback—the key man in either the Warner or Rockne offense. You took the pass from center and you carried the ball at least two out of every three scrimmage plays—upwards of 45 times a game. So did the other famous tailbacks, like George Gipp and Jim Thorpe and Marchie Schwartz. Actually, you tailbacks got all the good scoring chances, so if you didn't rack up two or three touchdowns a game, you weren't doing a good job.

"However," Zupp went on, "in the modern T, the quarterback distributes the scoring load among six players. He pitches passes to the ends and backs, or he executes hand-offs and laterals to the backs on running plays, or he runs with the ball himself. So modern defenses must cover six touchdown threats in the T, whereas old-time offenses could concentrate on stopping one tailback threat.

"Summing up," Zupp concluded, "I'd say that modern football is infinitely more complex and skillful than the old-time variety. To play it well, youngsters today must possess just as much speed, endurance and courage as you old-timers exhibited —and they've got to do a lot more thinking."

I'll buy that.

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

THREE GIRLS IN A TUB

Three stars, three bathtubs, 22 baths—all for cheesecake's sake

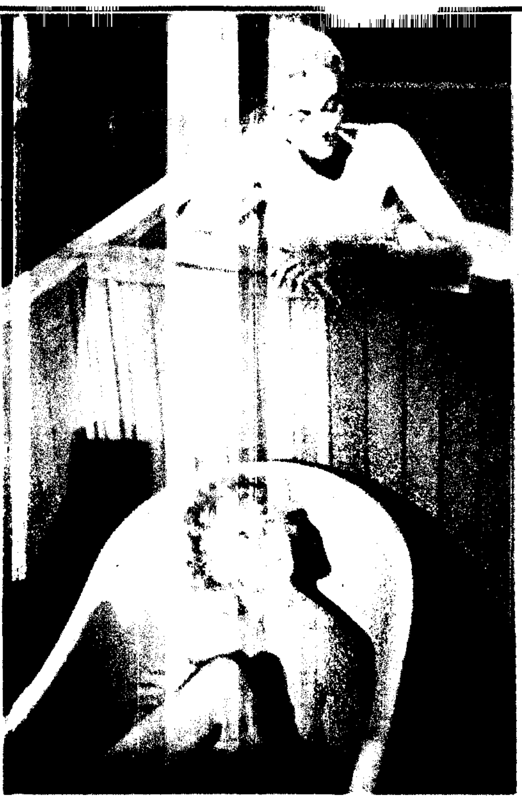
EVER since Edison invented the Kinetoscope, and peep shows were the rage, the people who make movies have known that one good way to produce a box-office success is to load a picture with cheesecake. Pretty girls—few clothes—sure hit. This formula in historical movies presents real problems, especially if the costumes of the period are floor-long and Adam's-apple-high. The crisis, however, often can be solved simply by having the actress take a bath. This fall two major studios found themselves producing two historical films with three lovely girls. In answer to the inevitable, they called in the plumbers. During one week, both shooting schedules called for Betty Grable, Rhonda Fleming and Jan Sterling to be muddied up, then sent to the bathtubs.

Miss Grable's bath occurs in 20th Century-Fox's The Farmer Takes a Wife. Sheathed in a flesh-colored, strapless bathing suit to simulate nudity, Betty climbed into the 38-inch-long, 1850-style bathtub. She spent several waterless hours there, timing her scrubbing strokes and lip movements to a song, When I Close My Door, which she previously had recorded. When she was scrub-perfect, technicians moved in. Preheated water was put in the tub, along with a bubble-producing chemical. To create the illusion of steam, dry ice was added to a tank of water concealed behind the tub. Lighting crews then took over. By the time everything was ready, about 80 persons had gathered to watch Betty bathe.

Twelve times she got into her jug-sized tub, scrubbed herself and pretended to sing. Twelve times she stepped out and was handed a burlap gunny sack to dry herself. (The Erie Canal boat where the scene takes place was just out of towels.)

Meanwhile, over on the Paramount lot, Rhonda Fleming and Jan Sterling were going through much the same rigors for the filming of Pony Express. The scene was in a Midwestern public bathhouse in 1860. The tubs were larger and more comfortable—but no soap. For the sake of historical authenticity, the girls had to use sandstone instead. The scene, in and out of the tubs, took four hours to shoot. The result of all the aquatic efforts for the two movies was approximately 5,000 feet of film recording three pretty girls taking some 22 baths. "Movies," said a wag in Ciro's, "are apparently not only better than ever; they're wetter than ever, too." ▲▲▲

While make-up man George Lane makes cosmetics repairs, dance director Jack Cole holds tubside confab with Betty Grable during filming of bathtub scene for The Farmer Takes a Wife



Jan Sterling watches Rhonda Fleming scrub with sandstone for Pony Express tub scene

In skintight suit, Betty climbs into tub. Actress Thelma Ritter (r.) aided with bath

Host of technicians helped ready baths for both movies. Spectators were plentiful, too

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

Elect EISENHOWER

"Once again, Americans would have a government that was on the level, with honest treatment from an administration that did not wish to regiment or exploit them. . ."

By THOMAS E. DEWEY

Governor of New York

MAN does not live by bread alone; he needs faith—faith in his religious and moral convictions, faith in the security of his job and his future, faith in the decency and competence of his government, faith that he has a good chance to live out his life and raise his children in peace and freedom.

Nobody in America has such faith today. Everybody knows that his job is nurtured by a war boom and he wonders how long his job will last.

Everybody knows his national government has been so scandalously corrupt that the President had to hire a lawyer to investigate the entire government and then had him fired when the trail got too hot.

Everybody knows that his government is so incompetent and inefficient that taxes are digging deeper than ever before into his pay check and that they add to the cost of everything he buys.

Everybody knows that the value of his life insurance, his savings and his pension are being steadily reduced by the studied policy of inflating the dollar and the cost of living.

Everybody knows that from a position of unparalleled world power after World War II our country fell to a position where it almost failed to beat the tenth-rate power of North Korea.

Everybody knows that the Communist threat darkens every home in the civilized world, and that we have no adequate policy to dispel this miasma of fear.

The Democratic party goes to the people with a campaign slogan: "Don't let them take it away." Take what away? Insecurity? Corruption? Almost unbearable taxes? Dangerous deficits? Inflation? War? Fear of more war?

I think the American people will be happy to have these things taken away. General Eisenhower's election will do it.

A Republican victory in November becomes much more than a political victory. A great upsurge of faith, of confidence, would follow. Washington would be cleansed of the mess which even the Democratic candidate admits exists there. Stale, cynical, seedy, corrupt men would be displaced by men who are fresh and strong and honest.

Farmers, businessmen and workers would breathe a great sigh of relief. Once again they would have a government that was on the level, with fair, honest treatment from an administration that did not wish to regiment, coerce or exploit them. Workers and labor leaders would know that their government no longer regarded them as chattels—to be used for vote-catching, to be put out of work by strikes cynically encouraged by government for political purposes; that they would get a square deal all the time.

Businessmen would go to their offices with new zest, confident that they could make plans and develop them without having the government capriciously change policies every other day—confident, too, that they would not be denounced, undermined, humiliated and regimented. These employers, who create and keep going the enterprises which provide all the jobs, have long known what the Small Business Committee of the Democratic-controlled Senate just recently found out: taxes are killing off new businesses, preventing expansion of small firms, stifling ambition and creating a general situation which will inevitably result in a disastrous decline in the number of jobs and enterprises, and in the drying up of the very source of all taxes.

A Republican administration would remove these ominous threats; for the next four years we would have a government intelligently, affirmatively interested in stable jobs, not war-boom jobs; in steadily increasing production of consumers' goods, and in real security for all the people.

The Democrats still claim they have created and nourished the greatest prosperity this country has known. But the truth is that they have never nourished anything except the feverish boom of war jobs. We have had three Democratic Presidents in this century: under each of them we had unemployment and a depression which was stopped only by war. Under Democrat Woodrow Wilson the country was heading into a serious depression until the economic direction was reversed by World War I.

Franklin Roosevelt was elected in 1932 by the depression which finally followed World War I. His policies failed to effect a cure. In 1940, eight years after Roosevelt's first election, the American Federation of Labor reported that there were still 10,000,000 unemployed in the United States. Only the tragic outbreak of World War II restored employment.

In 1950, under Harry Truman, the country was again heading into a depression, with nearly 4,000,000 unemployed. Again, depression was stopped only by the outbreak of war—this time in Korea.

On the record it is undeniable that there has never been prosperity or full employment under any one of these Democratic Presidents except at the awful price of human misery and the dead and mangled bodies of young Americans.

I am not here arguing whether these wars were necessary or avoidable. I do say that the kind of shaky prosperity the Democratic party has brought to us has been due to war. I say also that much of what looks like prosperity is deceptive inflation. This is a critical situation. The Democrats in power, long accustomed to inflation, and long sustained by it, are incapable of seeing it for what it is. Only a fresh, inspirational, honest and competent new administration, with no ties to

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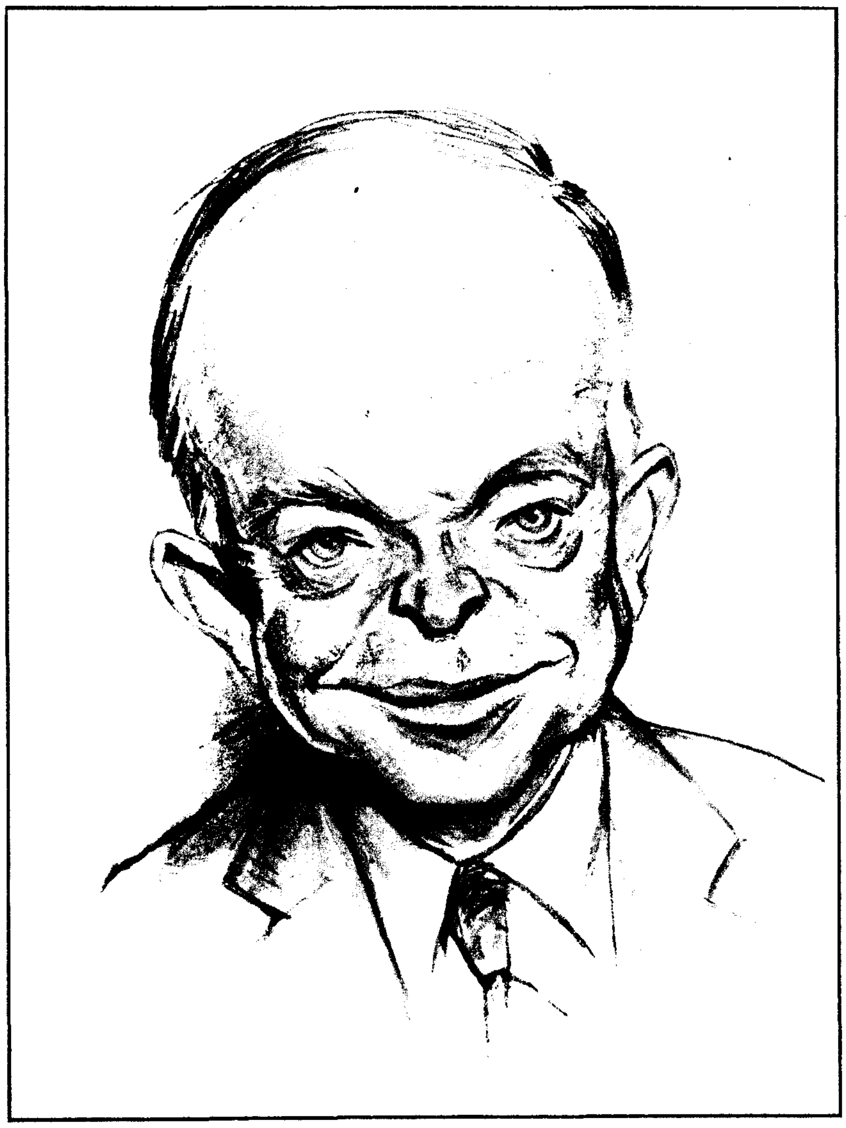

Elect STEVENSON

"With him in the White House, we would have an articulate President, with vision, character, great managerial ability, courage and—thank Heaven—a sense of humor"

By A. S. MIKE MONRONEY

U.S. Senator from Oklahoma

IN CHOOSING their Presidents, Americans have been interested in the man as much as in the party. The man Stevenson, unknown to most Americans outside Illinois before his great speech accepting the Democratic nomination on the early morning of last July 26th, has continued to grow in stature and in the public esteem with each succeeding address. He has revealed his views, his ideals, his Christian faith and his sense of humor in memorable language. And the American people know that it is Stevenson and not a galaxy of ghost writers addressing them.

In his acceptance speech at Chicago, he set the pattern for his campaign and for his conduct of the office of the Presidency if elected.

". . . What does concern me, in common with thinking partisans of both parties, is not just winning the election, but how it is won, how well we can take advantage of this great quadrennial opportunity to debate issues sensibly and soberly. I hope and pray that we Democrats, win or lose, can campaign . . . as a great opportunity to educate and elevate a people whose destiny is leadership, not alone of a rich, prosperous, contented country as in the past, but of a world in ferment.

"And more important than winning the election is governing the nation. That is the test of a political party—the acid, final test. When the tumult and the shouting die, when the bands are gone and the lights are dimmed, there is the stark reality of responsibility in an hour of history haunted with those gaunt, grim specters of strife, dissension and materialism at home and ruthless, inscrutable and hostile power abroad."

Had Governor Stevenson stopped there, many would have then believed that the "re-freshening" of our government he has called for was mere convention oratory, of a high order.

But he has continued his clear, straight talks throughout the campaign. Many of us in recent years have worried lest the desire for special-interest legislation and the pressures of powerful voting blocs might wreck our democracy. We have been re-freshened by his speeches to work anew for the Jeffersonian principle of "equal rights for all—special privileges for none."

Here is a candidate, in the midst of a hard political campaign, with the courage to tell all of the nation's most powerful voting groups to their faces that "they should not want, nor will they get through any effort of mine, anything more than what is justified by the larger good of the commonwealth."

Certainly, in a world torn by intolerance and intemperance in political thought, his definition of patriotism is—to use his own word again—re-freshening:

"What do we mean by patriotism in the context of our times? I venture to suggest that what we mean is a sense of national responsibility which will enable America to remain master of her power—to walk with it in serenity and wisdom, with self-respect and with the respect of all mankind; a patriotism that puts country ahead of self; a patriotism which is not short, frenzied outbursts of emotion, but the tranquil and steady dedication of a lifetime. These are words that are easy to utter, but this is a mighty assignment. For it is often easier to fight for principles than to live up to them."

It is re-freshening to our moral fabric to see and hear a Presidential candidate reject the political profit to be made from wild promises of a quick cure for the cancerous threat of world Communism. These are his words:

"The ordeal of the 20th century—the bloodiest, most turbulent age of the Christian era—is far from over. Sacrifice, patience, understanding and implacable purpose may be our lot for years to come. Let's face it . . . Help me to do the job in these years of darkness, doubt and crisis that stretch beyond the horizon of tonight's happy vision, and we will justify our glorious past and the loyalty of silent millions who look to us for compassion, understanding and honest purpose. Thus we will serve our great tradition greatly."

To a voting public long accustomed to assembly-line production of ghostwritten speeches, the impact of a man who can think straight and talk straight from his heart without being the mouthpiece of campaign strategy boards and hired phrase makers is genuinely refreshing, as well as re-freshening to our faith in our political system.

It is re-freshening to our ideals of integrity to hear Governor Stevenson declare: "Where we have erred, let there be no denial; where we have wronged the public trust, let there be no excuses. Self-criticism is the secret weapon of democracy." And then: "Corruption in public office is treason, and it is treason to Democrats as well as Republicans."

Few, if any, candidates for the Presidency in our long history have spoken so clearly and so emphatically on issues as has Governor Stevenson: "I propose to go on telling everyone just what I think about our public questions one by one, with little hope of pleasing everyone, but with confident certainty that honesty is the best policy, and that for this office, in this anxious year, you don't want a political free-for-all, and you do want to know about me and my views. . . . Americans want something more than a contest of character assassination and the merchandising and distribution of mud."

But lest I fall prey to what is becoming almost an American game of compiling a glossary of quotable

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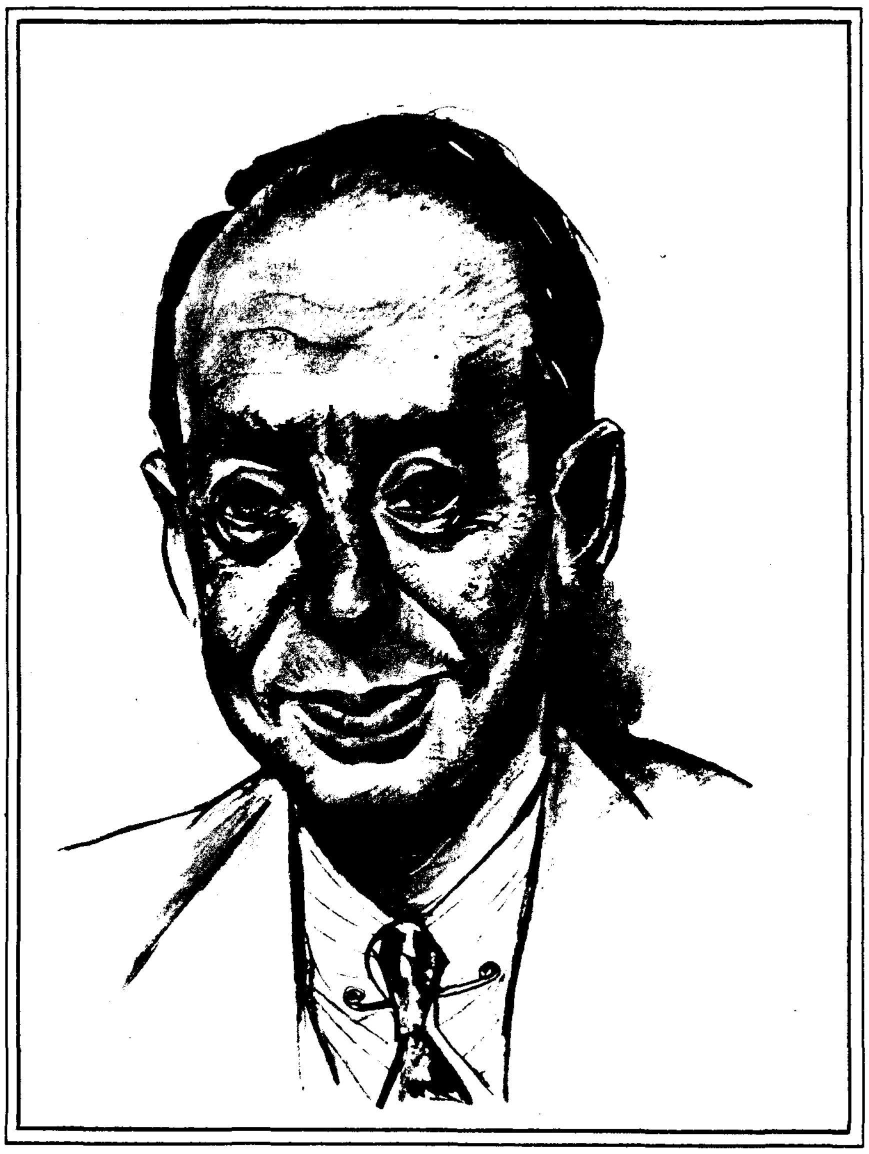
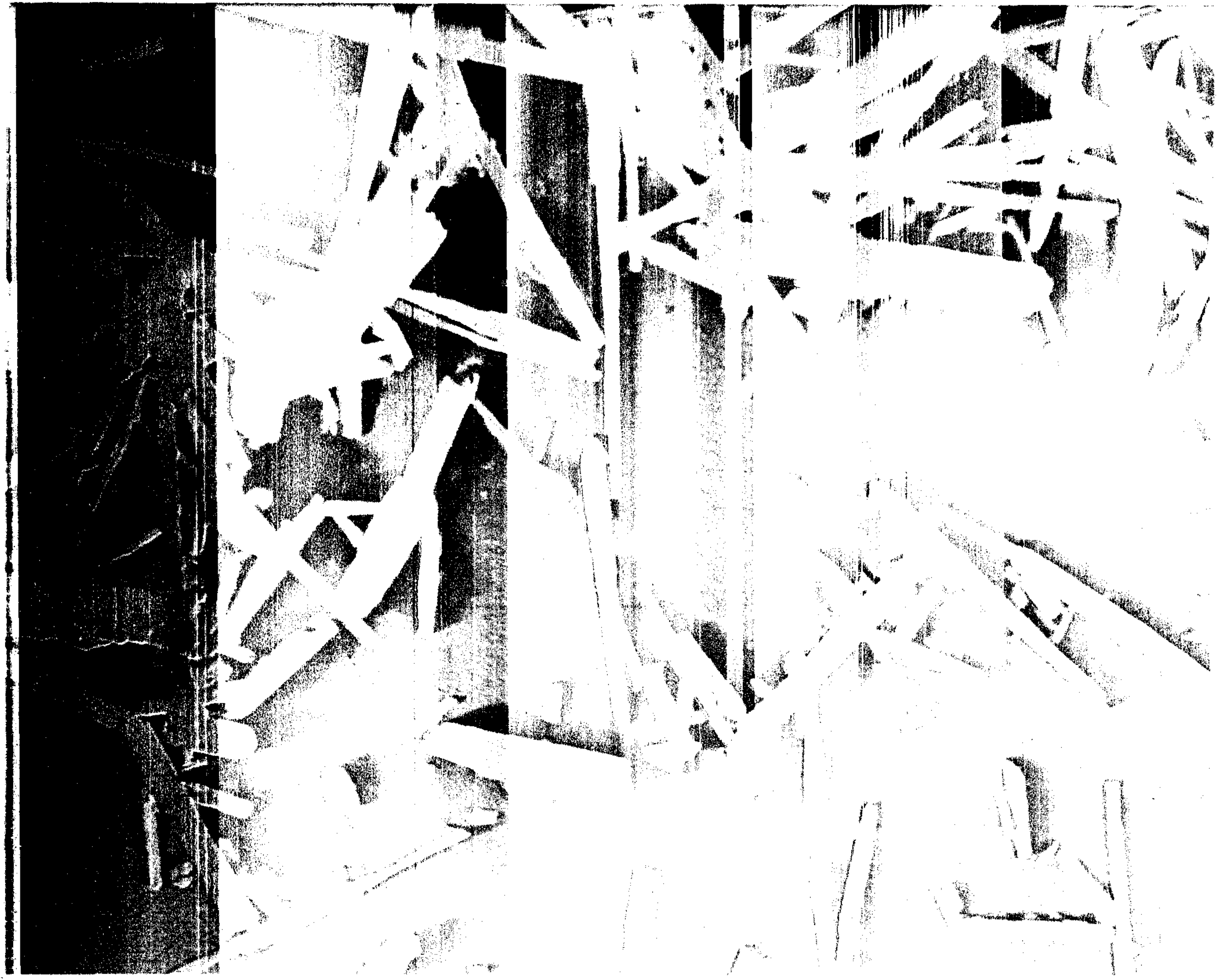


DRAWINGS BY SAM BERMAN

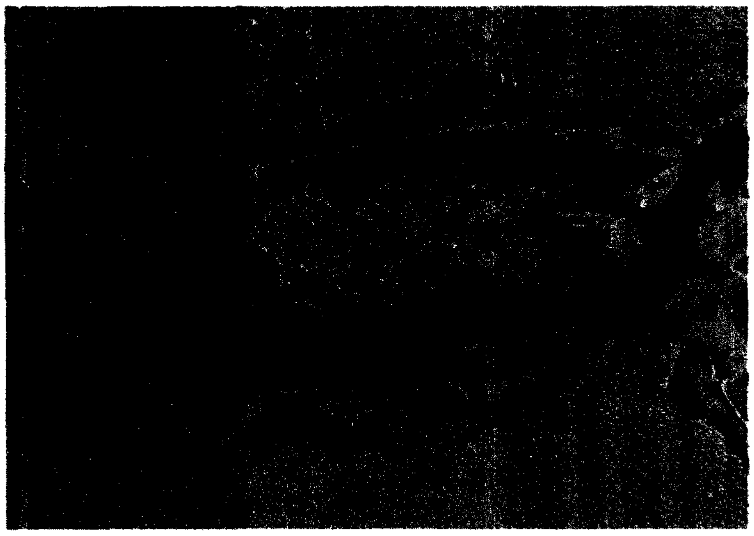


Halloysite clay particles, magnified 24,000 times, appear as shattered tubes. Cochran's new process colors them orange. The valuable clay is used in the manufacture of gasoline

Research Associate Prof. George Cochran using his electron microscope at Utah State

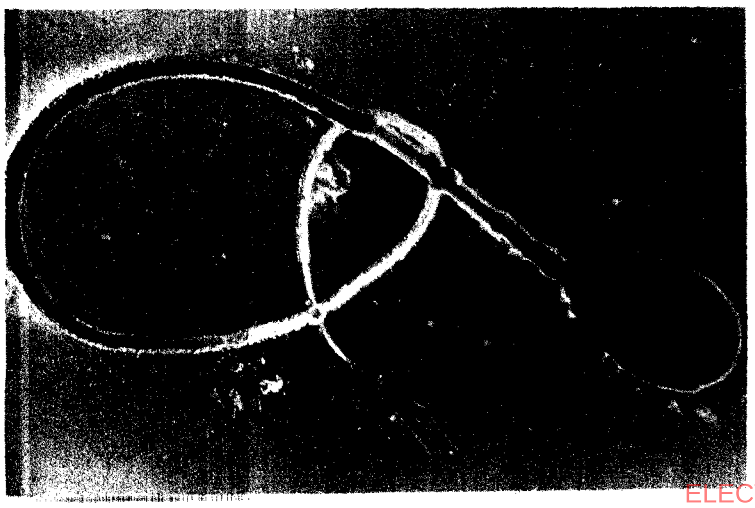
THE HUE IS A CLUE

Electron microscopes produce images magnified more than 80,000 times. Now color is adding real dimensions to the "invisible"



Cellulose fibers in ordinary facial tissues look braided when "blown up" 25,000 times

Human sperm, 6,800 times actual size, shows head (red) to be thick, and tail as fine fibers



MODERN science is a vast and almost inconceivably complicated jigsaw puzzle, pieced together by thousands of patient and inquisitive men. Only a fortunate few make great discoveries. The rest are content to find the tiny bits which indicate where the large, important pieces go, or at least to fashion the special tools with which the fragments are put in place. Research Associate Professor George W. Cochran of the State Agricultural College at Logan, Utah, is a man who is happy to have found a tool.

Dr. Cochran is thirty-three years old. Since 1941 he has been studying plant diseases and the viruses which cause them. Viruses—such as the organisms which cause influenza in humans—are so small that they cannot be seen by ordinary microscopes. To pursue them, machines are needed which enlarge objects many times more than the conventional 2,000 diameters. There were no such machines when young Cochran started his work, but in the early forties science produced the electron microscope—a device in which an electric or magnetic field bends electron rays to produce magnifications of 80,000 times and more.

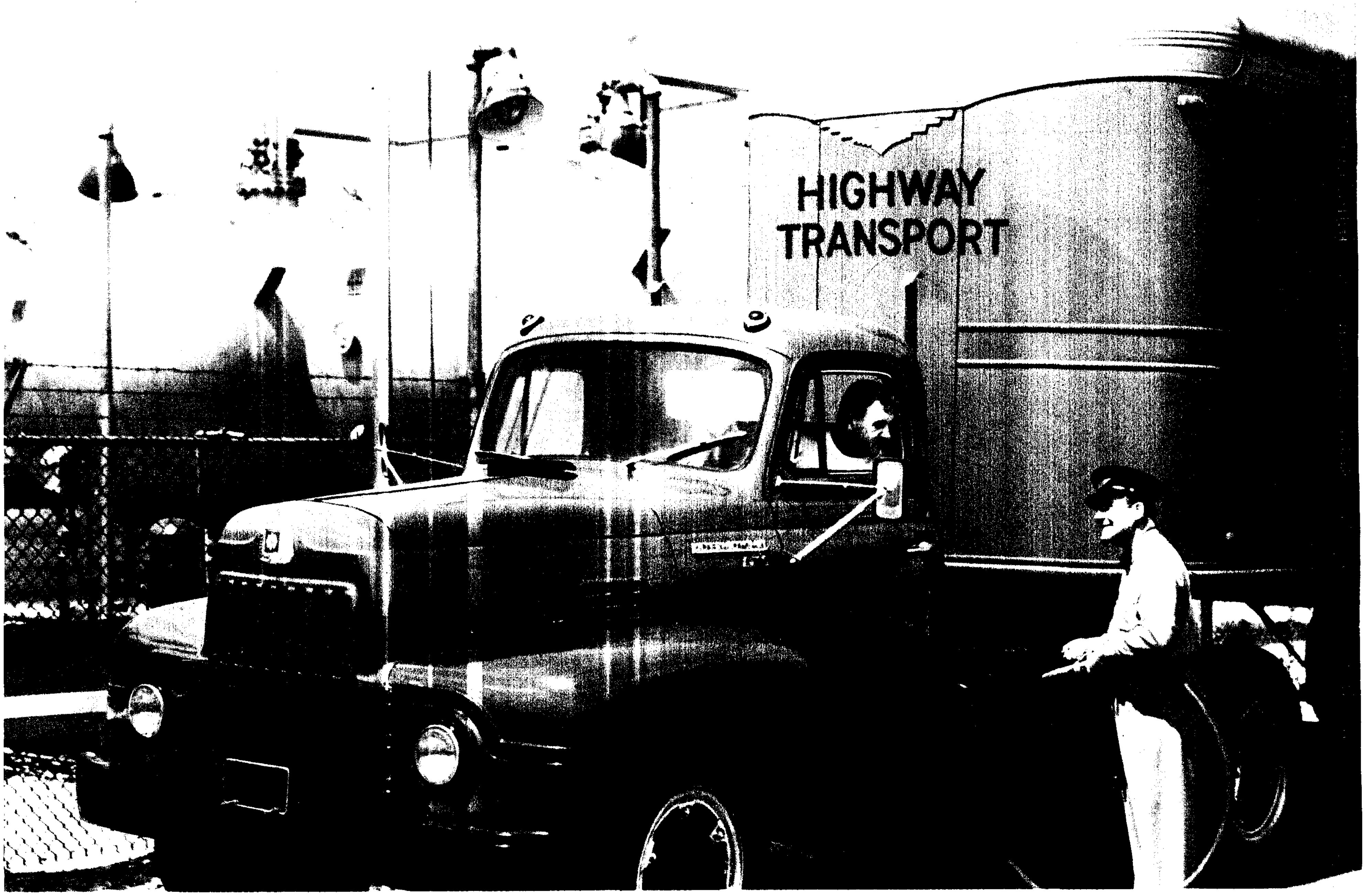
The electron microscope made the study of viruses possible. It illuminated, better than any system of light lenses, the "invisible." It brought scientists within view of molecules, the tiny units of which matter of all kinds is composed. But the electron microscope doesn't see in color. In effect, it casts what might be called a shadow of the object it is examining. The shadow is made up of shades of gray. To inquisitive men like Cochran it was an immensely handy tool. But inquisitive men are rarely satisfied; Cochran and scores of his colleagues wanted color too.

Though they realized that they couldn't make the new microscope see in color, they believed that they could add color to the photographs made with the big, all-seeing machine. The addition of color would make what they were looking at easier to view, simpler to study, more readily understandable to students. In 1949, Cochran tackled the job of adding color.

After months of research he found, in a scientific journal, a description by R. D. Bensley of a new process for adding color to black-and-white transparent positive or negative films. It was exactly what he was looking for. Though it did not reveal objects in their true colors, it put colors into them, and that was all he wanted.

The process involves depositing silver chloride on an already developed picture, and re-exposing it to light, and developing a second time. Where the picture is dense (almost black) the silver shows up as blue; where it is thin (almost clear) it shows up as red. Gradations in density between these extremes turn green, yellow or orange. Pictures colored by Cochran's process thus indicate with colored "labels" just how thick or thin or fat or lean the exceedingly small objects photographed through the electron microscope are. The colors in themselves have no real meaning, but they are valuable in the same way that painting a flight of steps white in a dark hallway is valuable: you can see better where you are going.

On this page, Collier's presents the first public showing of Dr. Cochran's colored electron micrographs. He has made many more, but these three indicate how one man in a small corner of modern science's great laboratory can place a light where there was no light before. ▲▲▲



International LP-Roadliner with famous Super Red Diamond Engine available in four- and six-wheel models. 42,000 to 65,000 lbs. GCW. Also available with gasoline and diesel engines.

INTERNATIONAL ROADLINERS

–with factory-installed LPG fuel system!

New International "LP" four- and six-wheel Roadliners now offer the famous Super Red Diamond valve-in-head engine designed and built to take full advantage of the extra power and economy inherent in LP gas.

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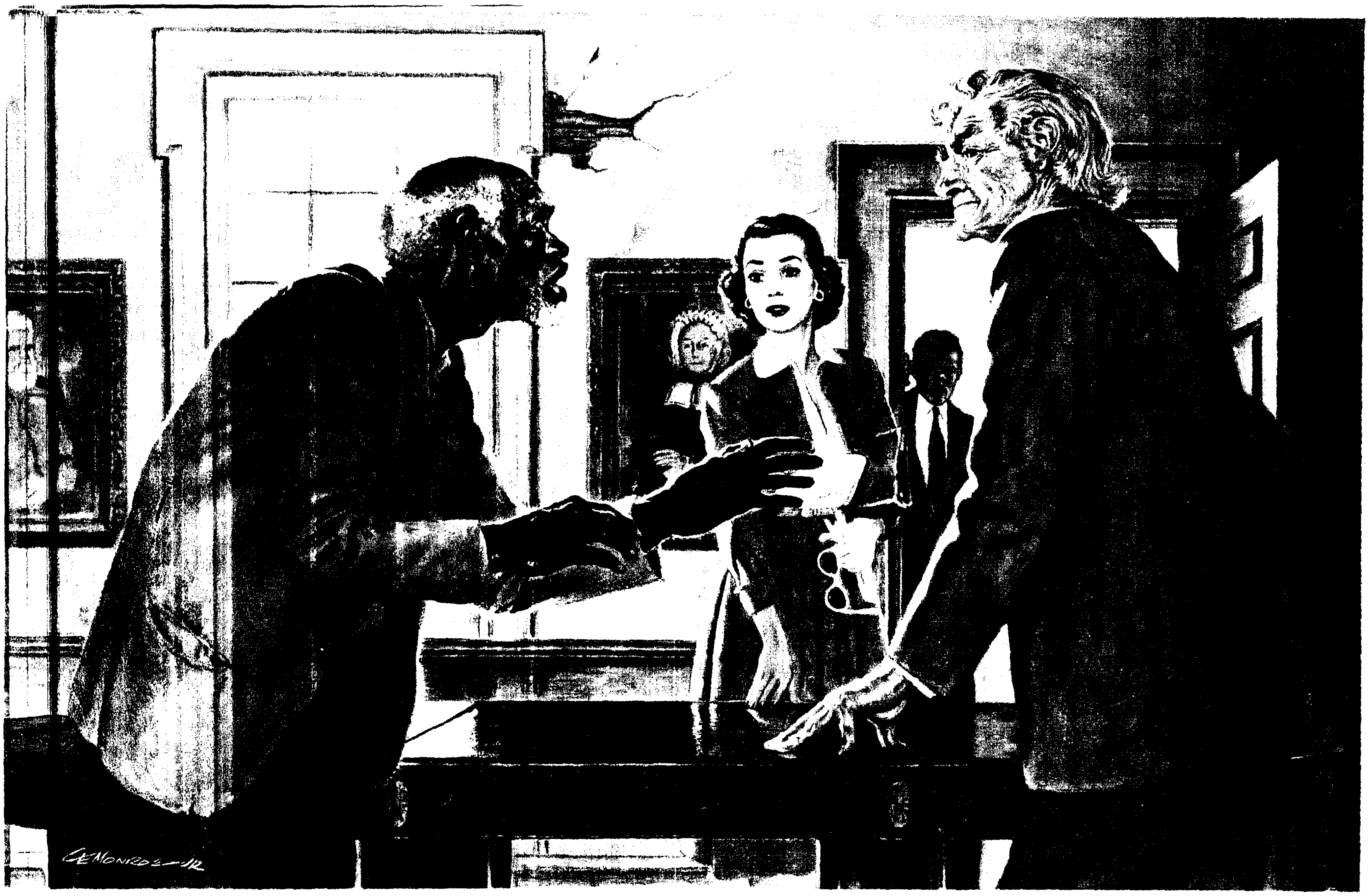
C. E. Monroe, Jr.

"No, Cap'm, no!" The words came like an explosion from Zeke. "Please don't sell de table!" The captain's face reddened

The Genuine Article

[illegible]

The two old men had been slave and master, but sometimes it was hard to make out who was which. Zeke wasn't interfering only out of family sentiment. In this case, his word was law—and Cap'm knew it

THE old man stood beneath the sign by the side of the road, waiting for passers-by. The top of his bald head between the fringe of gray wool gleamed dully in the sun. There was another, thinner, gray puff on his chin. The rest of him was black, the black of charcoal dust.

Today as on every day during the tourist season, he stood ready to deliver his bow; he was as much a fixture of the roadside as the sign itself. There were few tourists now. There had once been many, and the sign alone had been enough to lure them, when this was still the main highway between the North and Charleston. But with the building of the cutoff it had become a side road, and now the old man often spent the whole day unnoticed.

Being nearsighted, he could not see the occupants of a car until it was abreast of him, and sometimes that was too late. He always began his bow with the slowing of a car, and sometimes, just as his head was down, there came the whir of a speeded motor, and the car would pass him by. When a car came to a full stop, he made, while coming up, a quick appraisal. If the occupants were Southern but showed by their speech that they were not "quality," he suppressed the wish to send them on their trashy way and gave an answer suitable to their station, offering a glimpse of the way the best white folks once lived, and meanwhile decided on the fee.

If, however, their speech and manner showed that the strangers were both Southern and "quality," there was no mention of fee, it being assumed that they knew, or knew about, the Hanfords, and were good for at least a dollar. But for strangers from the mysterious North there was no known test, their speech and manners were equally odd. He began, therefore—whether on the assumption that they were completely ignorant or in order to gain time—by reading aloud the sign:

"Hanford Place
1745
Open to Visitors
Nine to Five,"

and went on from there with a set speech.

But all today—and it now near dinnertime—and for a whole week past, there had been no tourists, and the old man was mumbling to himself, "Ef'n dis keeps up, Cap'm and me ain't even go' have grits, let alone fat back," when a car slowed down and came to a stop. The driver, a young woman, spoke; at the sound of her voice—quality if he'd ever heard it—he made another, deeper bow.

"Mornin'," she said.

"Mornin', ma'am, mornin' ladies all," he said, counting them in the interval: three, young, and an old one on the back seat.

The driver asked, "Hanford Place? Is this the plantation of the Hanford fam—"

"Yes, ma'am," he broke in, "de Hanford family, dat's *right*. Been livin' right here in de same place more'n two hundred year. Ain't never hyeard of any other Hanfords," he added, saying the name emphatically.

There was an exclamation from the old lady on the back seat, "Hanford? Did he say Hanford, Mary Bell?"

He answered for the young woman. "Yes, ma'am, dat's what I said."

"Land sakes," the old lady said, "thought they were all dead and buried ages ago. Ought to have been. Any still alive?"

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

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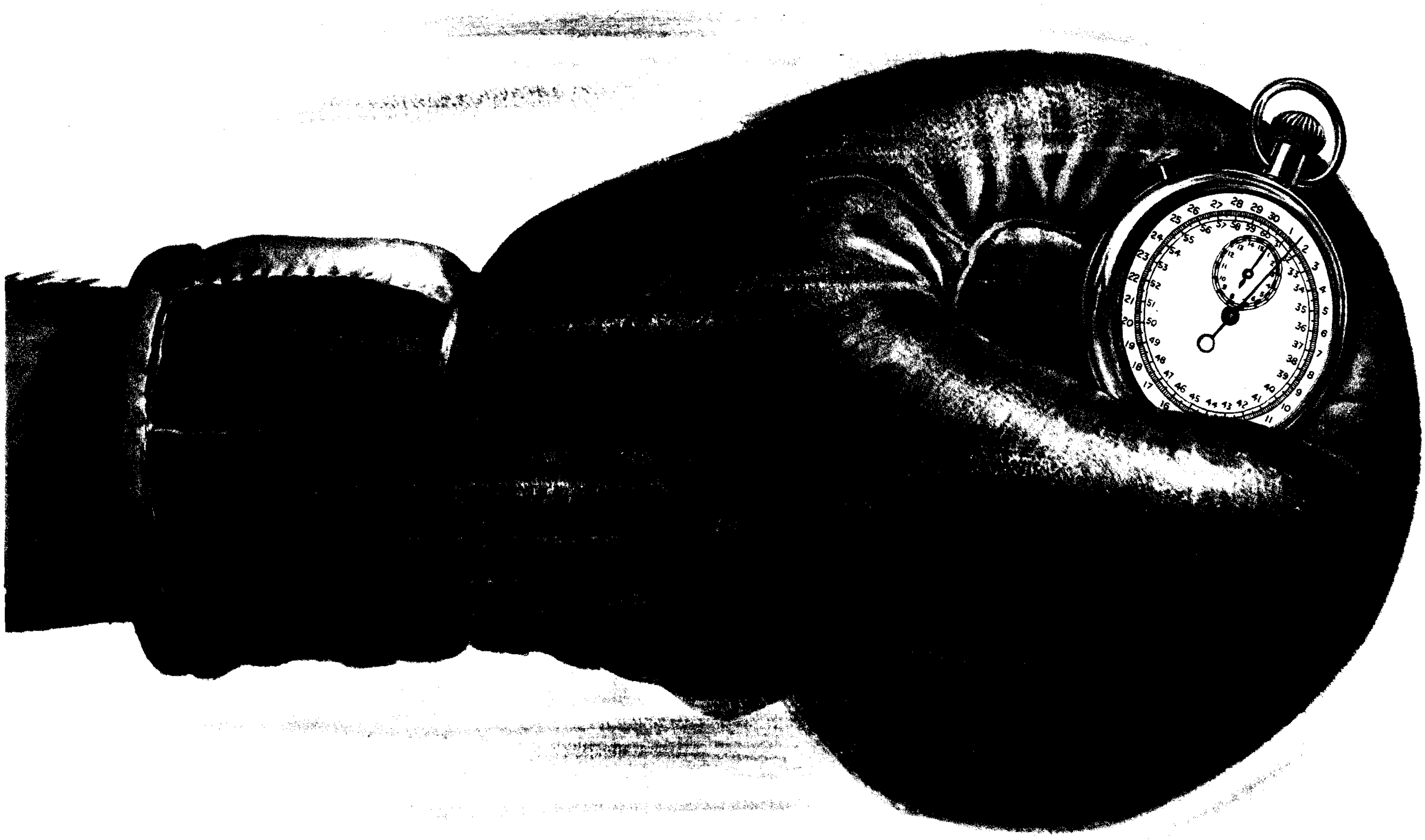

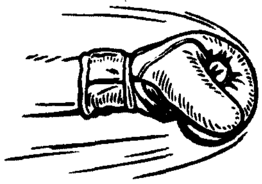

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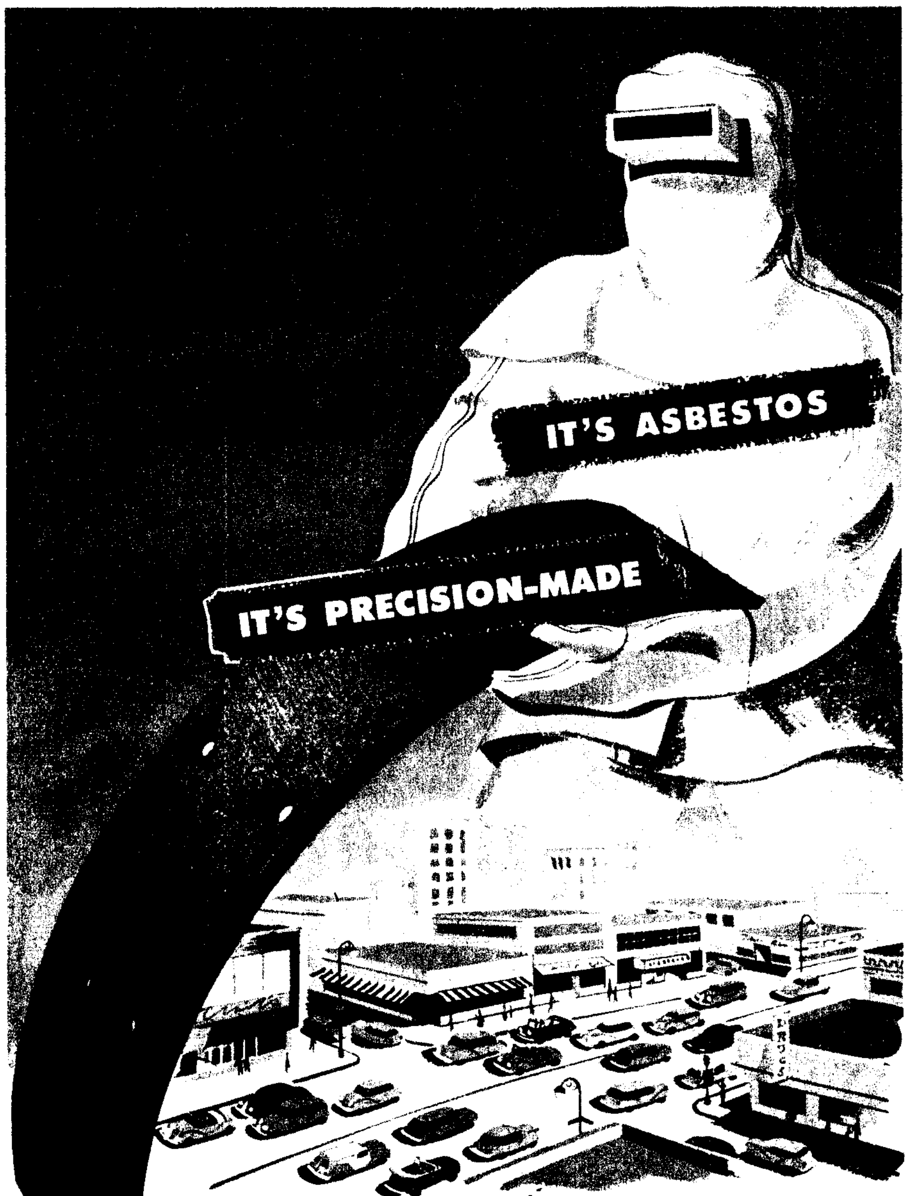

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"Yas'm," he mumbled, "Cap'm here."

"St. Julien Hanford, you mean?" When he nodded, she said solemnly, "Girls, a woman isn't safe within a mile of that man. Drive on."

The old man's shoulders slumped. Mary Bell smiled at his dejection and handed him a quarter. "Sorry, uncle," she said, and drove away.

HE TURNED the quarter over in his hand and was saying, "Humph! Grits, no meat," when a car swerved from the road and came to a screeching stop.

The man at the wheel, hard-looking, gimlet-eyed, said, "Well, Zeke, how you all doin'?" His voice was ominous.

"Doin'?" It was hardly a question. It was a prayer for time, time to think, to frame an answer that would deflect the suspicion in those eyes. Tone would have to do it, not words. "We doin' tol'able, Mr. Sheriff sir, thank you."

"Now, Zeke, you know damn' well what I mean." The gimlet eyes bored deeper. "Have you been up to any more monkeyshines?" The sheriff spat impatiently over the car door.

"Monkeyshines, Mr. Sheriff sir?" His voice shook a little, perhaps as much from hunger as from fear.

"Damn it, Zeke, you and Cap'm had a pretty close shave last time. Next time . . ." Threat hung in the air, and the old man winced. "If you had any sense," the sheriff went on, "you'd stay off the road entirely."

"We got to eat," said Zeke.

"You'll eat all right. You ain't careful, you and Cap'm, you'll be eatin' where it won't cost you a red cent." The sheriff pressed the starter button.

" 'T ain't my fault," the old man said. "You know Cap'm."

"You and me both. Now you tell him from me—"

"Can't tell Cap'm nothin'." He spoke with bitter firmness.

The sheriff put the car into gear. "Well, don't say I didn't warn you," he said, and was gone.

The old man looked after him, his head beaded with sweat. "Do God!" he said. "Ef'n I wasn't so dad-blamed hongry, I'd quit right dis minute." . . .

"Are we on the right road for Georgetown?"

Zeke had not seen the car approaching, but he managed somehow to combine a tardy bow with a movement toward the car and speaker. He had also failed to catch the question. He had heard only the rising inflection of a question, and, looking back over his shoulder at the sign, began: "Hanford Place 1745 open to visitors nine to five dis de only house in Charleston County been in de same family sence it were built two hundred year . . ." and went on through his speech, in the singsong of long use. That completed, he asked, in his own voice and with a hint of plea, "Will you light?"

"No, thanks," the man said. "I don't think we will. I was just asking—"

"Oh, let's," the woman beside him said. She was young, and her manner was eager. Zeke gave her another bow.

The man said, "I don't think I could look another house in the face."

"I could," she said, and began to open the door.

"Oh, well," he said. "But wait, couldn't we at least drive in?"

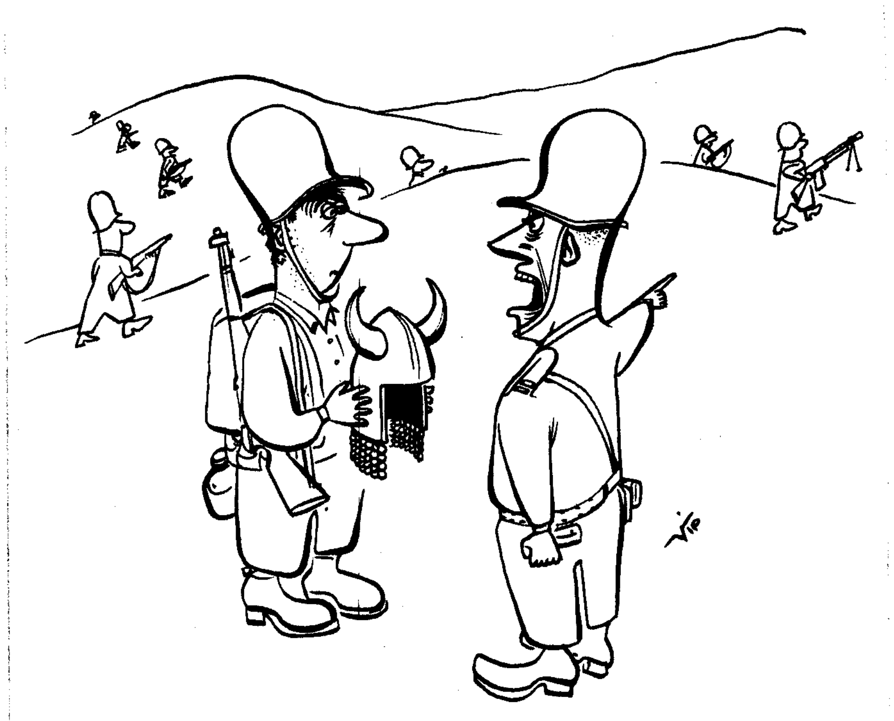
"Naw, sir," Zeke said, "on account o' de road done been wash out two year ago come September. Harrycane. But 't ain't fur." He led them out of the car and single file along an abandoned road that wandered among live oaks until it came to an end at a horse block.

The old man led them through a tunnel made by the overlapping branches of crape myrtle and stopped at the steps of the piazza. "Jes' a minute," he said, pausing. "De name, please, ma'am?"

The woman, a little startled, said, "Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie Abercrombie."

The old man moved his lips in an attempt to repeat the name, but gave it up and said, "Thank you, ma'am." Then he went up the steps and opened the front door and called, "Cap'm." There was no answer. He called again,

VIP'S WAR



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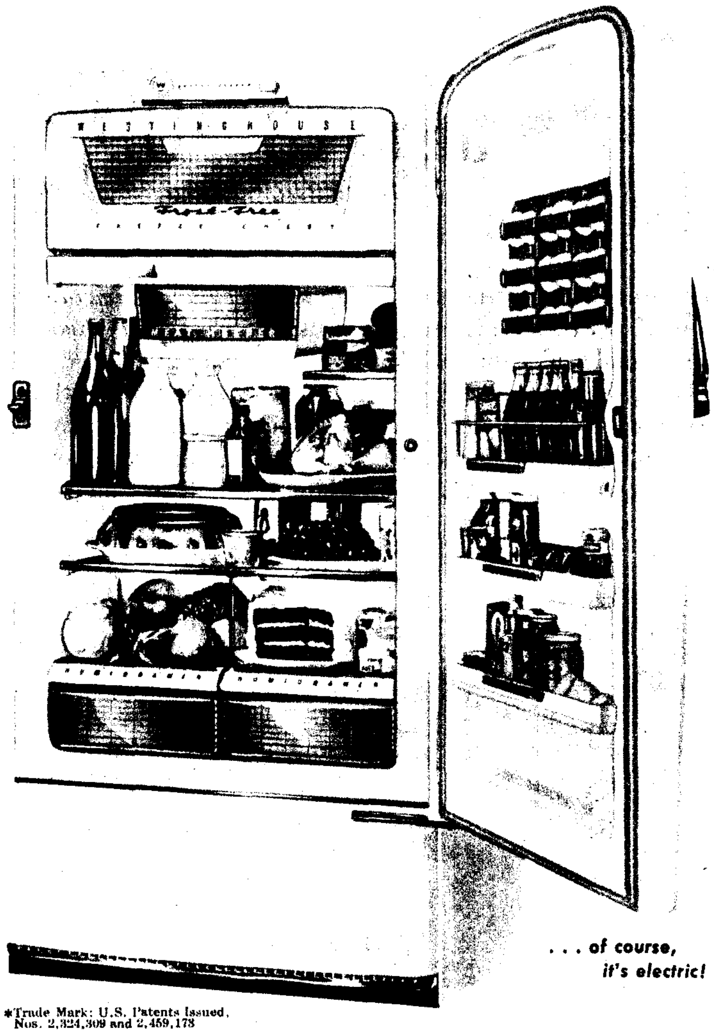

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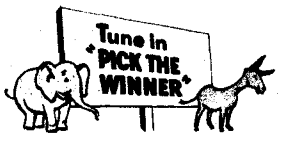

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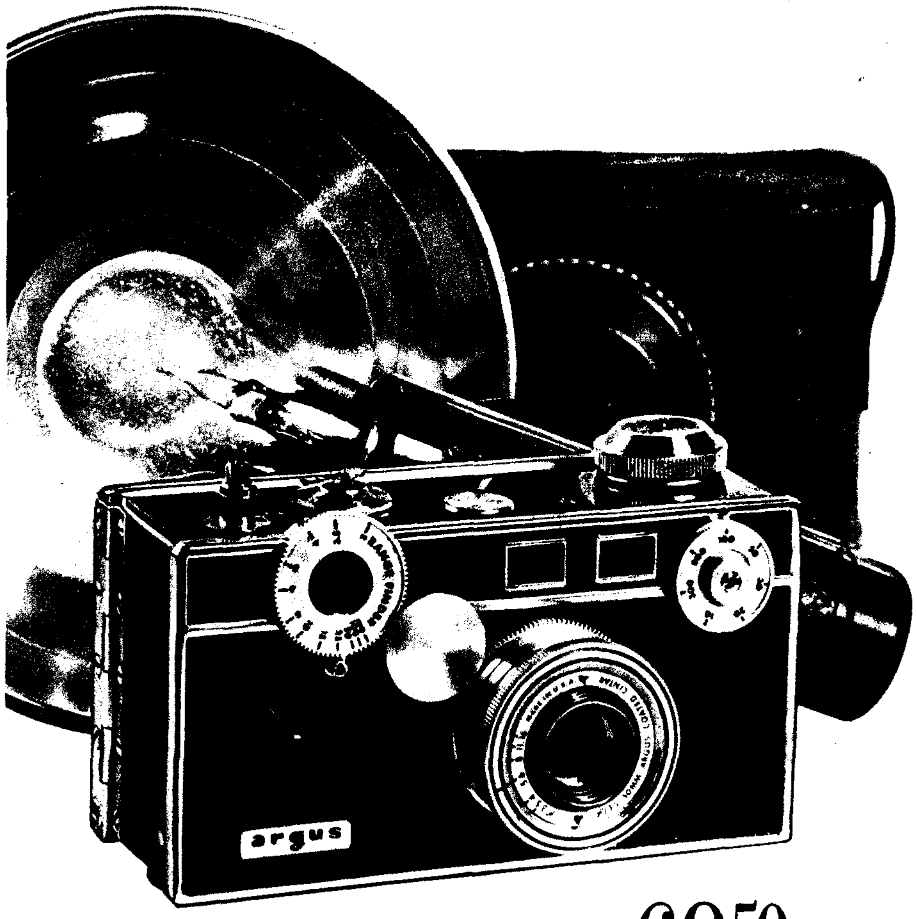

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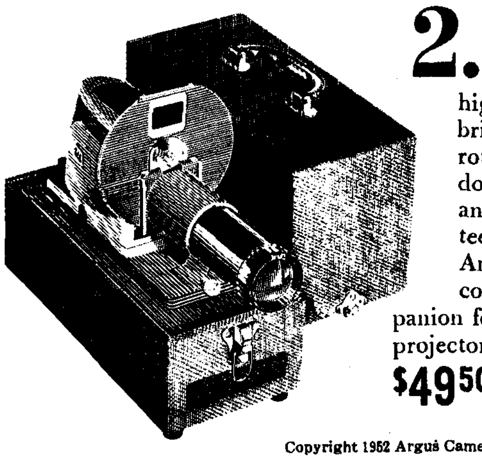

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"Cap'm," and after a moment, he made an apologetic gesture and went into the house, closing the door behind him.

"Funny business," the man said.

His wife climbed the steps and looked about. "This must have been a lovely garden once," she said.

"Once is right," he said, joining her. "A long time ago."

On either side of the crape myrtle was a tangled overgrowth: untrimmed rosebushes, straggly camellias with only a few stray blossoms, gardenias with spotted leaves and withering branches, wisteria vines growing wild, and weeds everywhere. Surrounding the space was a high, clipped hedge.

THE house was in keeping with the garden. Faded green shutters hung awry; dry putty, fallen from the window frames, lay on the sills; the door was blistered with peeling varnish; and what had once been white paint on weatherboard and columns had become veins of gray chalk.

"Aren't you just thrilled? I am."

"You are, eh?" he said.

"But Gill, this is the real thing. All the other places looked fixed up."

"Well, this certainly doesn't."

"You know what I was thinking? I was thinking, if I could get something here—there'd be no doubt about its being a genuine antique."

"How about a shutter?"

"Oh, Gill!"

Abercrombie was looking impatiently at his watch when the door opened and Zeke came out. "Jes' a minute," he said again, and, as if to draw their attention from the house, motioned toward the tangle of shrubbery. "Dis use to be sumpn," he said. "Look at et now. She's plumb gone. I cain't work no mo', not hard work. I is old." He paused, and then went on in the singsong of his set speech, "Old, powerful old, and sick, mighty sick." He put a hand to the small of his back and winced. "Yassir, mighty sick," he said hopefully. But after a look at the man he gave his attention to Mrs. Abercrombie. "Yes, ma'am, when you dis old, and sick to boot, ain't even nothin' much you can eat." He gave her a weak smile.

At that moment a heavy clumping noise was heard within. Straightening up quickly, he opened the front door and stood aside. "Come in," he said, "and make yourselves at home."

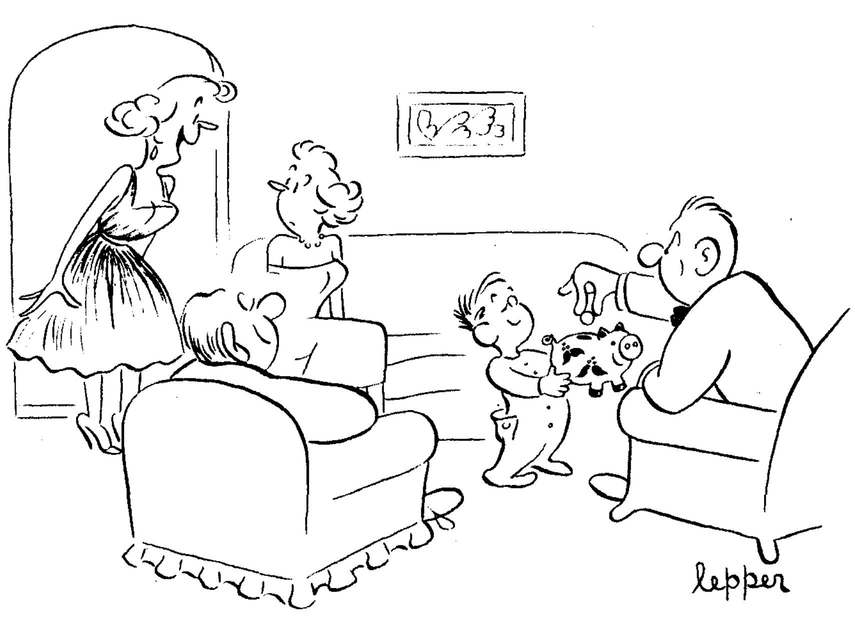
It was hardly to be called even a habitation. The floor was bare, and furry with dust; the smell of old dust hung in the air. There was a foggy mirror over the mantel, with two buckling portraits on either side. By way of furniture there was a highboy with veneer peeled from its front, and a single split-bottom chair. That was all.

What caught the Abercrombies' attention at once was the figure of a man standing at the foot of the stairway in the hall beyond. His clothing had the look of having been hastily donned and his hair was carelessly brushed, but he stood erect and unperturbed until they had come halfway across the room. Then he bowed, and his bow was clearly the model for the Negro's.

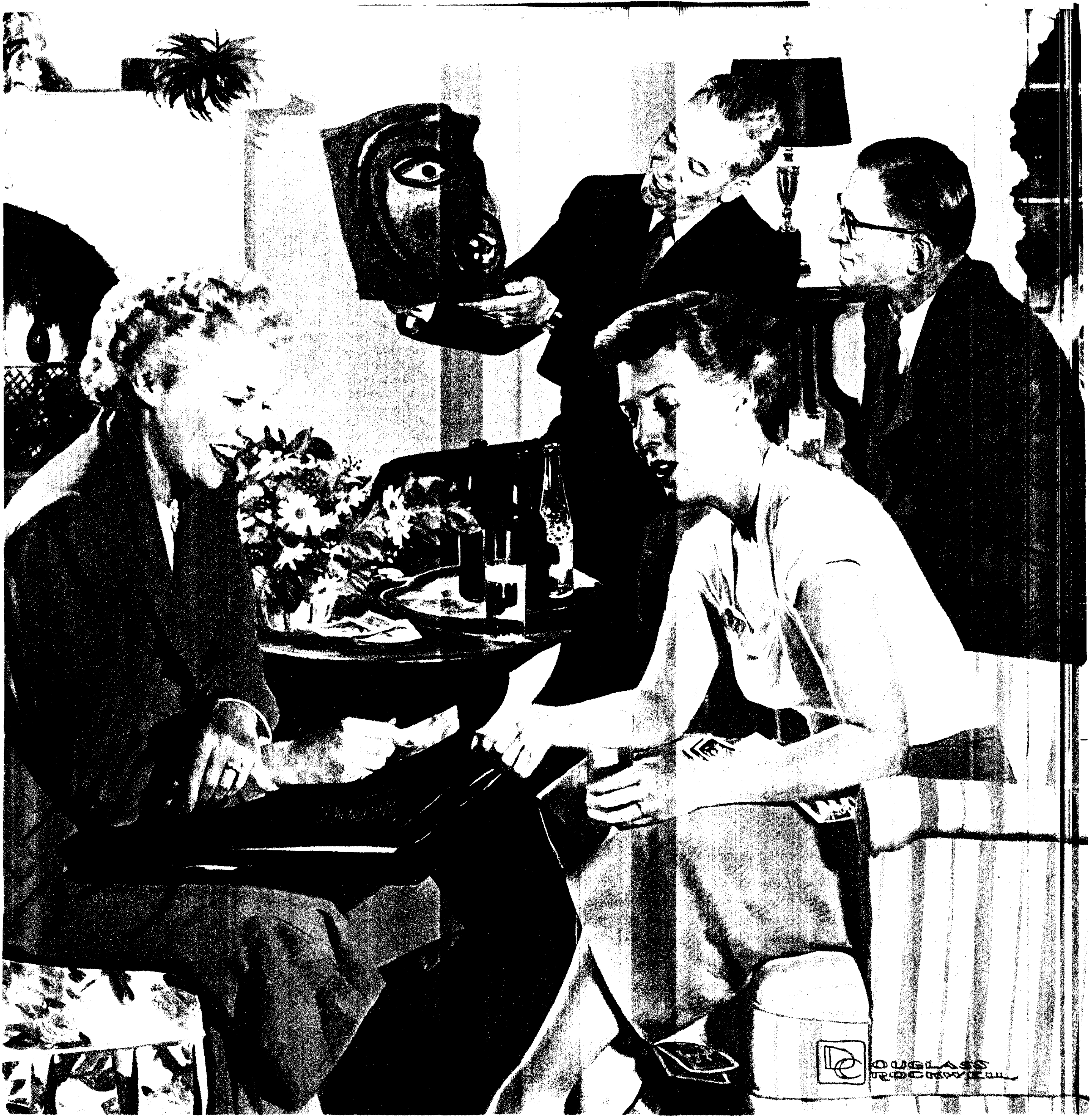
"I am Captain St. Julien Hanford," he said, coming forward, "and this is my faithful body servant, Ezekiel," *making it sound like a flourish of* trumpets. "This house," he said, waving a hand, "was built by my great grandfather, and has been lived in by Hanfords ever since. It was once the center of a great plantation.

"Our winter house was in Charleston, where I was born. It still stands, sadly altered, having some years ago passed into the hands of"—he took a quick, gauging look at his listeners—"of others. Now that window on the landing . . ." They followed him up the stairway to the landing, for a closer inspection, but when Mrs. Abercrombie started to go up to the second floor he put out a restraining hand. "No, madam, there is nothing of architectural interest upstairs, and a gentleman's quarters are hardly to be exposed to the discerning eye of a lady. I will show you the dining room.

"But first," he said, opening a door at the foot of the stairs, "we will have a look at this room, once the office from which my father, and my father's father, directed the management of the plantation, through overseers and trusted slaves, of whom one was the father of my faithful retainer here." Zeke bowed acknowledgment, and smiled sheepishly when the captain added, "It is now used as a storeroom and is, I'm afraid, in some disorder." Then, with a benign smile to the old man, he said, "Shall we show the



COLLIER'S "Oh, he's just at that cute age where he likes to collect things" EDWIN LEPPER



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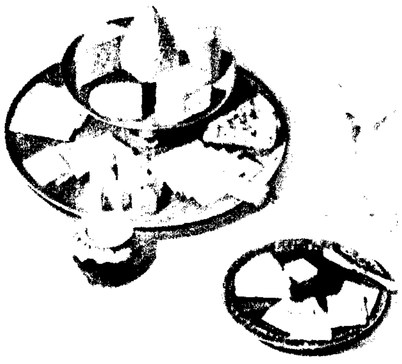

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kitchen, Ezekiel?" Zeke shook his head vigorously. "Well, then," the captain said, laughing and leading the way, "let us now see the dining room."

The room had been given a dusting, a masculine dusting, as evidenced by the balls of fluff in the corners of the parquet floor and a gray island in the middle of the table. "Now this room—" the captain was beginning, when Mrs. Abercrombie seized her husband's arm and exclaimed, "Oh, Gill, the table!"

THE captain put his hand on it. "Ah, yes," he said, "the table. This table is the last of very many lovely things. I can remember, as if it were yesterday, the first time I was allowed to sit at this table. I fell in love with it then." He leaned forward, ran a finger over the island of dust, and pointed it reprovingly at Zeke, who ducked his head and snickered. "I was a small boy then. Zeke here had already been assigned to me as my body servant. Are you familiar with the term? Personal servant, you would perhaps say. In any case, by whatever name, he was in reality the master and I the slave, and it has been so ever since. But he does let me have my way, sometimes, in small matters." The old Negro gave the visitors a smile appreciative of his master's joke.

"The chandelier," the captain said, "was brought from France, where a great-great-uncle had been consul, and the mirror over the mantel from Italy." He laughed lightly. "No one, however, has been able to see in it for many years. They say," he added, more solemnly, "the mind becomes cloudy in the same way—slowly."

Mrs. Abercrombie was hardly listening. She stood by the table, running her palm back and forth over the gleaming surface and bending down to examine the grain of the wood. The captain saw her absorption. "You love it too," he said.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I do, yes."

Her husband had not come into the room, but had remained standing in the doorway. Zeke and the captain placed their hands on the table and joined in the adoration. At last the captain broke the silence. "I am very old," he said quietly, "and Zeke is very old. But you are young, Mrs.—"

"Abercrombie," she said.

"You are young, Mrs. Abercrombie, with many years of happiness before you. Newly married?" It was hardly a question. She nodded and he smiled and said, "I, too, was once happy, happily married, until death came and took my happiness away." He had been leaning over the table, smoothing its surface. Now he straightened up, and said in the voice of ultimate decision, "Many people have wanted this table, many; but none, not one, could meet the test, the final test—of love. They did not fall in love with this table as I did when I first saw it, and as you did, Mrs. Abercrombie." He seemed to be on the point of tears; then, suddenly, he turned to the old Negro with a laugh which had in it more of menace than mirth. "Remember Robert E. Lee, Zeke? Robert E. Lee, Mrs. Abercrombie, was a dog, a beautiful setter so devoted to me that he was dangerous to others; he would let no one except a member of the family come near me. So, after long and tearful debate, it was decided that he must be given away." He paused. "It took me I don't know how many months to find a home for him, Mrs. Abercrombie, a home where he would be loved as I had loved him. And even then—" He broke off and, resolutely ignoring the look of panic on Zeke's face, said, "Mrs. Abercrombie, nothing would please me more than—"

"No, Cap'm, no!" The words came like an explosion from Zeke. "Please, Cap'm, please don't sell de table. Please, sir."

The captain's face reddened. "Zeke!" he said sharply.

The old Negro would not look up at him; he kept saying, "No, Cap'm, no," and stubbornly shaking his head.

The captain spoke his name again, trying in vain to draw his eye, but Zeke, clutching the table and weaving back and forth, moaned, "No, Cap'm, no. No, Cap'm, no."

The captain's flush deepened and his voice rose in anger. "Zeke!"

Mrs. Abercrombie leaned across the table, and, almost as tearful as the old man said, "No, Zeke, I won't take your table. I couldn't, now."

The captain transferred his angry look to her bowed head, but when she looked up at him, he had hastily changed his expression to a smile of surrender, first to her and then to the Negro. "All right, Zeke, all right," he said; and then, to her: "Didn't I tell you that I was the slave?"

Mr. Abercrombie, the onlooker, made an ambiguous noise in his throat, and when the others gave him a startled look, said, "I think, my dear, we had better be going."

The captain, now quite recovered, bowed to him and led the group to the front door. When he reached the piazza he stood aside, bowed to Mrs. Abercrombie, and said, "Zeke will show you to your car."

"Oh, that won't be at all necessary," she said. "We can find the way. Can't we, Gill?"

"I'm not sure," he said. "I'm a little lost already."

She gave him an annoyed frown and said, "Oh, very well." Then she said brightly to the captain, "Good-by, and thank you so much, for many things," offering him a hand that almost collided with his bowing head.

ZEKE led the way through the crape myrtle tunnel and along the weed-choked path, pausing now and then to put a hand to the small of his back. Abercrombie brought up the rear. When they reached the car, he said to the old man, "Now how much do we owe you?"

"Ain't no regular charge," Zeke said. "Whatever you says is all right."

Abercrombie asked, "What's the most you ever got from a couple?"

Zeke gave him a calculating look and said, "Three dollars."

"That's reasonable," Abercrombie said, drawing out his billfold. "In fact, it's cheap. It's been worth more than that to me." He offered Zeke a five-dollar bill. Zeke reached out to take it, but instead put his hand suddenly to the small of his back.

"What's the matter?" Mrs. Abercrombie asked. "You did that before. Is there something wrong?"

"Powerful wrong," Zeke said.

"Why don't you go to a doctor?" she asked. "Have you been?"

"Oh, yas'm," he said, bringing his hand forward and taking the bill from her husband. "Thank you, sir, thank you kindly."

"What did the doctor say was the matter?" Mrs. Abercrombie's voice was full of concern.

"He say—diabetes," Zeke said.

"Oh, dear, that's awful," she said.

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"But isn't there something you can take for it? Let me see—"

"Insulin, dat's whut he say. Ain't had none for two weeks."

"You poor thing," she said, and looked expectantly at her husband, but when she saw the expression on his face she dug into her bag and brought out a second five-dollar bill. "Take this, please," she said.

"Thank you, ma'am, thank you," Zeke said, and, bill in hand, ministered to another twinge. Then, with a final bow, he said, "God bless you, ma'am," and left them.

WHEN Zeke got back to the house he went tiptoe around it and quietly opened the back door into the kitchen. The precaution was wasted. The captain was waiting for him, standing in the middle of the floor with a split-bottom chair in his hand. "You blackhearted black scoundrel," he shouted, "I've a good mind to brain you with this chair!" Zeke, who had begun to edge out of the door at the first sound, was now on the steps. The captain set the chair down, and said with quiet menace, "What'd you mean by carrying on like an old woman?"

"Had to," Zeke said. "Had to stop you somehow. Had enough trouble fum dat ol' table." The captain took his hand off the chair, and Zeke, seeing him waver, stepped cautiously across the threshold and, looking at the captain from under lowered brows, said ominously, "Don't you remember what happen last time you sell dat table?" He waited, and, when the captain made no response, he went on: "Hadn't been fo' de money I save up for taxes—and *dey* ain't never been paid—we'd be livin' somewheres else now, wid bars on de window."

The captain said defensively, "Nonsense. I wasn't going to suggest a big deposit this time."

"Big or little, make no diffrence, Cap'm." He paused, and then went on reflectively, "Trouble is, Cap'm, you don't onderstand Yankees, men Yankees. It worked all right wid de women, all dat talk about a 'small deposit' and how you was aimin' to git dat old table crated and shipped. But Yankee men is diffrent, Cap'm. Dey hard, dey is, and dey ain't take no scuses when dey don't git de table; dey don't take no mo' promise to 'ship right away' or 'send de money back.' No siree, dey puts de law on you." He paused again, then said, letting the words come out slow and ponderous, "Sheriff stop today. Ast how we was *doin'*. He say to tell you *no mo' monkeyshines*."

The captain drew himself up. "I wouldn't wipe my feet on such."

"He don't feel dat way 'bout you, Cap'm." Zeke smiled and sat down at the kitchen table.

"How much did they give you?" the captain asked.

"Two dollars," Zeke said, drumming lightly on the table.

"Don't lie to me, you low-down—"

"Three," Zeke hastily amended.

"And a little extra for your diabetes, I suppose," the captain said.

Zeke's face took on a look of great patience. "I tol' you, dese Yankees is hard," he said. "You kin tell 'em you's hongry, starvin' to death, needs clothes to kivver you nekkidness, ain't got a roof over your head. Dey don't bat an eye." He thought about that for a moment, gloomily, and then smiled brightly. "But insulin," he said impressively, "insulin, dat gits 'em."

The captain smiled and said, "You damned old fraud."

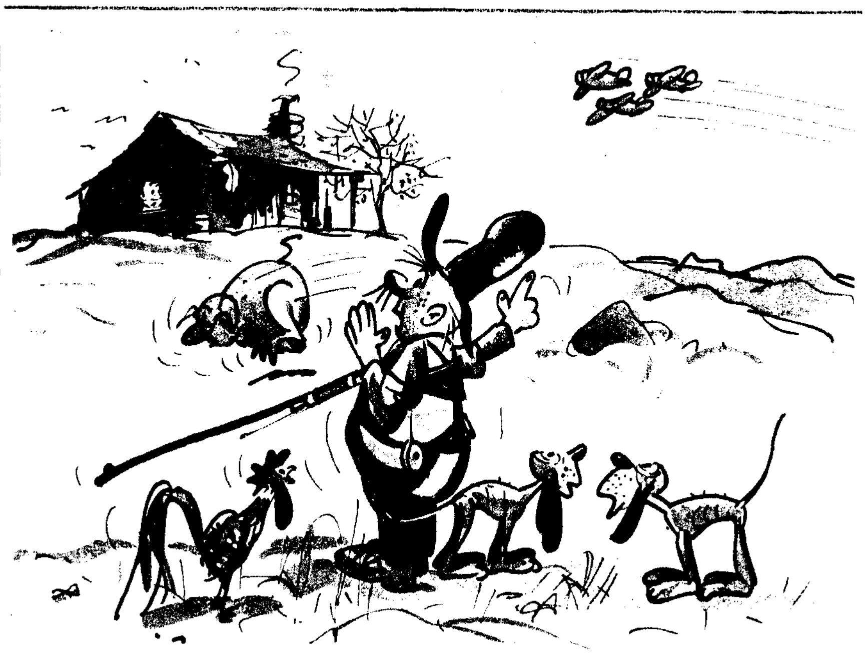
"Yassir," Zeke said, at once agreeing with the captain and continuing his discourse, "dat gits 'em, ev'y time. Not de men. Dey's hard clean thoo, dey is." He drummed on the table for a moment, then got up and started toward the door.

"Where you going?" the captain asked.

"To de sto'," Zeke said. "Ain't got nothin' but a little bit o' grits on de shelf. Fixin' to git us some red meat, and rice, and a can o' salmon." He stopped at the door and added, "And *insulin*." Then he added amiably, "Tell you what I'll do, Cap'm, on account I ain't let you sell dat table. I'll give you your druthers. Would you ruther have a pint of Kentucky aged-in-de-wood insulin, or a whole big gallon jug o' Ca'lina Special, look like water and taste like fire? Which you ruther?"

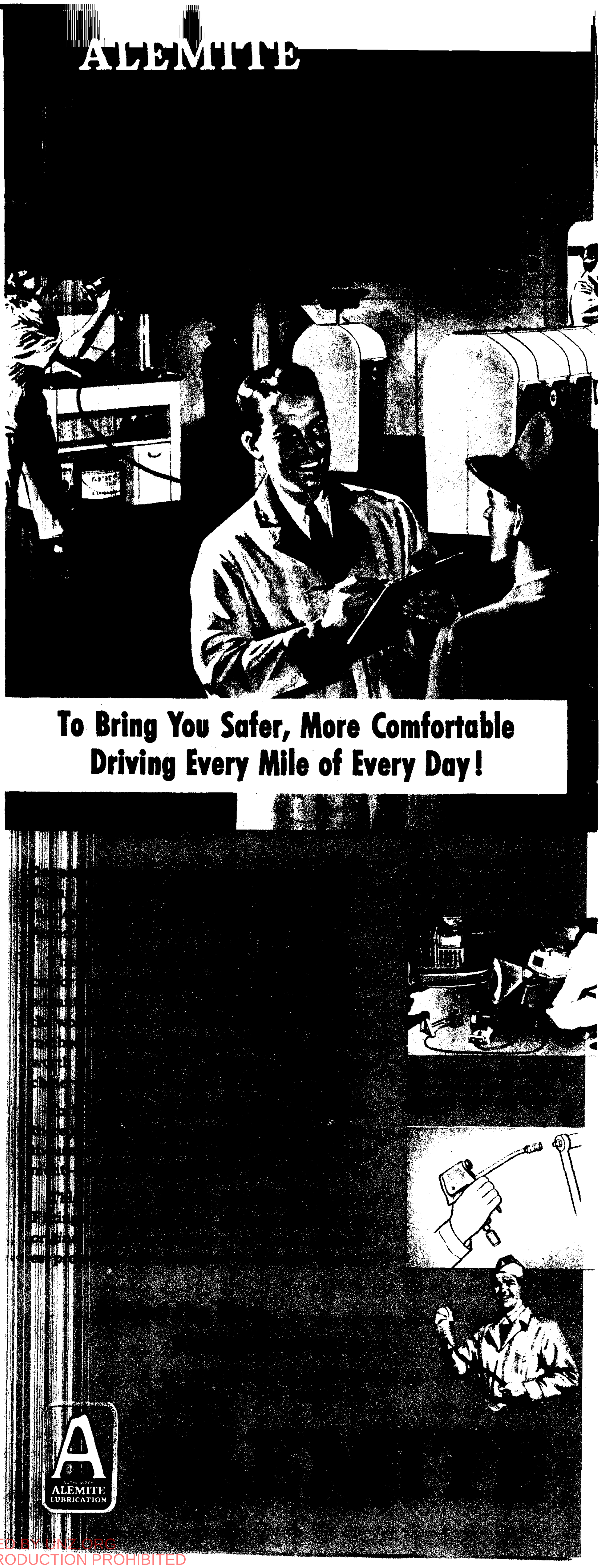
He waited, tapping his foot, until the captain, emerging from the depths of painful indecision, said, "Make it Special." ▲▲▲

KENNESAW



"Hey, them Wright Brothers got three flyin' machines now, Bessie!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER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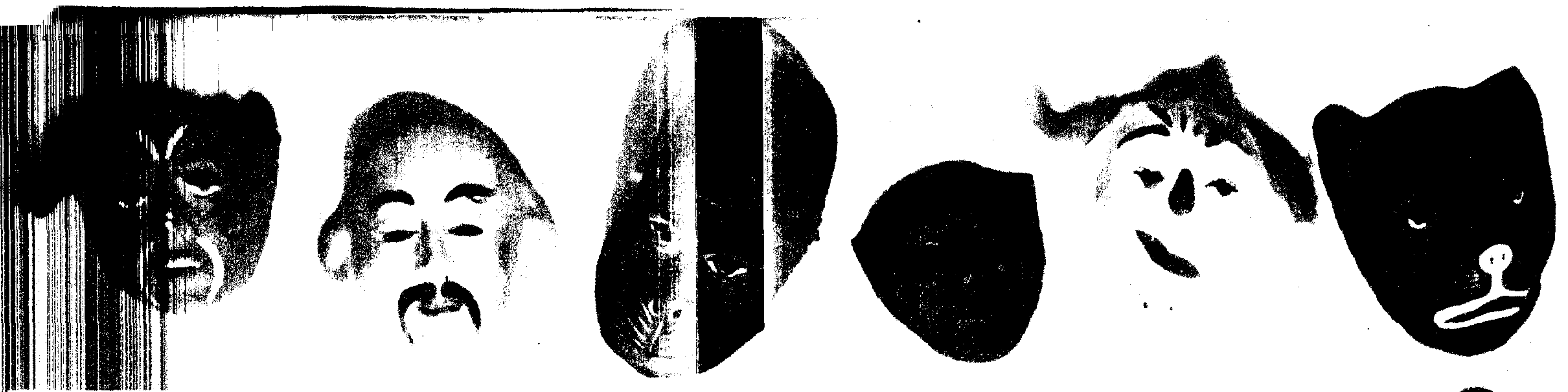
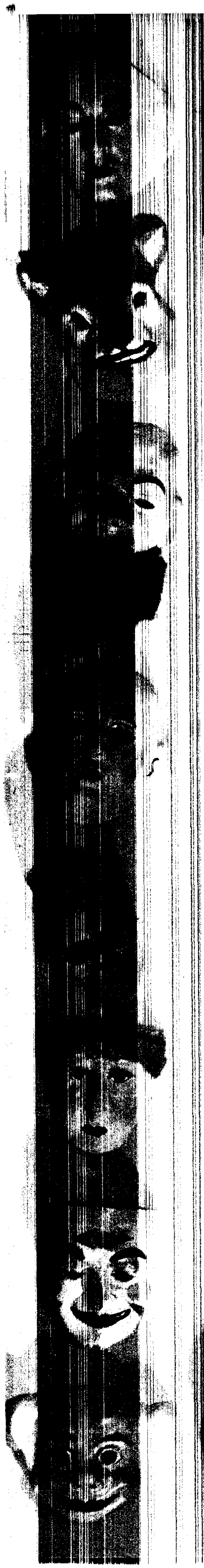
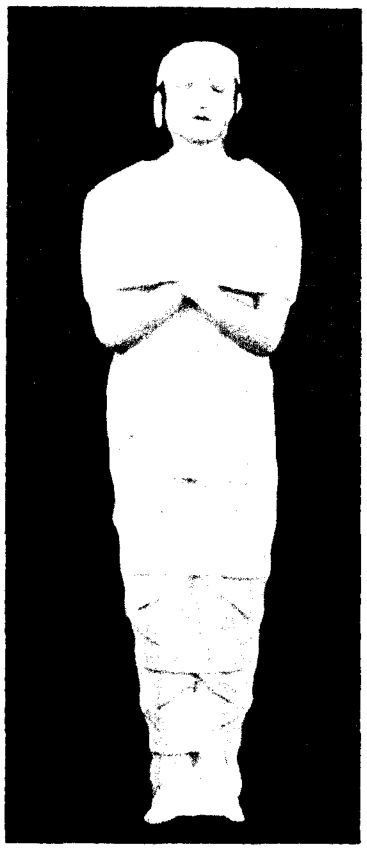




BOO!

Halloween fun is yours for the masking

As ANY witch will testify, everything happens at Halloween. But among the most surprising of the holiday's weird goings on is the sale of masks. As if the whole nation were bewitched, one in every six of us buys a mask sometime in October. At factories like the American Mask Manufacturing Company in Findlay, Ohio, normal Halloween business is so brisk that individual machines whip out about 1,000 masks a day. Most of them cost 10 to 25 cents and are simply swatches of gauze pressed into standardized shapes, then painted to resemble everything from pirates and princesses to devils, witches and sly black cats. One mask man on the loose, though, can do more in the name of magic than three moon-mad witches. At American, for instance, they make three-headed demons, purple-phizzed oxen, whole donkeys and half-monkeys, mummies, skeletons and scores of other nightmare creatures designed to be worn, hung from ceilings or lugged around to house parties. The big custom jobs can cost anywhere from a dollar to $150. They may not be as easy to buy as the dime and quarter scare faces, but they do help to prove that, at Halloween, nothing can stop 25,000,000 Americans from putting on a mask and hollering BOO! ▲▲▲



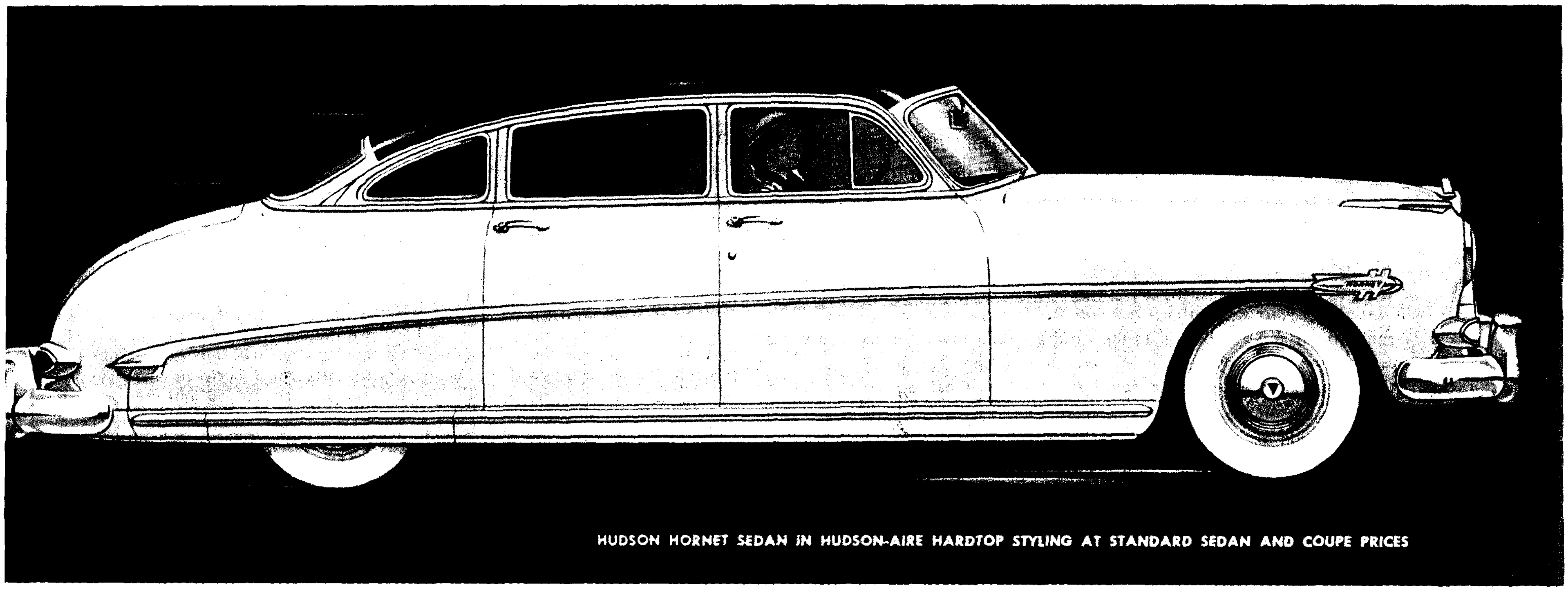
Special hair-raisers, like $75 papier-mâché mummies, are made by mask manufacturers

BURKE-BEAUJON

Artists painting features on false faces at American Mask Manufacturing Company jealously guard their individual techniques. Some even cover up their work when strangers are present

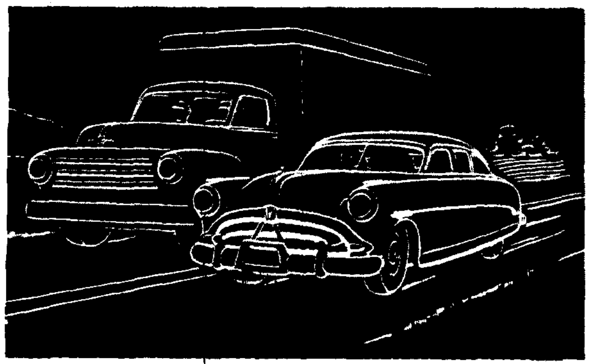
ANTON BRUEHL

UNBELIEVABLE
... until you try it!

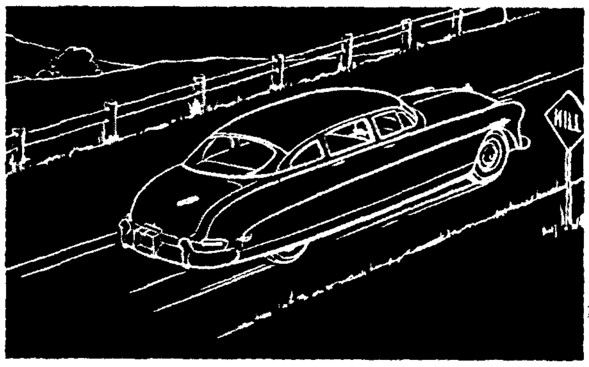


HUDSON HORNET SEDAN IN HUDSON-AIRE HARDTOP STYLING AT STANDARD SEDAN AND COUPE PRICES

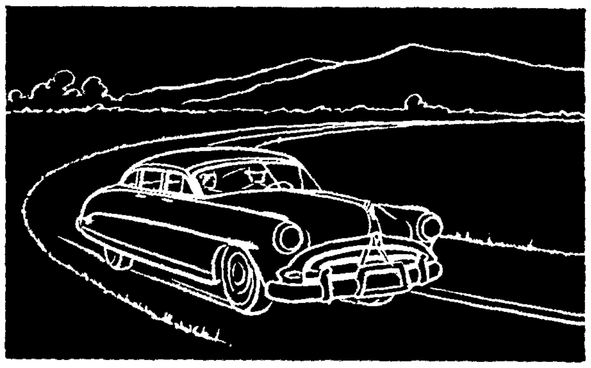
NEW! TWIN H-POWER
Sensational Engine Development!



New miracles of performance are yours with Twin H-Power*! This exciting new Hudson engine advance features a multiple-fueling system that steps up power output by developing more energy from every drop of gasoline!



From a standing start, through all the speeds you use most in daily travel, Twin H-Power packs a punch that is like harnessed lightning—yet smooth as satin. There's eager reserve energy to meet any traffic situation or any demand of the open road.



With all this terrific power, Hudson brings you the surest, safest motoring known. Hudson's exclusive "step-down" design in a Monobilt body-and-frame† provides America's lowest center of gravity for the world's best and safest ride!

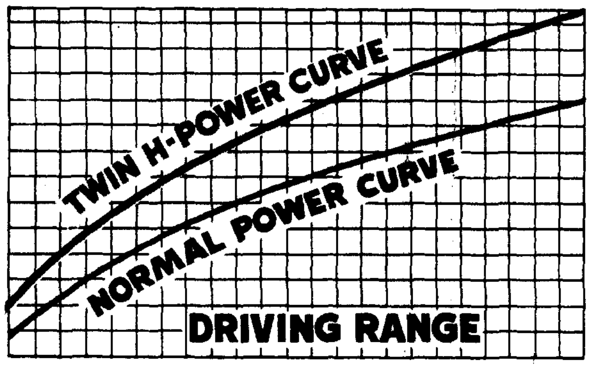
†Trade-mark. Patents pending.

HUDSON

HUDSON HORNET • HUDSON WASP • COMMODORE SIX

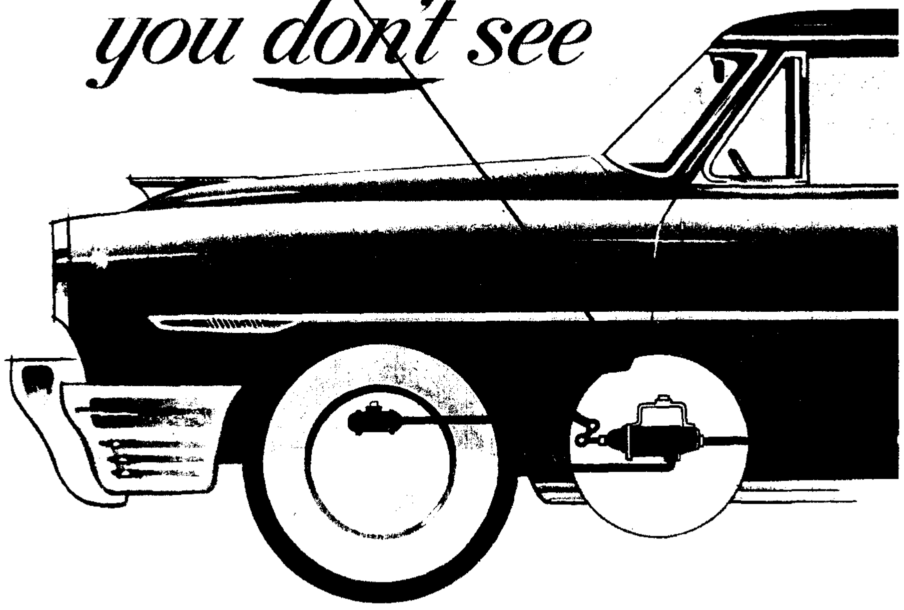
***Twin H-Power** is available at slight extra cost on the fabulous **Hudson Hornet**, spectacular **Hudson Wasp** and luxurious **Commodore Six**. The **Commodore Eight** and thrifty **Pacemaker** complete the great Hudson line for '52.

Overdrive or new **Dual-Range Hydra-Matic Drive** and **Solex Safety Glass** (tinted, anti-glare) available on all models at extra cost. Standard trim and other specifications and accessories subject to change without notice.



In traffic or on the open road, Twin H-Power gives you motoring so delightful it's unbelievable until you try it! Visit your nearby dealer—or phone him to bring a Twin H-Powered Hudson to your door. No obligation!

INSUFFICIENT BRAKE FLUID—
a dangerous condition you don't see



It is important to your safety that the brake fluid in the master cylinder of your car be maintained at "full level." If the fluid gets too low—serious trouble can develop. Since the master cylinder is located under the hood or floor—fluid falling below the proper level is a *danger signal you can't see* while seated in your car.

As a safety precaution—at least twice a year, have your automotive serviceman check the hydraulic brake fluid, and all other parts of the brake system. Don't wait until you have to "pump" or push the brake pedal to the floorboard to get braking action. If you do—you're headed for trouble.

All your car may need now is the addition of a few ounces of brake fluid to restore the proper level of fluid in the master cylinder. For safety's sake—specify genuine WAGNER LOCKHEED BRAKE FLUID. It is perfectly balanced for maximum efficiency—in all seasons of the year.

Should inspection disclose parts of the brake system are worn—have them replaced with genuine WAGNER LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE PARTS... And if new lining is required—have the brakes relined with WAGNER CoMaX BRAKE LINING... You can depend upon Wagner Quality because Wagner products are used as original equipment by automobile, truck and trailer manufacturers.

You can get brake service—where Wagner products are used—in your neighborhood. If you don't know where—write us. Wagner Electric Corporation, 6400 Plymouth Avenue, St. Louis 14, Mo. (In Canada, Wagner Brake Company Ltd., Toronto.)

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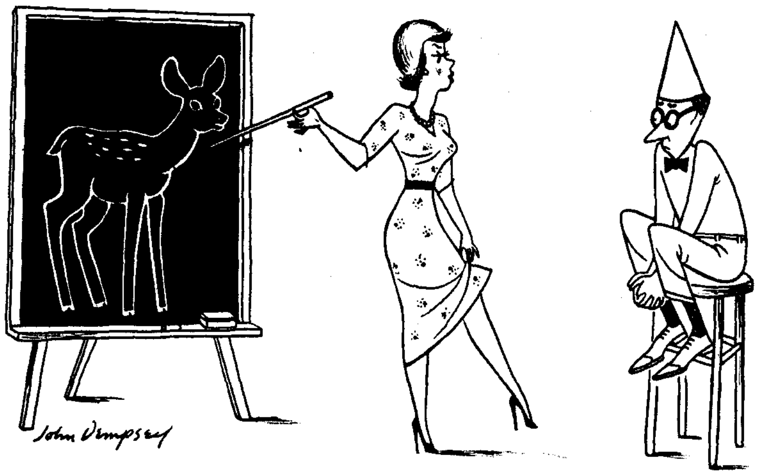


JOHN DEMPSEY

Brown hose is brown to me but my wife insists they're fawn

Man Sees Carmine

By PARKE CUMMINGS

ONE of the most frustrating things about being married to a woman is that sooner or later—and usually pretty soon—you will be accused of being color-blind. While there is some scientific basis for asserting that men, on the average, are slightly more prone to color blindness than women, their feeling of superiority isn't what leads the latter to make the accusation. What leads them is a basic ignorance of what color blindness is and what it is not.

I think I can demonstrate how confused they are by what took place recently between myself and my wife—a white woman with brown eyes and red fingernails. We were at a party and, in reply to her inquiry, I said: "I'm pretty sure that that's Dot's cousin there in the green dress."

My helpmate looked where I was pointing. "Green!" she exclaimed. "That isn't green; it's turquoise."

"What I meant," I explained, "is that—roughly speaking—the dress is green. It certainly isn't red, is it?"

She looked at me searchingly. "You mean you can't even tell red from green?" she asked.

"I didn't say that!" I retorted with some heat. "I was merely trying to make the point that—"

"I'll give you another test," she interrupted. "What color are those draperies over there?"

"Yellow," I said promptly.

"Wrong again!" she exclaimed. "They're saffron."

"What's saffron?" I asked.

"There!" she said. "You don't even know. It's just as I've always said. You're color-blind!"

"What kind of a noise does a hartebeest make?" I demanded.

"I haven't the faintest idea," she admitted.

"Therefore you're deaf," I said.

My better half looked at me in exasperation. "I am *not* deaf," she declared, " and what in the world has a hartebeest got to do with it?"

"It's just as logical to call you deaf because you don't know how a hartebeest sounds as it is for you to call me color-blind because I don't know what saffron is."

"Saffron is an orangy yellow."

"Very well," I conceded. "Saffron is an orangy yellow, and now I know what it is. But I wish you women would get this color-blindness business straight. It means the inability to distinguish between primary colors, as between red and green or between yellow and blue. It does *not* mean that because a man cannot define tricky shades like turquoise, saffron, magenta, ocher, puce, henna, maroon and vermilion he is color-blind. All it proves is that his vocabulary is limited, not his color recognition. I can recognize fundamental colors just as well as you can. I know, for instance, that those stockings you have on are brown."

"There you go again," she giggled. "They're fawn."

"Okay," I conceded, "—because fawns happen to be brown."

"Fawns are fawn."

"All right!" I exploded. "So fawns are fawn, if you insist. But they aren't purple, are they? I don't think they're blue with yellow stripes, do I? I'm not claiming they're green with red dots, am I?"

"You've had too much to drink," said my helpmate. "People are staring at you."

"I have *not* had too much to drink!" I shouted. "It's merely that I'm sick and tired of—"

"You certainly have," she said. "Carrying on like that and insisting I'm deaf because I don't know what kind of a noise a silly whatchamacallit makes. If I were deaf, how could I be replying to every single statement you make? Answer me that."

"If you women possessed the rudiments of elementary logic—" I began.

"Excuse me," she said. "I want to congratulate Ed on that lovely tie he's wearing."

I examined the foulard in question, and then thought long and hard. "Wonderful shade of aquamarine," I ventured finally.

"*Ultra*marine," she corrected me. "But there's no point in your being so sensitive about being color-blind. Plenty of men have much worse faults than that. And if you take another drink," she added, as I hastened away with determined steps, "I'm going to drive home!"

N.B. She did. ▲▲▲

THE NEW PHAETON is a Chrysler-built custom automobile. Powering it is the Chrysler FirePower Engine. It has a wheelbase of 147½" and is distinguished by full-time Power Steering, Oriflow Shock Absorbers, Fluid-Torque Drive and other Chrysler engineering exclusives. Tonneau top is concealed.

STYLING THAT INFLUENCES YOUR CHRYSLER-BUILT CAR

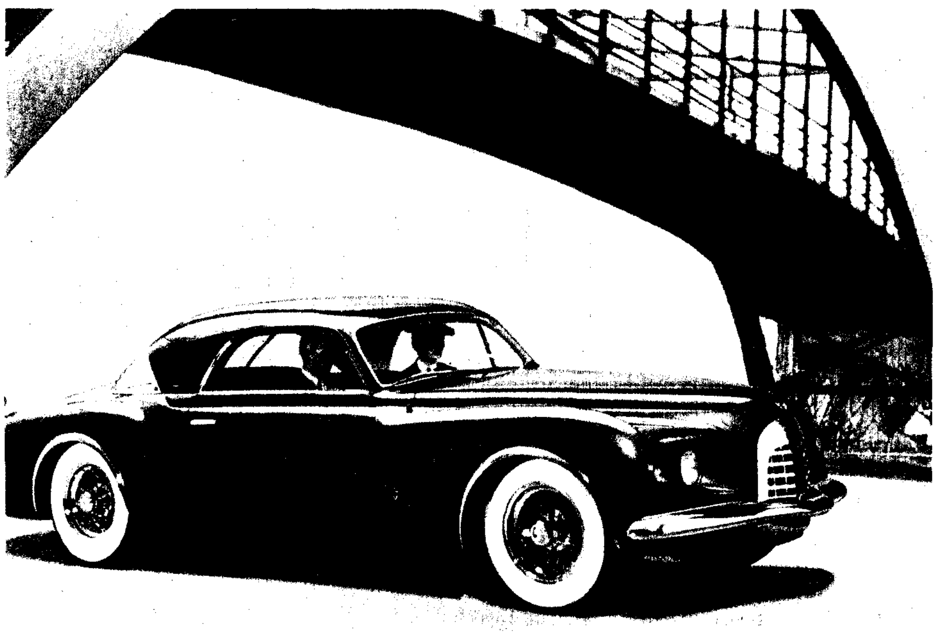
From the dramatic cars on this page — each an example of creative styling and engineering — come advances that appear in every Chrysler Corporation car.

Chrysler designers and engineers developed the K-310, the C-200 and the new Chrysler Phaeton to express certain ideas of construction and styling—to put to the test of steel and fabric their newest, most promising automotive developments. A superior motor car evolves; it does not suddenly come into being: these graceful, pleasing designs, and the lessons learned perfecting them, are reflected in the creation of your Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler.

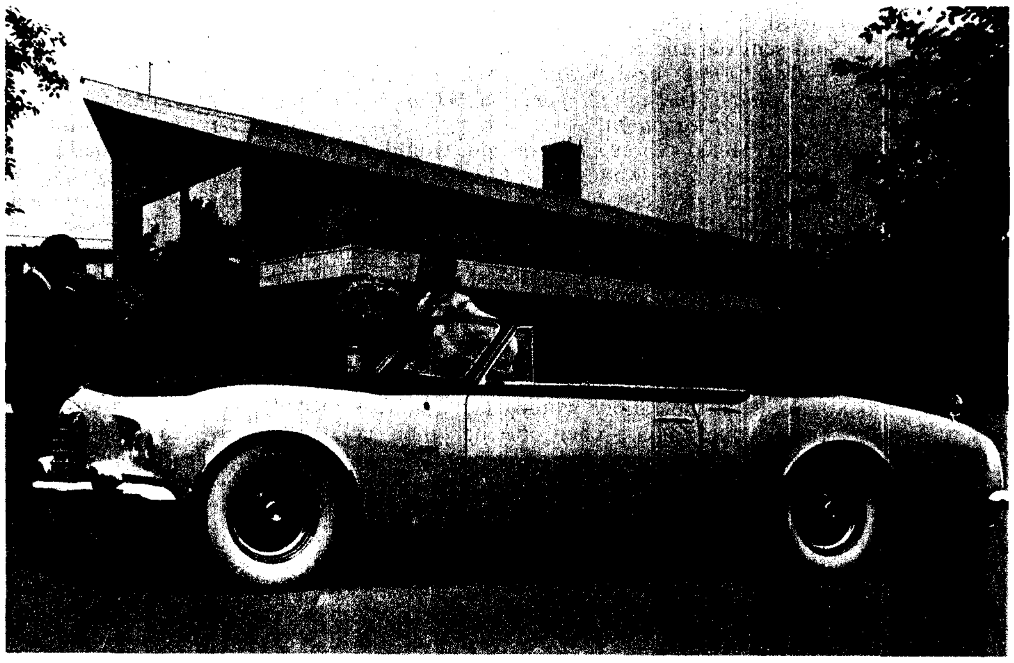
These, therefore, are "idea cars" — expressions in line and in form of the imagination always at work at Chrysler Corporation. Exciting outside and inside, they reflect continuing Chrysler principles — that beauty, in an automobile, follows function, and that car designs can best be created by designers *and* engineers, working together.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION engineers and builds **PLYMOUTH, DODGE, DE SOTO, CHRYSLER CARS & DODGE TRUCKS**

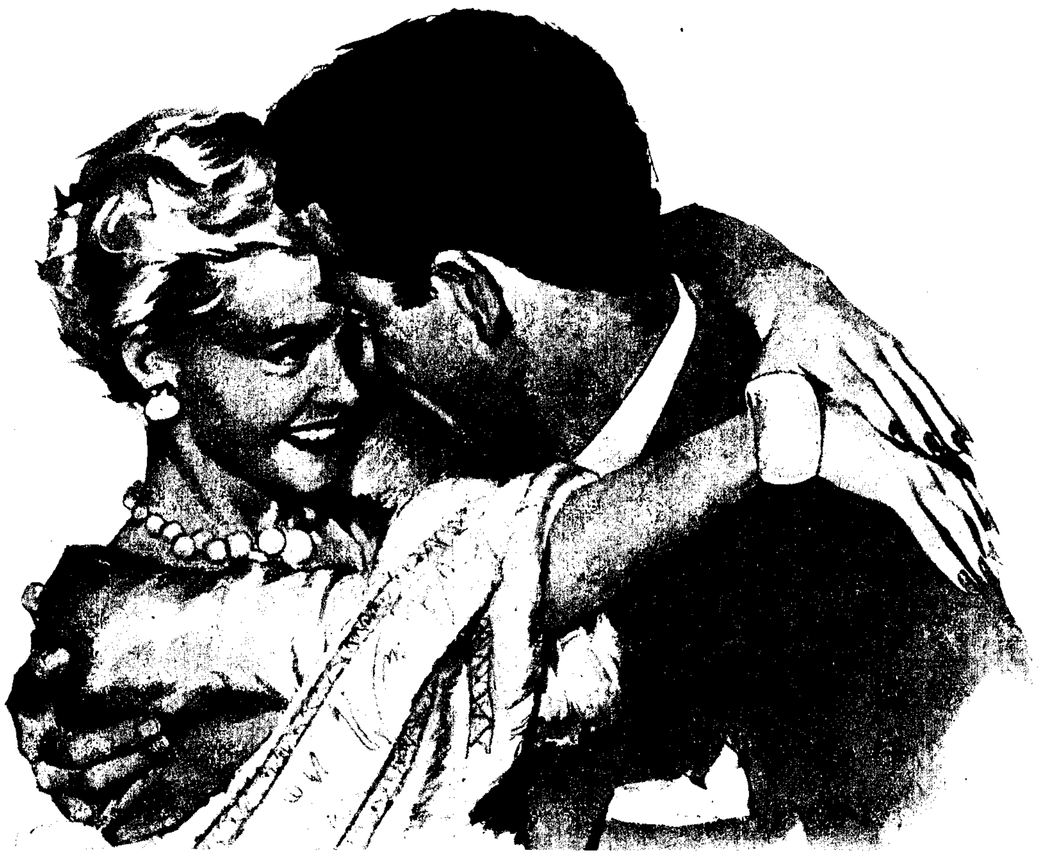
Chrysler Marine & Industrial Engines • **Oilite** Metal Powder Products • **Mopar** Parts & Accessories • **Airtemp** Heating, Air Conditioning, Refrigeration • **Cycleweld** Cement Products



THE K-310, designed and engineered by Chrysler and handcrafted by Ghia of Turin, Italy. Only 59" high, with a wheelbase of 125½", it is designed to use the Chrysler FirePower V8 Engine and full-time Power Steering. This "idea car" represents an entirely new American theme in motor car functional styling.



THE C-200, designed by Chrysler and handcrafted, like the K-310, by Ghia of Turin, Italy. It is powered by the Chrysler FirePower Engine and its brakes are the new, exclusive Chrysler self-energizing disc type. The handsome chrome-plated 17" wire wheels combine lively sports car styling with practical brake-cooling design.



ANDREW VIRGIL

So they were together a lot. They had the gay times you can have in New York

Peter Rabbit

By PAUL ERNST

THE package was small and compact. It wasn't really heavy but it seemed so to Pete Rodgers because it represented another feminine complication.

Pete had a few more than his share of these, not because he was so handsome or full of charm, but because of his job; even an average kind of guy, if he is also a budding television director, is exposed to complications.

It had its bright side: Pete liked girls. The trouble was that too often they showed signs of wanting to latch onto him for keeps, and that was out for Pete. In the first place, he was too busy now, his hours were too erratic—he'd make a bum husband, he earnestly assured himself. In the second place, he was always uneasily wondering if the pretty dancers, actresses and singers were interested in him or in what he might do for them.

You cannot, of course, explain this sort of thing to a girl. Pete didn't even try; whenever one began to seem possessive, he just ran. Rather, he borrowed the technique of a cynical bachelor uncle and sent her the Rodgers' orchid.

Dear Anne, he'd write. *Can't get you out of my mind. And ain't tryin'.* Or, *Dear Helen: In memory of last night.*

But Helen's note and orchid would be sent "mistakenly" to Anne, and Anne's to Helen. A florist's clumsy error. Finis.

It was a low blow, to be used only in an emergency. But, hang it, an emergency was always arising. He'd meet a girl he liked, and they'd have fun together, and then a speculative look would come into her eyes, and she'd start fondly criticizing his haircuts and trying to conserve his health and money instead of helping spend them.

So Pete, the rabbit, would get very, very busy. Days would pass. Then, oftener than not, the phone would ring. "Pete, how nice to hear your voice! Just thought I'd call and say hello . . ." Or the small reminding present—book, record, what not. *Dear Pete: For no particular reason—but how are you these days?* Then hastily he would send the fatal orchid.

Pete set this latest reproachful present on his coffee table and lighted a pipe and looked at it.

The small packet from the tobacconist would be from Sally. It had to be, because he hadn't had a date of any consequence with anyone but Sally in the three months since he'd met her.

That had been a crazy moment in Mooney's Drugstore, where TV people dash in for a counter lunch. Pete had stood impatiently behind a girl with bright hair, a tilted nose, and the preoccupied look of someone soundlessly rehearsing lines.

She'd turned from her stool to get down and landed smack on Pete's left instep. "Oh, dear! I'm *so* sorry."

"I'll live," Pete said, and grinned. "Shouldn't have crowded in so close."

"If there are any broken bones you can sue me."

"Where would my lawyer find you?"

"Barry Lane show," she called over her shoulder, laughing, excited, as if being in a show, any show, was too divine.

That evening Pete found that for Sally Kay it was. She'd been in summer stock, done a little radio work, spent days and weeks in TV anterooms, with chocolate bars for lunch, and finally she'd got a bit with Barry Lane. "I'm wonderful," she said. "I'm the biggest thing since Blue Tango. I must be, or Barry wouldn't keep me, the way I can louse up Studio Three."

Pete frowned at the mention of Barry Lane. He was no kind of guy for this nice kid to know. For she was nice, and quick and bright. Not beautiful, but a girl he soon found it was fun to be with.

So they were together a lot. They had the gay times you can have in New York in summer—the little restaurants, the roofs, the back-yard parties, some evenings at his apartment listening to records or talking shop—though Sally never mentioned Barry Lane. Pete liked best the Sunday afternoons and evenings they spent at her place.

"I can cook like crazy," she told him. "I'm the biggest thing since Oscar of the Waldorf. I must be—when I cook, everybody turns in fire alarms."

She cooked wonderfully, if you asked Pete. He loved her cooking and the way she looked in two cents' worth of apron over a frilly dress, and the way her eyes crinkled up as she anxiously tasted things. On every count, Sally was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to Pete, and he wished with all his soul that this friendship could go on forever and that he could believe her frequent statements that she was too busy now even to think of marriage. But it was on a Sunday—just six days ago—that the inevitable exit lines had marred the script. . . .

It had been a raw and cold October day, but in Sally's one-room apartment everything seemed warm and cheerful and all-over rosy. Pete watched her click around the kitchenette on high neat heels, and the steak he'd brought was sizzling under the broiler, and potatoes baking in the oven. There was also wine, since this was an occasion.

"Tomorrow's our anniversary, Sally, know it?"

"Anniversary?" she said cheerfully. "Oh, yes. Three months ago at Mooney's I broke your foot."

"You hardly even bent it. I took the cast off weeks ago."

"Settle out of court?" Sally came to him with laughter in her eyes. Pete kissed her, and it was odd; with this girl, each kiss seemed to have more horsepower than the last.

"You really ought to try another barber," Sally said, smoothing his cowlick. "And this tie—it's real pretty, but why don't you get more like that nice blue one that knots so well?"

Pete shrank back in his chair. *Oh, no!* he moaned. But Sally seemed unaware of what she'd done, so in a minute he began to hope that perhaps after all she'd done nothing. One small, proprietorial sentence didn't necessarily mean the end.

They had their dinner, and Pete, puffing his pipe while he helped with the dishes, found himself wishing they could do this more often.

"I love to see you smoke a pipe," said Sally. "My father does. He has a special mixture—if I can remember what it is, I'll send you some."

She hung up the towel and patted his cheek. "There. That was kind of fun. But imagine doing this dreary little chore every night for some man."

"Wouldn't it depend on the man?" Pete said before he thought. Then he frowned. That could be read the wrong way.

She shrugged. "I'd rather bend over a hot camera. Career first, with me."

Maybe, oh, maybe she really means it, Pete thought. But just the same, we'd better get out of here before I say something I don't mean. This was new—for Pete to have to watch his own impulses instead of other people's. But you can always control your own behavior, after all.

"Let's go to Slatoff's," he said. "We can have a drink and some dancing. The floor show's new."

She kissed him and straightened his tie. "There's a new Italian movie around the corner. Let's see that. It won't cost a fortune, and we'll get out earlier. You ought to get some sleep."

PETE stared at Sally's little present. Six days. The longest damn' six days there had ever been. No call to Sally, no meeting with her, no laughing, talking, doing gay things with her. She'd got to him, there was no denying that. He knew for himself now how it was when somebody abruptly broke all contact. A dozen times he'd had to slap his hand down from a telephone, and twice he'd changed the address he gave a cabdriver. But he'd get over it, he guessed; and he had hoped that Sally would, too. Without the orchid.

But here was the small, inevitable reminder that the break was not yet clean. Dear Pete: For no particular reason . . .

Pete opened the package—a tin of pipe tobacco and a note.

The note—Pete read it twice and still did not believe it. This wasn't happening. It was just something in a show he'd once directed.

He had her number half dialed before he realized that he was at the phone. He slammed the receiver back. Didn't he have any pride at all, calling her after a thing like that?

He jammed his hat and topcoat on. No, he wouldn't phone! He'd go to her himself, have it out in person. There must be an explanation. Some unconscious slip of the pen.

She couldn't really have meant to write: *Dear Barry: This is Dad's mixture that I said on that lovely evening I would send. Your Sally.* ▲▲▲

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MAN on the MOON

THE EXPLORATION

By **DR. FRED L. WHIPPLE** and **DR. WERNHER von BRAUN**

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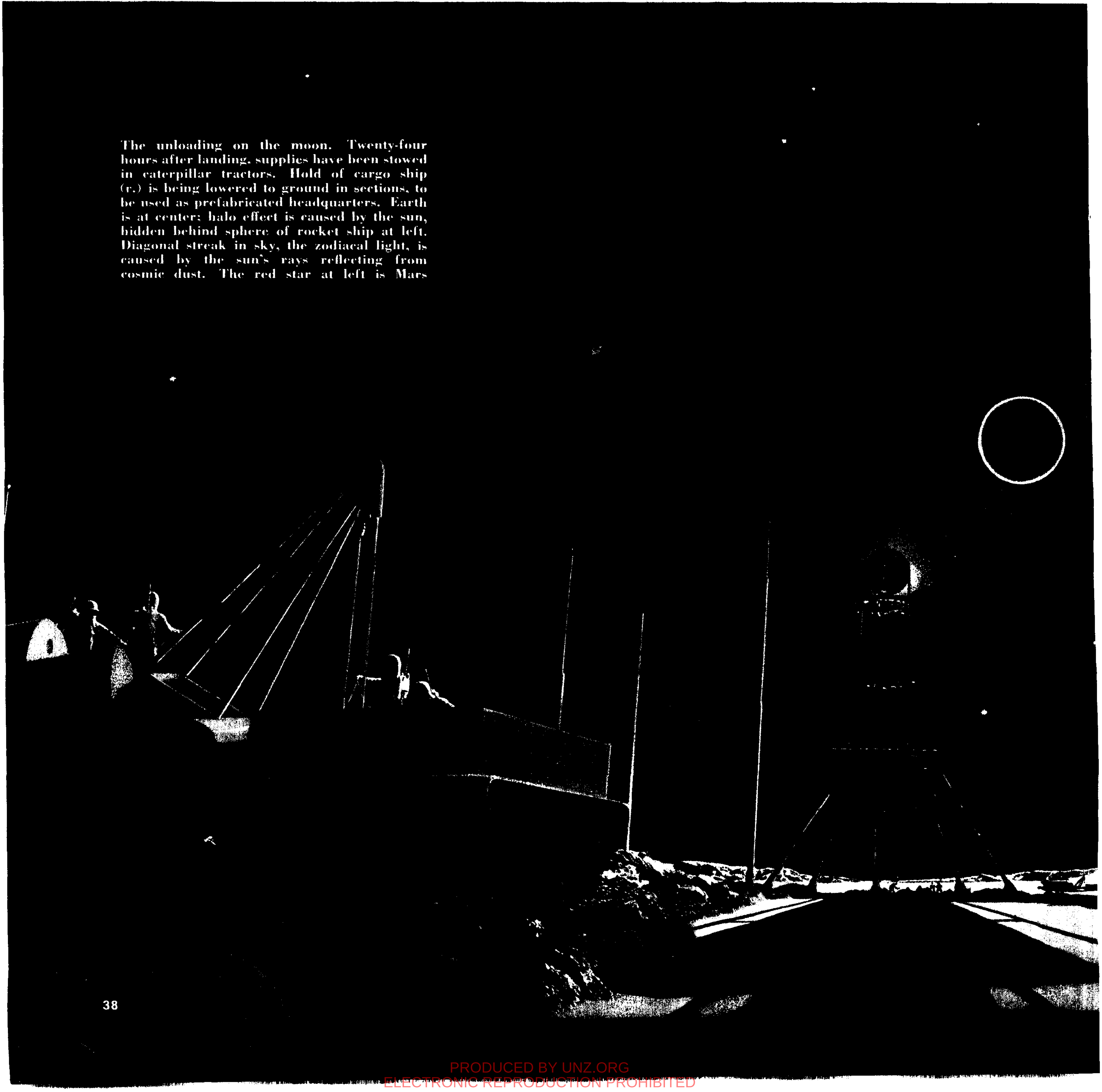
Our top scientists say we'll reach the moon in our lifetime. What do we find when we get there? What are the secrets of this ball of rock five times the size of the United States? Here's expert testimony



The unloading on the moon. Twenty-four hours after landing, supplies have been stowed in caterpillar tractors. Hold of cargo ship (r.) is being lowered to ground in sections, to be used as prefabricated headquarters. Earth is at center; halo effect is caused by the sun, hidden behind sphere of rocket ship at left. Diagonal streak in sky, the zodiacal light, is caused by the sun's rays reflecting from cosmic dust. The red star at left is Mars

THERE is danger on the moon—the danger of the unknown. Our first expedition, which can land there in the next 25 years, must be prepared. Tissue-damaging cosmic rays—invisible, deep-penetrating atom particles—unpredictably streak in from space, with no atmosphere to impede them. Meteorites, from microscopic grains to mountainous boulders, hurtle down. On the lunar surface, thin layers of crust might cover great crevasses, making travel perilous. Jagged rocks threaten the fabric of the pressurized, oxygen-equipped space suits essential to life.

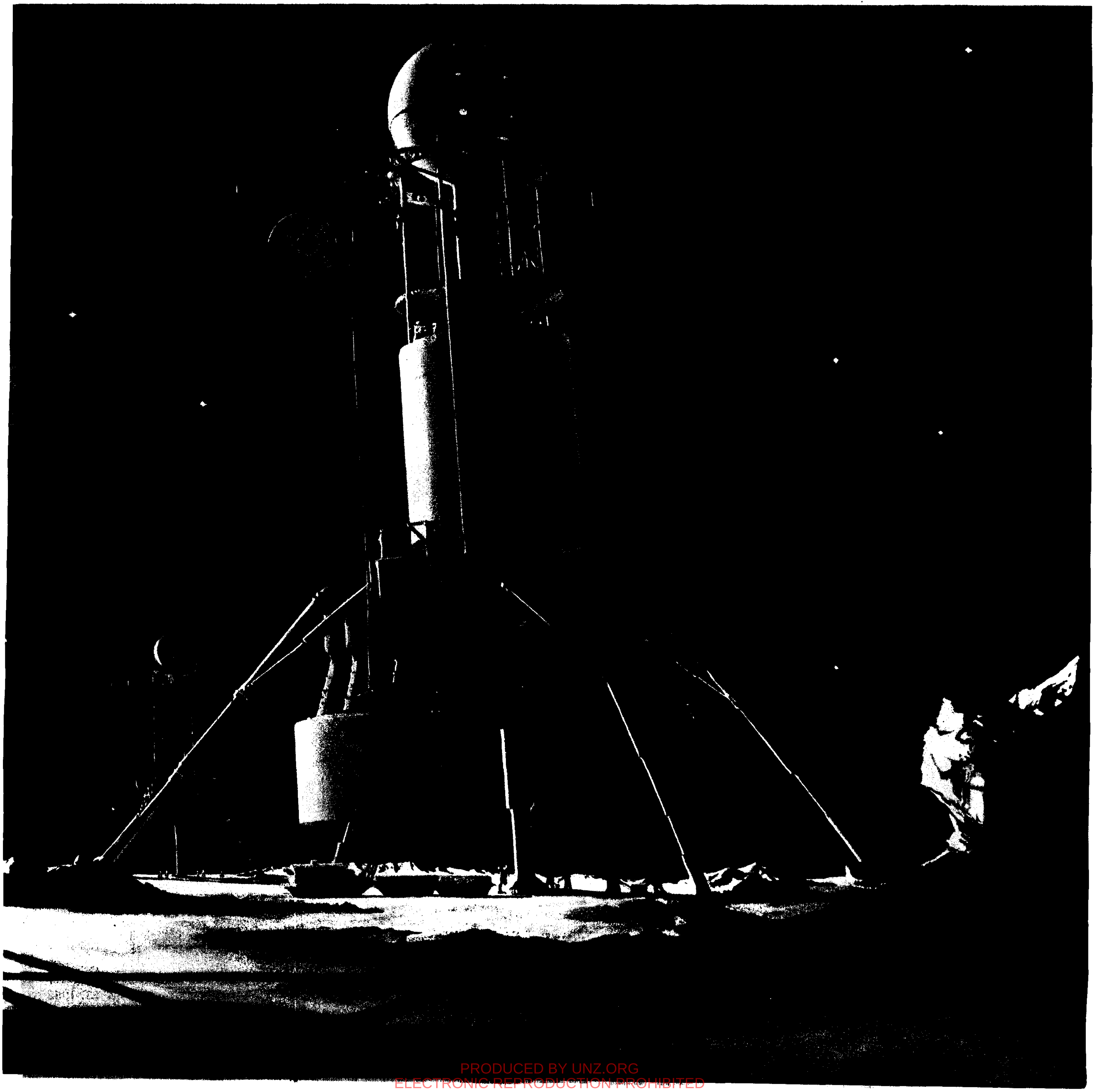
How great are the hazards? We don't know exactly, but we do know how to take precautions. Until we can measure the severity of the cosmic radiation, we shall stay under cover as much as possible. Our headquarters must be located in a deep crack in the surface, protected from both rays and meteorites. Brief exposure to cosmic radiation probably won't hurt us. Exposure to large meteorites will hurt us—but we don't expect to encounter them; the smaller meteorites will shatter against the two thicknesses of our space suits. The keen eyes of experienced geologists will guard us against break-throughs in the crust. Caution should be ample protection against rips in the precious space suits. We can explore the moon safely.

Our first step after arrival is to unload equipment and prepare for a six-week stay. Three awkward-looking but efficient rocket ships (none of them streamlined, because there is no air resistance in space) have carried us to the lunar surface from a man-made satellite 1,075 miles above the earth. On this voyage, two of the craft carried passengers and propellant for a return trip; the third, a one-way cargo vehicle, must be dismantled and converted into living and working quarters for the 50-man expedition.

We have arrived just at the beginning of the two weeks of sunlight that comprise the lunar day. From the catwalks of the ships, 130 feet above the moon's surface, the scene is dismal. The pitted surface of the landing area—a place known to scientists as *Sinus Roris,* or Dewy Bay, not far from the lunar north pole—stretches to the south like a vast, discolored expanse of broken ice.

On the other three sides, we are surrounded by towering mountains. The rays of the rising sun

CHESLEY BONESTELL



have painted the great mountain range a blinding white against the pitch blackness of the sky. But elsewhere, there is none of the brilliant color we are used to on earth—just dull, lifeless browns and grays. There is no cloud cover, no wind, no rain or snow—no weather of any kind. Overhead, pinpoint stars shine steadily; they don't twinkle, for there is no blurring atmosphere, as on earth.

Dust-covered, drab, silent, the panorama has the frozen stillness of a faded backdrop.

Within minutes after the landing, big cranes on the sides of the passenger ships swing out and start lowering expedition members to the ground. In our cumbersome space suits, we plod through the quarter-inch dust layer toward the cargo ship, whose crewmen are already starting the unloading operation. Our movements are restricted by the suits, yet we feel light. The moon's gravity is about one sixth that of the earth; a 180-pound man weighs only 30 pounds now. We wear weighted shoes to help pin us down.

The first equipment brought out of the cargo ship is one of our three surface vehicles, tanklike cars equipped with caterpillar treads for mobility over the moon's rough surface. The pressurized, cylindrical cabins hold seven men, two-way radio equipment, radar for measuring distances and depths, and a 12-hour supply of oxygen, food, water and fuel. Power is provided by an enclosed turbine driven by a combination of hydrogen peroxide and fuel oil (oxygen escaping from the hydrogen peroxide enables the fuel oil to ignite). The vehicle goes 25 miles an hour on flat ground.

As soon as the moon car has been set down and checked, a search party boards it to scout out a suitable crevice for the campsite. They drive off in a spray of dust which settles almost immediately, like the bow wave of a motorboat (there is no air to hold the dust suspended, as on earth).

The area around the cargo ship bustles with activity. Through our earphones, we can hear a stream of orders from the engineer in charge of unloading. All orders are addressed to numbers, rather than names; faces are not visible through the heavy antiglare glass of the helmets, and we wear numerals for identification.

By the time the search party returns, the ground around the cargo ship is littered with supplies: containers of water and liquid oxygen, canned and frozen food, scientific equipment, high explosives, rockets, the other two lunar cars and nine trailers (three per car) also track-equipped.

Ship's Hold Is Converted into Huts

In all, the huge cylindrical cargo hold, 75 feet long and 36 wide, has held 285 tons of supplies (less than 50 tons, moon-weight). But the silolike hold is itself part of the cargo, and must be unloaded from the framework of the ship. Its walls are laced with wiring, air-conditioning ducts, and water and sewage pipes; split lengthwise, the cargo cabin will become two buildings like Quonset huts, and the horizontal floors which separated it into compartments will be vertical partitions. We'll live in one hut; the other will be a laboratory.

Engineers direct the unbolting of the hold from the framework, and cranes lower the huge cylinder in sections onto trailers. Two of the lunar tractors hitch up to three trailers each, and the double convoy moves silently off for the headquarters site. A third convoy, loaded with supplies and personnel, brings up the rear.

The framework of the cargo ship now stands stripped and forlorn on the barren plain, only its personnel sphere left intact. We'll leave it there and use the sphere, with its expensive radio equipment and big disk antenna, as a station for communication with the earth—lonely, but essential, duty for the radio operators.

The crevice picked for the campsite by our search party is deep—we require a depth of 65 to 100 feet for safety—with almost vertical sides. Cranes attached to the rear of the lunar tractors lower an advance squad to the floor of the chasm. It's fairly level down there, but some big chunks of rock may have to be moved to clear the way for the two prefabricated huts; pickaxes and small explosive charges do most of the work, and the cranes do the rest. Now the sections are lowered.

The front ends of the tractors are firmly anchored to the moon's surface, and one by one the hut units are eased down the side of the gully. They are quickly assembled at the bottom; electrical circuits are joined, air conditioning, water and sewage pipes hooked up—and we're ready to move in. A power unit like those on the rocket ships—a solar mirror which heats mercury to produce vapor (like steam) for a turbogenerator—is set up at the lip of the chasm.

We have now been on the moon 48 hours. There has been little sleep for anybody, but the preparatory work is over. Supplies (including our store of high explosives) are now safely out of the way of vagrant meteorites; our living quarters and laboratory are ready to use—and we'll be ready to explore as soon as we've slept.

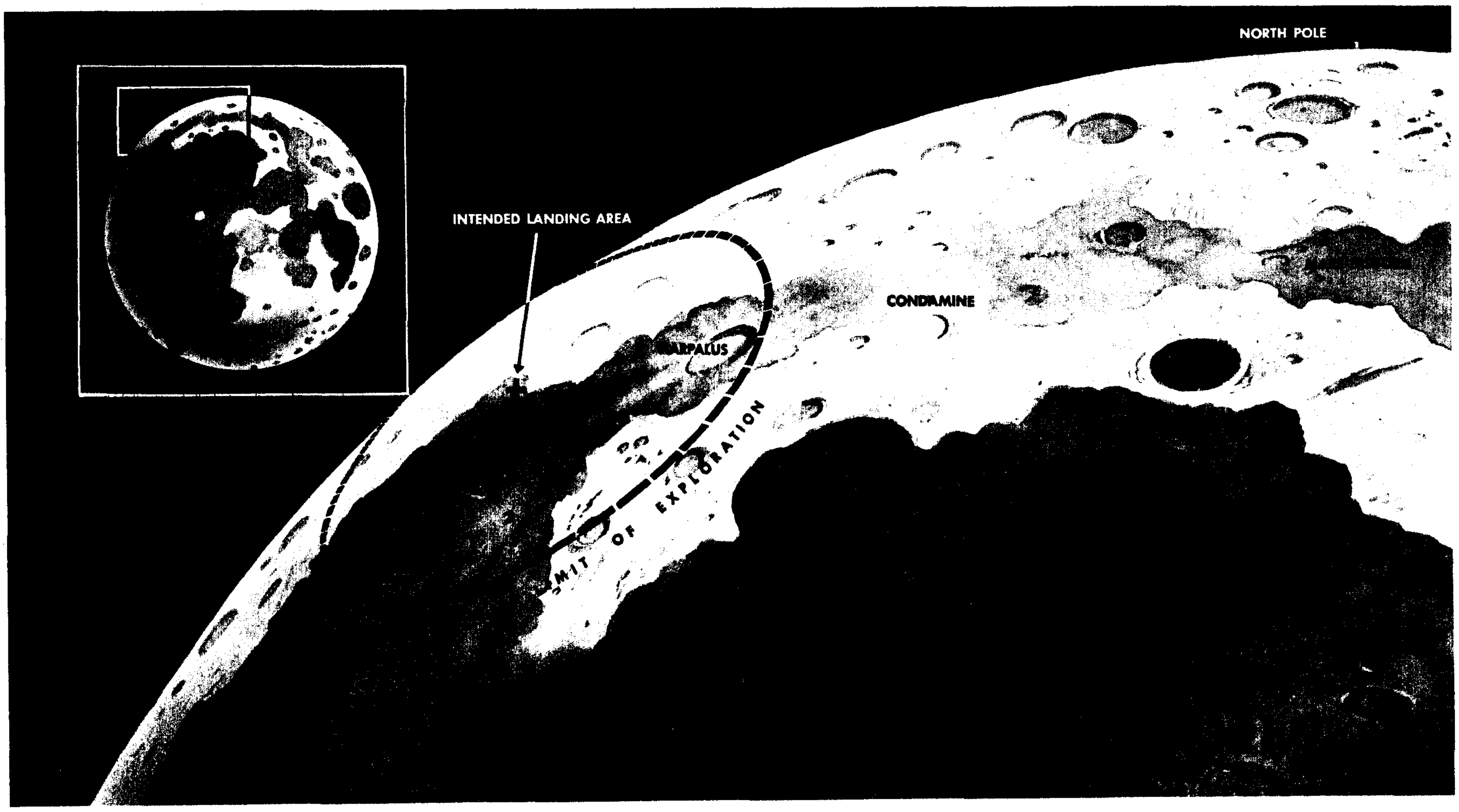
Sinus Roris, our landing area, was selected partly because of the opportunities it offers for exploration, partly because its temperature is livable—40 degrees Fahrenheit during the lunar daytime (at the lunar equator it hits a blistering 220 degrees), and 240 degrees below zero at night. That's mighty cold, but it's bearable on the airless, waterless moon, and we have heaters inside the huts.

From our headquarters site, we can explore any place within a range of 250 miles, and all the lunar features of interest to our scientists fall within that area. It may require some long trips, though—the region involved is approximately as large as the whole northeastern part of the United States, north of Washington, D.C.; in other words, the size of the six New England states, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware. Besides looking over selected sites on the side of the moon visible from the earth, we'll also be able to see a part of the unknown side—the part always turned away from the earth.

What will we be looking for?

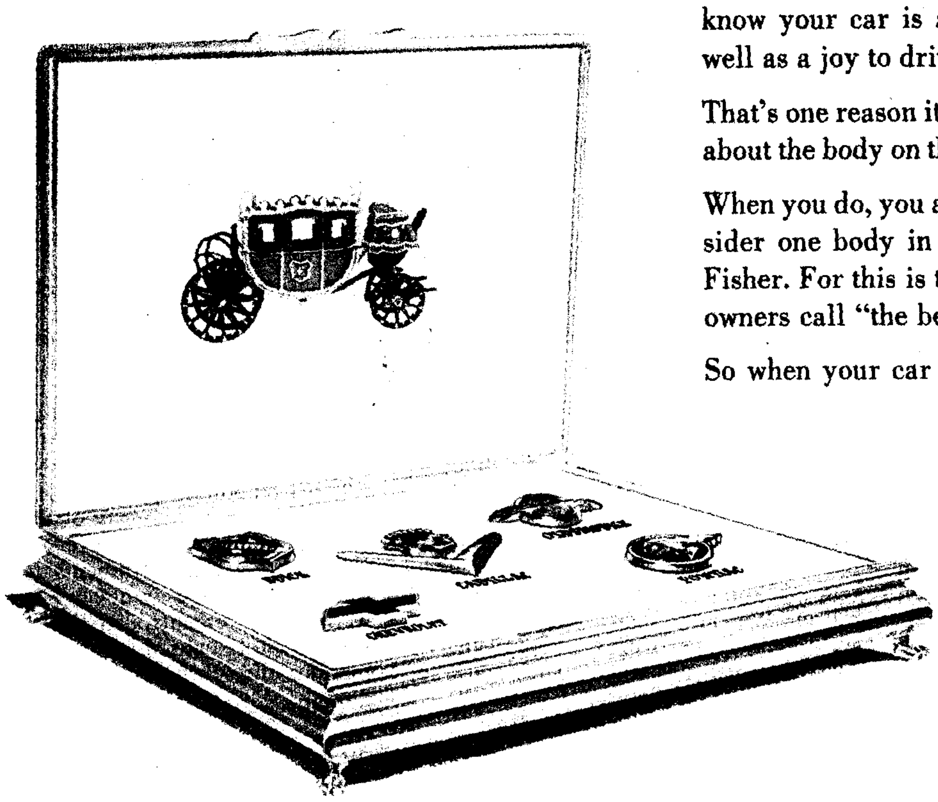
To start with, our scientists want to know whether any faint traces of atmosphere are present, what minerals there are (maybe we'll find some rare, useful ones), whether the moon has a magnetic field like the earth and how the temperature varies beneath the lunar crust. Sheer curiosity suggests other questions and will play a large part in our explorations. We're the first people who've ever been here, the first ever to peer into the mys-

ROLF KLEP



Exploration area, within dotted line, covers 195,000 square miles, about equal to New England, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Delaware. It lies in lunar northern hemisphere and can be seen by naked eye from earth at full moon (see inset, left)

Very satisfying reflection



APPEARANCE, of course, isn't everything. But it's still very satisfying to know your car is a thing of beauty as well as a joy to drive and ride in.

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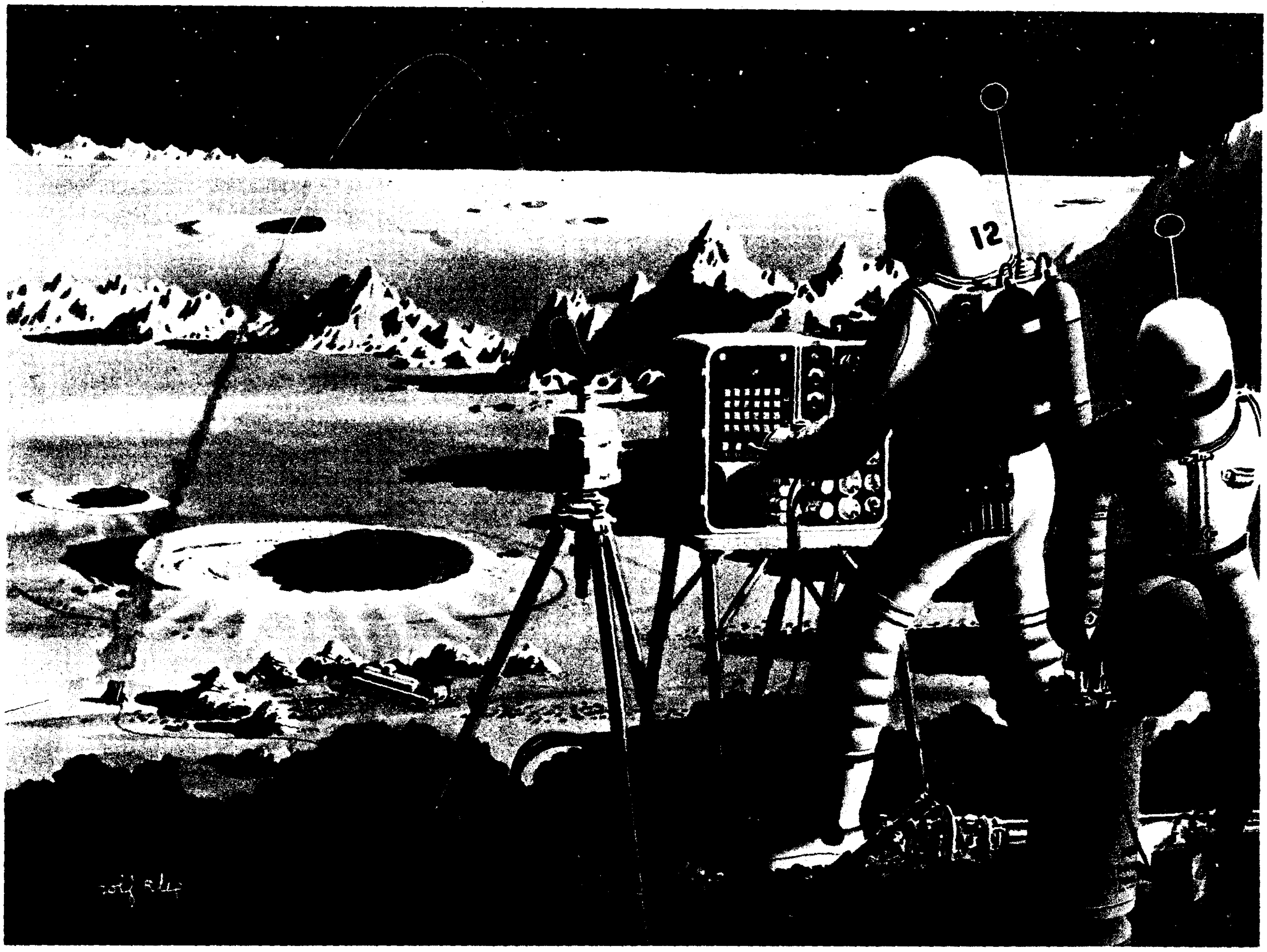

ROLF KLEP

Causing moonquakes. Rockets with explosive war heads are fired off and scientists check vibration waves caused by distant blast, to determine interior composition of the moon. Seismograph in foreground is push-button controlled and surveying instrument to its left has cupped headpiece. to accommodate hand hooks and helmets of expedition members

terious lunar valleys, the first to examine the mountains and craters of the moon close up. Who knows what we may find on this virgin ball of unexplored rock, about five times the size of the United States?

The possibilities are exciting. Suppose we turn up a great store of raw materials; maybe then we'll want to recommend setting up a permanent community. We can make it practically self-supporting, securely encased inside a great plastic dome with its own synthetic atmosphere. Such an establishment could serve as a superb scientific laboratory —especially for astronomy and for research work requiring a vacuum; as a springboard for further ventures into space (if we can manufacture our own fuel on the moon, which is a possibility, we can make tremendous savings in the launching of a space ship); perhaps as a military base (the moon would be fine for launching military rockets, but hard to hit from the earth).

But the principal aim of our expedition during this first lunar exploration will be strictly scientific —and very important. Our investigations will help us unravel the secret of the universe: how the moons and planets were born and what they're made of. Up to now, all our information on that subject has come from examination of the earth and from surveying the heavens from observatories. The moon will give us a new perspective: a different look at the astral bodies and the story of its own birth as a clue to the birth of other satellites, planets and stars.

We know that the moon didn't form in the Pacific Ocean and get hurled into space, as was generally believed 50 years ago. It *is* possible that it was an independent planet which came from outer space, fell into the earth's gravitational field, smashed into the Pacific and then ricocheted back into its present orbit. But the most likely explanation is that the moon originally consisted of a belt of gases and minerals that girdled the earth—much as Saturn's ring surrounds that planet today—and eventually fused into a solid mass.

That's the theory we'll check.

First, if there are faint traces of such heavy gases as xenon and krypton, we'll know the moon was never a completely molten, hot mass (for extreme heat would have dispelled *all* gases), and so could not have been an independent planet. We'll find out by using a rotary pump which will compress whatever gases may exist and capture them in a bottlelike container. It probably will take many days to accumulate enough of whatever gases there may be, but checking them will be fairly simple.

Does the Moon Have an Iron Core?

Then we'll look for a magnetic field. If we don't find it, we'll have another indication that the moon doesn't have an iron core, as an independent planet would. Compasslike magnetometers will do the trick for us; if the moon has magnetic poles as the earth has, they will show up (isolated iron deposits also will register, but they will be easily distinguishable from a core).

We'll also shake up the moon's surface a bit. Scientists have learned a lot about the earth from earthquakes. The vibration waves of a quake travel freely through solids, but some of them cannot pass through liquids—which is how we know that the center of the earth is molten iron. We can't count on having moonquakes, so we'll make some: we'll send off rockets with high-explosive war heads and then read the story of the waves from our seismographs. The explosions, occurring about 100 miles away, will show if the moon's core is molten (in which case, our waves will be stopped), solid (they'll go right through), or a jumble of rocks which never have been molten (muffled waves).

There is another clue to the moon's origin: the scars on its surface. The plains of the moon are rough and scored by fissures. Close examination will disclose whether these score marks are cracks or wrinkles. Wrinkles will indicate that the moon was molten at birth, and has cooled since. Cracks will be evidence that it was cool to begin with and has since been heated, perhaps by radioactivity. Fortunately, these lunar birthmarks have not been washed away by erosion, as has happened on earth.

So much for the moon's past. There are also some facts we want to learn about its present. One of the most important is the exact intensity of the cosmic rays which strike it. As soon as we're settled in our quarters, we set out instruments to measure the rays. Another is the frequency of meteorite hits. Careful measurements also will be kept of the surface temperature caused by the sun. and we'll want to measure the subsurface tempera-

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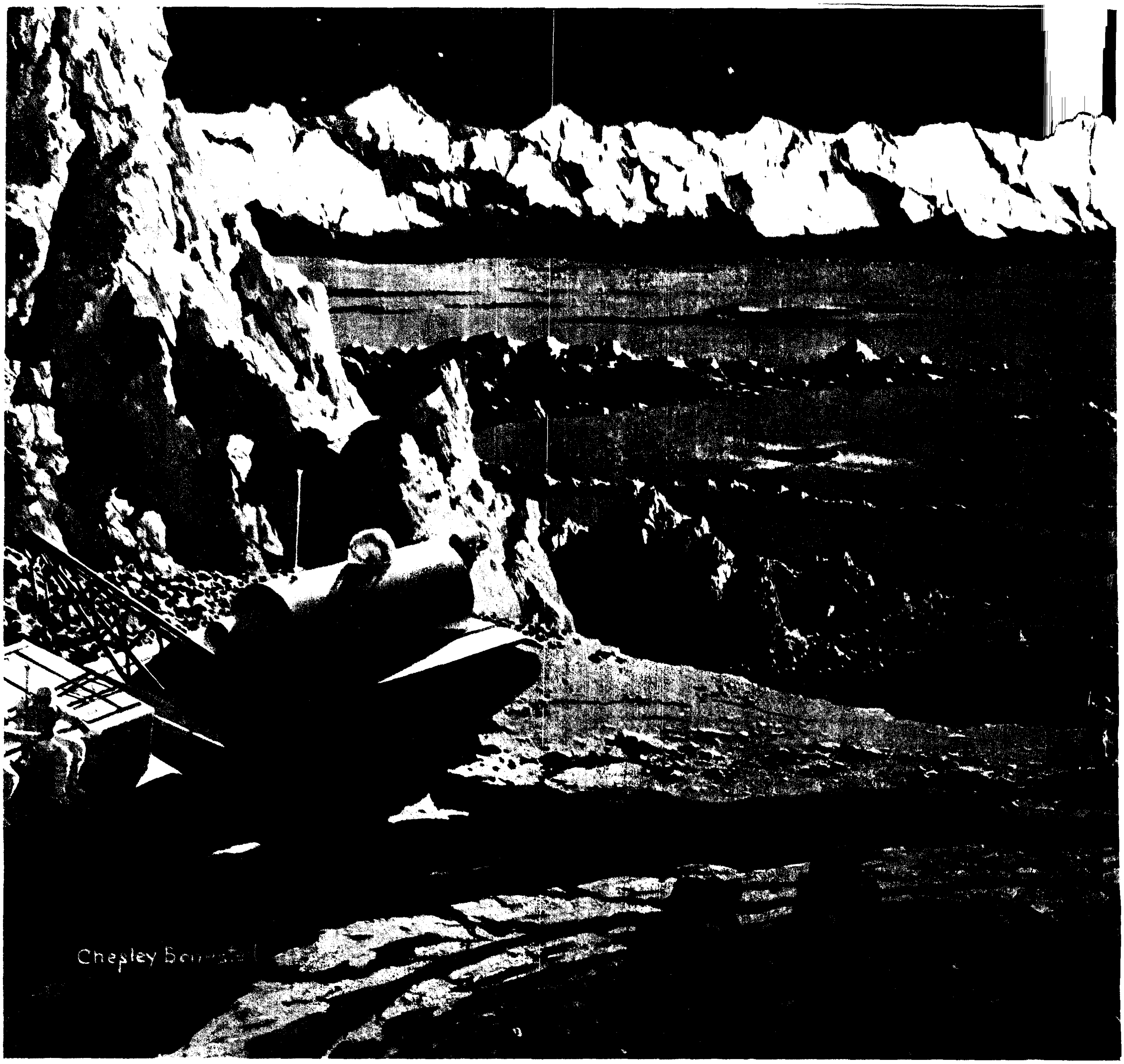


At end of two-week-long lunar day, convoy of tractors, each pulling two of its three trailers, moves cautiously across rough terrain near plain

ture at varying depths (it may be considerably warmer than the surface, due to radioactivity).

For two weeks, we devote ourselves to research on these points, past and present. The expedition breaks up into teams, each with its own assignment. Most of the investigating during this period is done within a 10-mile radius of the base. It's difficult, dangerous work. We climb across meteor pits, into chasms, up great rock piles, struggling in our bulky suits, always fearful of snagging ourselves on sharp outcroppings, always nervous about stray meteorites and watchful for thin crust.

Because we'll never be really certain how safe we are on the moon, however long we stay, we keep up a chatter over our walkie-talkie radio transmitters, not to bolster our courage, but for a practical reason: if something happens to us, the people back at headquarters will have a record of our findings.

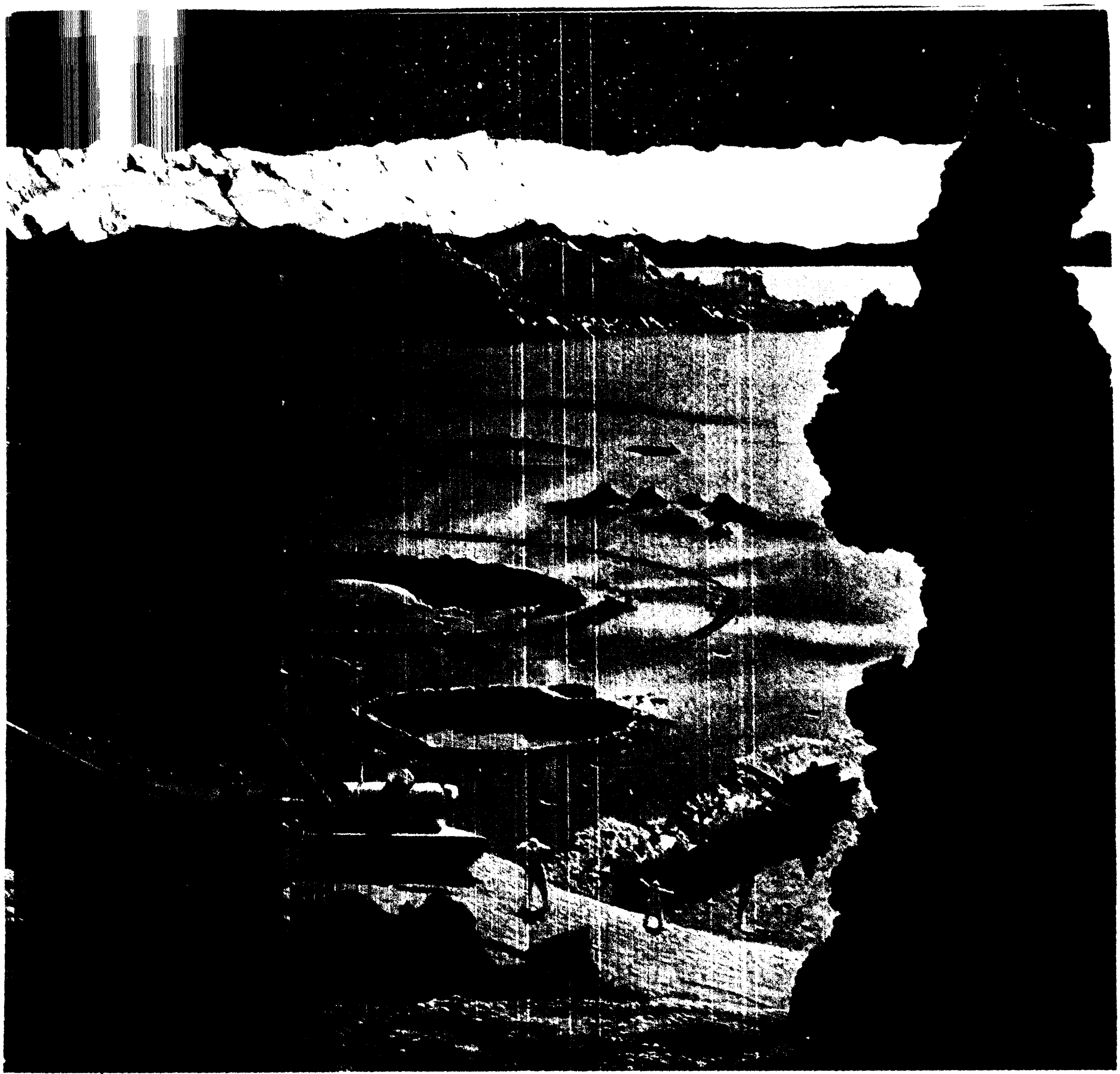
For the same reason, lunar headquarters maintains constant contact with the earth. Back there, a special panel of scientists remains in constant session, as it will all during our six-week stay. A dozen specialists in fields like astronomy, astrophysics, geophysics, mineralogy and geology follow our every move by radio (as, indeed, does the entire world), keeping track of our findings, suggesting new leads and occasionally asking for the repetition of an experiment. Television transmission is impractical, but every day dozens of photographs are radioed back to earth.

For those of us on the moon, the work is endless and fascinating. We collect samples of everything in sight—dust (where did it come from; what's it composed of?), mineral specimens, rock and lava fragments. Besides scouring the lunar surface, we make test drillings several hundred feet into the moon's ground, and collect more samples that way.

We work in almost frantic haste during these two weeks, trying to make the most of the brilliant sunlight. We eat and sleep in shifts, so that there will be no halt in the research, no break in the flow of information back to the earth.

But soon the sun begins to slip over the horizon. For a while, there's still plenty of light; work slows down, but not entirely. For several days after sunset, we live in a kind of twilight, with a cold, but fairly bright, illumination cast over us by the earth (it reflects about 60 times as much sunlight on the moon as the full moon reflects on the earth). The browns and grays of the lunar day take on a green tint; mountains throw long shadows; craters and chasms appear jet black. The light grows dimmer as the "full earth" becomes a "half earth."

Now comes an exciting moment: the start of our longest expedition. We've had to wait to make it, because all the vehicles have been in constant use for the vital explorations near the base; as a result, we'll have to travel outbound in comparative darkness. That's not desirable, but it's possible, and we have no alternative.



of *Sinus Roris* (Dewy Bay). Glare of mountain range to north is caused by setting sun. Remainder of scene is illuminated by greenish earth light

Our destination is a crater about 195 miles away as the rocket flies, but about 250 miles off by lunar tractor. This crater, called Harpalus, is the most interesting one within reach—24 miles across, with a surrounding ridge 3,100 feet high, and a depth of almost 11,000 feet from peak to bottom.

It must have taken a monstrous meteorite to smash into the moon with such force—or was it a meteorite? That's one of the questions we want answered. All we know before we start is that a meteorite *could* make such a crater—if it were the size of a small mountain, and traveling at a speed of thousands of miles an hour. Another mystery we can solve on this journey is the nature of the great white marks which radiate for tremendous distances from the most perfect (and perhaps the newest) craters. Maybe they're powdered dust, shot out by the impact of meteorite against moon; maybe their origin is volcanic. We'll soon know.

Our expedition consists of two tractors, hauling three trailers each. Ten men are making the trip, and we carry supplies and fuel enough to last about two weeks. The outbound trip should take a little less than five days, the return journey, made in sunlight, perhaps four; we also want to spend a day or two at the crater. That's 10 days. We carry an extra four days' emergency supplies.

The trip is slow and difficult. The two vehicles cautiously pick their way around great rocks and deep pits, making about two miles an hour over the rough ground. Powerful searchlights and radar probe for major obstacles; at suspicious places, a geologist hops out to scan the ground for thin crust and feel his way afoot. When, despite our precautions, one of the tractors gets stuck in a rut, the other hauls it out.

At selected points along our course, we stop and plant explosives—part of our vibration-wave experimentation—which technicians back at headquarters will fire later by remote control (the explosions will be visible from the earth through strong telescopes).

After four days, the perimeter ridge of Harpalus looms ahead. As we press on, the first rays of the sun—marking our second lunar day on the satellite—glare off the side of the ridge and the mountain range to our left. By the time we get to the base of the ridge, full sunlight pours down on us again.

From a few miles away, the crater rim is measured with surveying instruments and photographed with special cameras. As we move closer, lava samples are collected, and holes are drilled for additional specimens. Other members of the expedition take temperature readings, check for magnetism and gather dust specimens.

Scaling the crater wall is a hard job. In some places, where the ridge is rough, we can make slow progress with regular mountain-climbing equipment; elsewhere, steep walls compel us to shoot grappling hooks up the sides by means of rockets;

PAINTING BY CHESLEY BONESTELL

rope ladders then enable us to reach the rim. The party descends as far as it can into the mouth of the crater. When no further progress is possible, we lower one man by rope to examine the floor and gather lava specimens. It's tricky, dangerous work; despite the relatively slight gravitational pull, a tumble would be just as dangerous as on earth, for there's no atmosphere to retard a falling body.

We work swiftly, for our time is limited. After a day or two at the crater, we start back, making a detour to examine the mountain range to the northeast, where there are interesting rock and lava formations and cavelike holes of unknown origin. The trip home is faster than the journey to the crater; the vehicles are heavily laden with specimens, but there is light to drive by. In a few days, we're back at the headquarters crevice.

Now the six hectic weeks of exploration draw to a close. At the landing site, electronic engineers set up automatic recording instruments which will radio scientific observations to earth after we've taken off. These stations (not much larger than an office desk) house delicate instruments which record cosmic radiations, tremors caused by the impact of meteorites hitting the surface, temperature changes and other scientific data. They are connected by cables to the skeleton of the cargo ship, which we're leaving behind. The ship's solar mirror generates power for the instruments, and the dishlike antenna will flash the readings to earth. Unless these automatic stations are destroyed by meteorites, they will operate for years without human supervision.

Engineers and technicians clamber over the passenger ships, checking pumps, rocket motors and electrical connections. The day before take-off, specimens for later study, oxygen and any remaining food are loaded onto the trailers at the lunar base. The entrances to the two huts are left open, permitting the synthetic atmosphere to escape; all material in the living quarters and laboratory will now be preserved by the vacuum of space.

During the next few hours, the cranes of the two ships haul up supplies. Each lunar tractor, when finally unloaded, is parked beside the skeleton of the cargo ship, to remain until the next lunar expedition. At last the cranes complete the loading

INSIDE the LUNAR BASE

By WILLY LEY

NOTED ROCKET SCIENTIST AND AUTHOR

THE first visitors to the moon will travel 239,000 miles through space—and then go underground at their destination. For their six-week stay, their home will be in a deep chasm, for protection against meteorites and cosmic rays. The cylindrical hold of the cargo-carrying rocket ship is split into lengthwise halves, 75 feet long and 36 wide, and lowered in sections by the cranes of our lunar tractors. One of the halves becomes a laboratory; we live in the other.

In the picture at right, one tractor is seen at the lip of the crevasse, lowering scientific specimens from the surface. Expedition members may also use the crane to enter the chasm, or they may climb down the light extension ladder at the left. Between the ladder and the tractor is a power plant like those on the rocket ships: a solar mirror focuses the sun's rays on a mercury pipe, creating vapor which drives a turbogenerator.

Each of the two buildings has its own air-conditioning, oxygen and water-recovery systems (the latter captures and cleanses for re-use all the moisture in the synthetic atmosphere we have provided within the huts). The air-conditioning and water-recovery plants of the laboratory building (rear) are visible just behind the ladder, on the first floor. Next is the chemical analysis room, and, to its right, the photographic darkroom. The radio operator works in the compartment next door, keeping in constant touch with fieldworkers, and recording their reports on tape. (The tapes are passed on to the radio operator in the cargo ship for transmission to the earth.) The upper floor at this end of the building is used for supplies and water storage (note the cylindrical water tanks).

The central unit of the hut contains a two-story screen for viewing color photographs, slides and films made in the course of the scientific investigations. At the far side of the room is a physical laboratory; experiments to determine whether the moon has an atmosphere are made here, and mineral samples are checked for magnetism, radioactivity and so forth. The projection room is visible under the pipes; next to it, through the open door, is a small conference room. To the right of the conference room, behind the small ladder, is a dispensary. Records are kept on the balcony above it.

The entire right-hand section of the lab building is an entry chamber, with space suits suspended by pulleys overhead. To get in and out of the huts, we crawl through air locks. A man is shown entering the laboratory air lock; the spring-loaded outer hatch will clap shut behind him, and a twist of wheel will open the inner hatch. (The wheel can be seen in the air lock of the other building, through which a man is about to leave.)

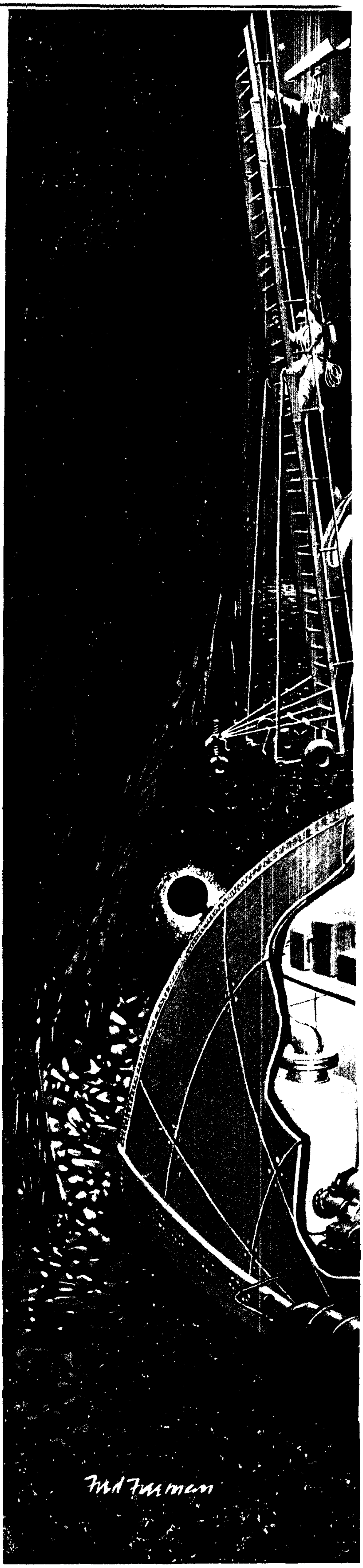
An airtight pipe connects the two huts; in an emergency, it can carry either water or air from one building to the other.

In the foreground of the hut used for living is a close-up view of the air-conditioning and water-recovery systems. The compartment behind it contains berths and lockers for most of the expedition members and, on the right, a washroom. (Bunks for the remaining personnel are on the second floor, which runs the length of the building and is otherwise used mainly for supplies.)

The large middle compartment has the expedition's kitchen and dining room. A dumb-waiter leads to the storehouse on the upper floor. The table-and-bench units in the dining area can be raised to the ceiling when not in use (one is shown in raised position). Against the right-hand wall of this section are washing machines, a hot-air drying room and a shower closet. The rearmost stalls on this wall are clothes lockers.

Oxygen supplies for both buildings are contained in the cylinders shown on the outside walls of the huts (they're placed there to save space). Also on the outer walls are floodlights to illuminate the dark interior of the chasm.

Here, 65 to 100 feet below the surface of the moon, the visitors from the earth spend most of their time during their lunar visit.



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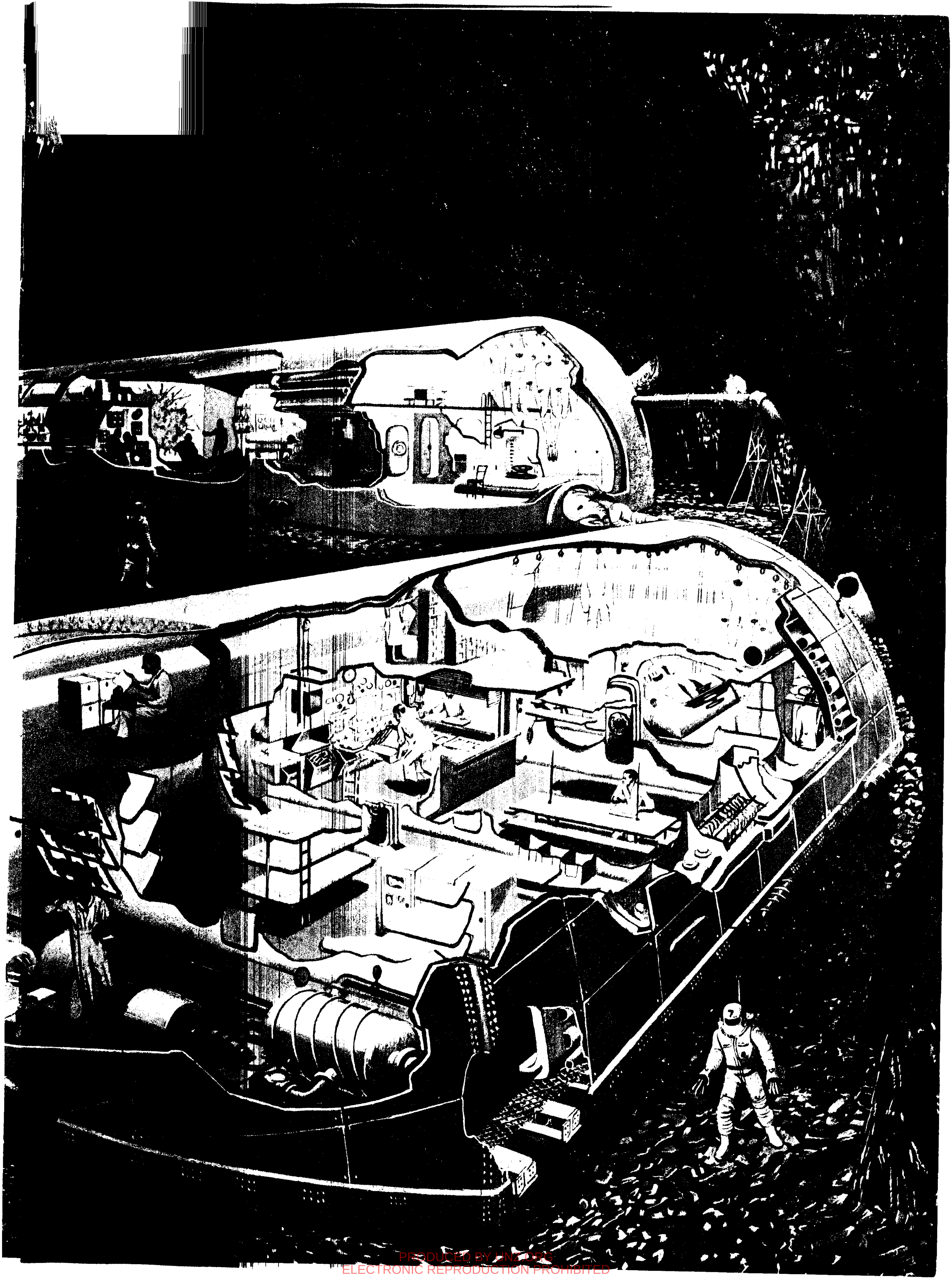

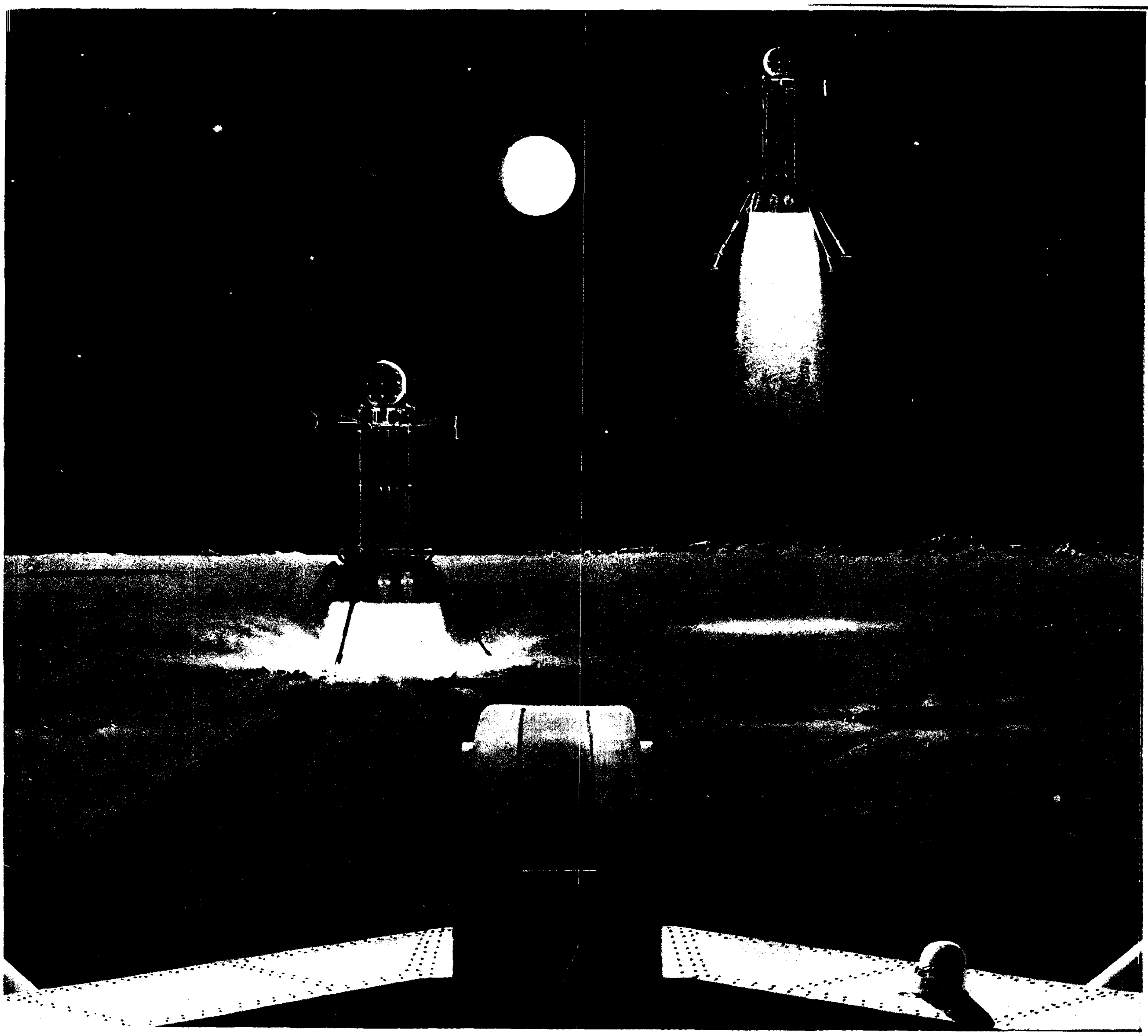

CHESLEY BONESTELL

Seen from abandoned cargo ship with "full earth" shining in sky, passenger ships take off for return trip from the moon to space station's orbit

of equipment and start hoisting men up to the catwalks of the two rocket ships. Then the cranes are folded against the framework, ready for flight.

Through the intercom, the commander of the fleet counts off the seconds to take-off. At X minus 4 seconds, a thunderous rumble sounds in the passenger spheres: the rocket motors have been started. The turbopumps are switched on, forcing hydrazine and nitric acid into the motors.

One by one, the ships slowly lift from the surface. An automatic pilot performs the complicated take-off maneuvering which will set us precisely on course for the space station circling the earth 239,000 miles away. We have timed our departure so that we shall arrive at the space station at the precise moment when its orbit is lined up with the direction of our travel.

Immediately after leaving the ground, the ship's four spiderlike corner legs are jettisoned to save weight; soon afterward, the central shock-absorbing leg is burned away by the fierce heat of the rocket motors around it.

By now, our earth-weight has returned, and we feel astonishingly heavy. As the ship picks up speed, we are made heavier and heavier by the force of acceleration, until at an altitude of 40 miles from the moon, about 2½ minutes after take-off, we weigh 3½ times normal earth-weight.

We have reached maximum powered speed at this point: 4,200 miles an hour, sufficient to counteract the moon's gravitational pull and its 2,280-mile-an-hour speed in its course around the earth. We can now cut our motors; momentum will carry us beyond the moon's gravity, and from that point on we'll simply fall toward our destination. As the flame of the rocket motors dies away, we become weightless once again.

From here on, the flight is routine. The navigators keep constant check on our flight path (we can change course by using our rockets), fixing the position of the ships in relation to star constellations and the steadily growing globe of the earth. Far behind us, and to the right, the moon becomes correspondingly smaller.

Once past the neutral point between the gravitational fields of the moon and the earth, we start our fall, picking up speed constantly. At a distance of 131,000 miles from the space station's orbit with 20 hours of travel to go, we hit a speed of 4,300 miles an hour. Eighteen hours later, a little less than 17,000 miles from the orbit, our speed reaches 10,500 miles an hour, and we start to think about slowing down. We cartwheel our ship (by using a flywheel which, turning in one direction, causes the ship to turn in the other), so the rocket motors point toward the space station. Now we watch our speed carefully. Ahead, the man-made satellite, looking like a bright star, is traveling around the earth at 15,840 miles an hour. When our speed reaches 22,200 miles an hour, we turn on the motors. Because they point in the direction of our movement, they act as brakes.

Gradually we slow down. As we get closer, we cut the motors to half power. The needle of the speed indicator backs across the dial. When it hits 15,840, our motors are off. We are now a satellite of the earth, traveling in the 1,075-mile-high orbit at just the right speed to counteract the earth's gravity. A few miles away is the space station, endlessly circling the earth at the same speed.

We are back at our starting point. Man's first exploration of the moon has ended. Space taxis speed toward us from the station. Other men pour out of the satellite's air lock to greet us.

Our next trip will be a short one: two hours to the earth, aboard one of the sleek rockets parked nearby. There, the members of our scientific panel await us—and, without question, a great crowd of earthlings, come to see the first men ever to set foot on the ancient, mysterious soil of the earth's closest neighbor in the heavens. ▲▲▲

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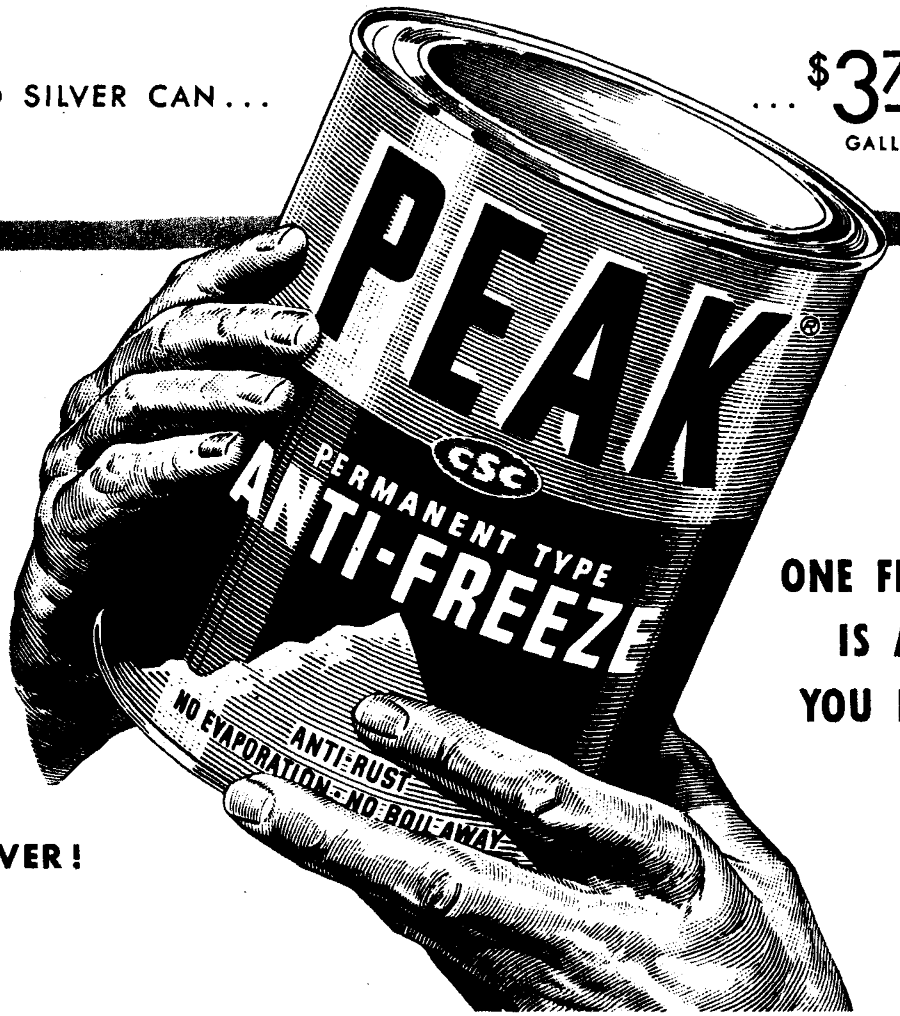

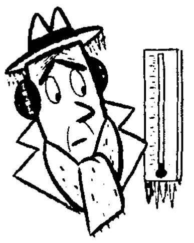

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Elect Eisenhower

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

the entrenched bureaucracy, with no record of dependence on war or on inflation, can save us from a day of dreadful reckoning.

The whole nation is on a spree, spending more than it takes in. The Fair Deal's own Labor Department reported a few weeks ago that the average city family has been spending at the rate of $400 a year more than it earns. I don't believe the figures, but by its own claims the Democratic administration has infected the people themselves with its habit of reckless spending. This is the road to financial and moral disaster for every American.

In the seven and a half years that Harry Truman has been President, real wages, in terms of purchasing power of the dollar, have not advanced. It has been a rat race between rising prices and rising wages. Everybody has more dollars; but actually we are not better off. The value of savings has depreciated. The value of life insurance goes down, as inflation and prices go through the roof.

Businessmen, laborers, white-collar workers, everybody feels the discouraging effects of diminishing purchasing power. We call it the "high cost of living." It is sheer, politically manipulated, galloping inflation, which destroys all real security and threatens every man's savings and job. The true welfare of our people depends on established peace and a stable economy, with the continuous creation of new jobs by ever-increasing capital investment and production.

We need new jobs to take care of our increased population. We need new jobs because the natural process of a free country is to become more efficient, with fewer workers on a given job so that those who labor can get higher pay and a continuously higher living standard. New jobs must be created continuously, not by wars, not by emergencies, not by government leaf-raking projects, but by new businesses. These are the heart of our system.

* * *

For 20 years the Democratic party has pretended to fight big business. It has made violent speeches and sprayed antitrust suits over the whole horizon. What is the result? Big business has grown bigger and bigger while small businesses get fewer and fewer. This has been the direct result of the tax policies of the Democratic party which have created a condition favorable to monopoly. Taxes have been so heavy that only the big can pay; little businesses have been forced to sell out to big businesses; so many restrictions and regulations have been imposed that only the big can afford to hire the army of accountants and lawyers necessary to plow through millions of pages of government regulations and court decisions.

The little man hasn't had a chance, and he won't have a chance until he gets a government that understands what it is doing and would rather have a happy and prosperous country than a political issue.

General Eisenhower's election would give the ordinary citizen a chance again. Once again America would become everybody's country.

Nevertheless, the Democrats once more are busy threatening the American people with a new depression should the Republicans be elected—with bank failures, loss of farms and homes and repeal of social gains. This scare technique has worked many times. This year it is not going to work.

In recent years we in the United States, as well as other nations, have learned many new techniques to keep business and production on a more even keel. These include federal control of interest rates, price support for agricultural products, great new lending processes to prevent loss of homes and farms, the Republican-sponsored bank insurance laws and the whole area of social insurance. In the wholesome atmosphere of General Eisenhower's leadership, these techniques should give us a stable economy and real jobs—not war boom and bust.

* * *

I suppose the Democrats will try again to scare the farmers as they did in 1948 by suspending government purchases of farm products for the period just before the election and by letting wheat and corn rot on the ground. But this time it won't work, because the Republicans are alert to that particular trick and many farmers now know it was a fake in 1948.

The cry of wolf about social welfare is even more easily exploded now. Twice since 1948, Republicans in Congress have voted, in accordance with their party platform, to increase old-age and assistance benefits. Twenty-five of the 48 states have Republican state administrations and in every one of them social welfare has been strengthened. High and progressive standards of social welfare—and its honest administration—are conspicuous in the Republican states from Maine to the state of Washington and from New York to California. Social welfare is poorest in the states of the Solid Democratic South.

Even more important, old-age assistance, unemployment insurance and pensions will again be worth something under a Republican administration which does not have to resort to inflation secretly to rob the people, while publicly putting more dollars of less value in their pockets. If the Democrats stay in office, this secret stealing will continue and the social security, as well as the savings, of the people will be wiped out.

You do not need to take my word for this. Mr. Ellis Arnall, who resigned in August as Director of Price Stabilization, publicly indicated that if the policies of this government are continued, we may have "a country populated by 153,000,000 undernourished millionaires whose money won't buy them the things they need." This sounds like Republican oratory, but it is the sober statement of a retiring federal official, a former Democratic governor of a Democratic state—Georgia. Millionaires in paper money—who can't buy food for their children!

That's what the Democrats are trying to make of us by their policies of inflation. These must be stopped; only the Republicans can do it.

What else will we get under a Republican administration? Perhaps the most swift but far-reaching change in the domestic scene under General Eisenhower will be the restoration of decency in government in America. It might be described as the end of government by buccaneers. Or as the end of the era of the highbinder in government.

Certainly none of us would put our money into a bank with a swindler as a teller. Yet we now pay our taxes to a government which puts crooks into the Internal Revenue Bureau from coast to coast. The lowest standards of morality have been exposed in places throughout the administration.

We have long ago brought an end to the highbinder in the securities and grain markets. Much of business and labor has accepted high standards of public responsibility. Agriculture has always been the citadel of integrity and productivity. The government must again become hard-working, competent and honest; fit to govern a people who are hard-working, competent and honest.

No Democrat can possibly clean up the Washington mess. The big-city machines which put these worthless mountebanks on the payroll will insist they stay there—or else. The most high-minded and able man ever elected to office could not possibly repudiate the whole organization which nominated and elected him.

It will take a political earthquake, fierce determination and years of effort even for a Republican to dig out the astonishing collection of incompetents, swindlers, thieves and frauds now so deeply dug into our national government. Unless the American people commission General Eisenhower to do that job and do it immediately, I foresee a continuing moral decline from which this country may never recover.

With General Eisenhower's election the government would be restored to the people. For many years now the national government has been an adjunct of the Democratic party. Where has this practice of using government as a branch of a single political party reached its zenith in power and effectiveness? Obviously, in the U.S.S.R., where the Communist party runs the country; the Soviet government is merely an instrument of Communist party policy. Only 6 per cent of the people are members of the Communist party. The rest have no government of their choosing; they are slaves.

* * *

In our country, the White House has become a Democratic clambake from one week to the next. The highest powers of the President of the United States are used for frankly political purposes; only recently they were used to announce the settlement of the crippling steel strike by a telegram to the Democratic National Convention. How much the American people paid—in the midst of a war in Korea—in misery, in unemployment and the loss of our basic production for this unprecedented bit of political effrontery, we will never know.

"Don't let them take it away," the Democrats cry. Well, if we don't take it away fast, the Democrats won't leave us anything to take away.

In the seven years since the end of World War II, Soviet Russia has expanded its control from 200,000,000 to 800,000,000 people—one third of the world. It is fomenting wars, revolutions or political *coups d'état* all over the world, and has actually elected many partially Communist governments in nations we like to think are still free. Communist power has spread not only into Europe and much of Asia but to many places where raw materials essential to our survival are being produced—in Africa and in South America.

That this has happened while the Democratic party has been in power these last 20 years is absolutely undeniable. If the Republicans can't do better, our free world is lost. I am sure the Republicans *can* do vastly better. General Eisenhower has modestly refused to claim he is the only hope for peace and liberty, but I am sure we have an infinitely better chance of keeping alive our liberties in a free world if he is elected.

* * *

It would be unfair to say that the principal contribution of the Democratic party in this century was to get America into World War I, World War II and the Korean war. Yet there is this damning question for history to answer: Why was the frightful situation that made those wars possible ever allowed to develop? History has already recorded with an unerring finger that if the Kaiser had known for sure that America would fight, he never would have started World War I.

The same is true in the case of Hitler and World War II. If Hitler had known that America would fight, few believe he would have launched that war.

The same is true in Korea, only worse. I know this because I warned of a Korean war five years ago in public speeches. I warned that if we withdrew our troops in Korea, the Communists would invade.

The troops were withdrawn; so the Truman administration actually created the conditions which required our intervention to save our Pacific defense front from collapsing.

Can't we get a government in this country that will prevent wars in the first place? I believe we can. We have in the past. That is why I am sure we can do it again. Perhaps the best example is the Republican administration of President Theodore Roosevelt. Because he knew the world and was strong enough to provide leadership, and not just drift with the tide, he occupied a commanding world position. There is no doubt today that his personal intervention prevented one war in Europe and stopped one war in Asia.

There has been no major war under a Republican President since Abraham Lincoln saved the Union and freed the slaves.

Some people say they don't want a general for President, but I wonder if those people know the facts.

We have had 11 former generals as Presidents of the United States—Washington, Jackson, W. H. Harrison, Taylor, Pierce, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, and Benjamin Harrison—and we never fought a major war while they were in office.

Every person in this country who has a son or just a sense of decency would rather keep this nation free in a peaceful world than anything else on earth. The most likely way to achieve this most important objective in life is to elect General Eisenhower.

Of all the people in this world, whom does Stalin respect and fear most? The man who won World War II by organizing the forces and holding together the coalition of free nations.

Under what circumstances is Stalin likely to loose total war upon the world? Like the Kaiser and like Hitler—only if he thinks he can win. He knows he could not catch America asleep and naked, as at Pearl Harbor, if General Eisenhower is President. He knows that Eisenhower, because he has met Soviet tactics, ambitions and desires face to face, understands the Reds' techniques and can exploit their soft spots.

Stalin knows that a war against the free world with Eisenhower as President of the United States would be a losing war.

No dictator can stand a losing war. No nation wants a losing war. Stalin would not dare start a war while Eisenhower is President. That is why the towering figure of Dwight Eisenhower is our best bet for peace.

Who can best keep alive the faith of the free nations in our consistent determination to remain free in a free world? The weary people in the Democratic party who have failed in their job? Or General Eisenhower, who was the symbol of victory in World War II and is the symbol of strength and peace today?

Two years ago the nations of Europe were so weak, despite our great postwar aid, that opponents of the North Atlantic Treaty contended those nations were hopeless and should be allowed to go down the drain. These opponents also argued that if we undertook to build up forces in Europe, the Russians would invade before we could do it and our troops over there would be mousetrapped.

Where are the people today who made those arguments? They are not repeating them now. Nearly two years have gone by since General Eisenhower went to Europe to start building a defense force out of nothing. While the defense of Europe is not yet secure, the prophets of gloom have been confounded; Europe is stronger today than was believed possible and Russia has not invaded.

* * *

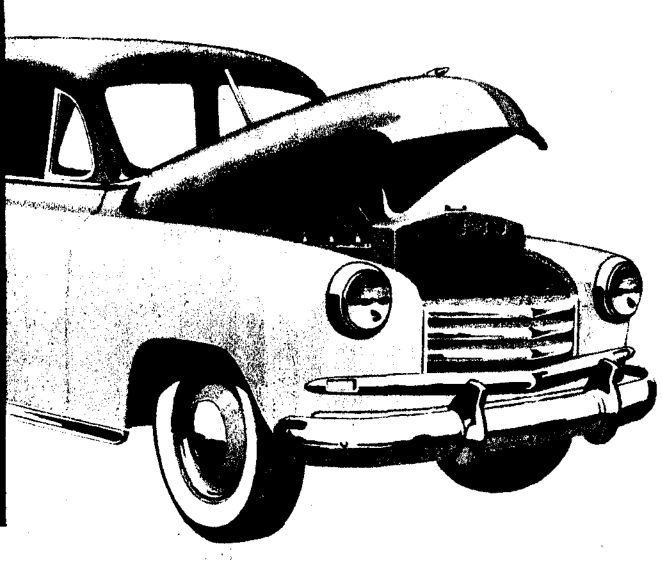
General Eisenhower also understands the fundamental needs for social and economic change in many parts of the world. He would be the last to advocate a sterile policy of merely defending the *status quo*. He would be the last to follow the fruitless policy of containment, which is all the Democratic party has been able to produce. He has lived and served his country from the Philippines to Berlin. He knows better than anyone else that change and improvement in many countries are necessary to keep them on the side of the free nations.

Who so deeply understands the needs of many people for land reform, for honest government, for freedom from oppression as one who has delivered the world from the black dictatorship of Hitler?

Who so deeply understands the needs of the American people for good housing, for good food and for a decent life as the man who liberated the most dreadfully devastated areas in history, where he had to care for millions of people who were hungry and homeless?

Who so much prays for peace—a strong peace in which free men can live in security and happiness—as one whose only living son is at this moment fighting in Korea?

It is plain that General Eisenhower is the best hope for a free, peaceful and prosperous America, and for a free, peaceful and prosperous world. I believe it is our solemn duty to work as we never have worked before to assure his leadership of America for the next four years. ▲▲▲



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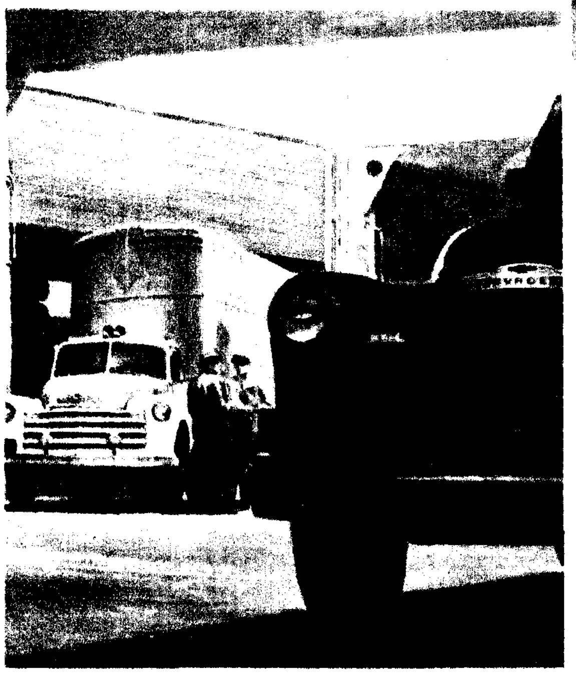

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For Chevrolet trucks are first choice by far when it comes to getting loads moved, goods delivered, work done. There are more Chevrolet trucks in use than any other make.

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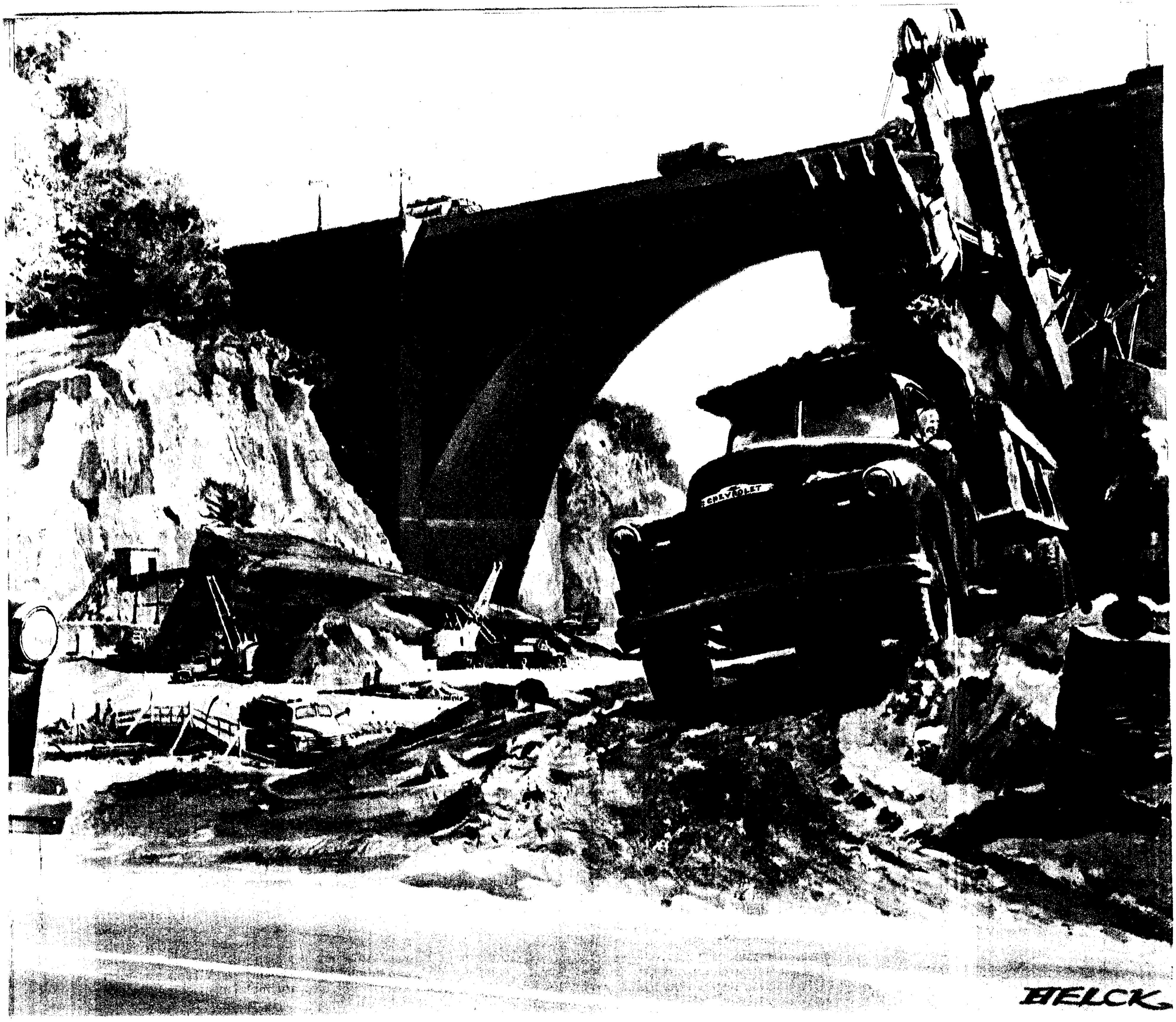

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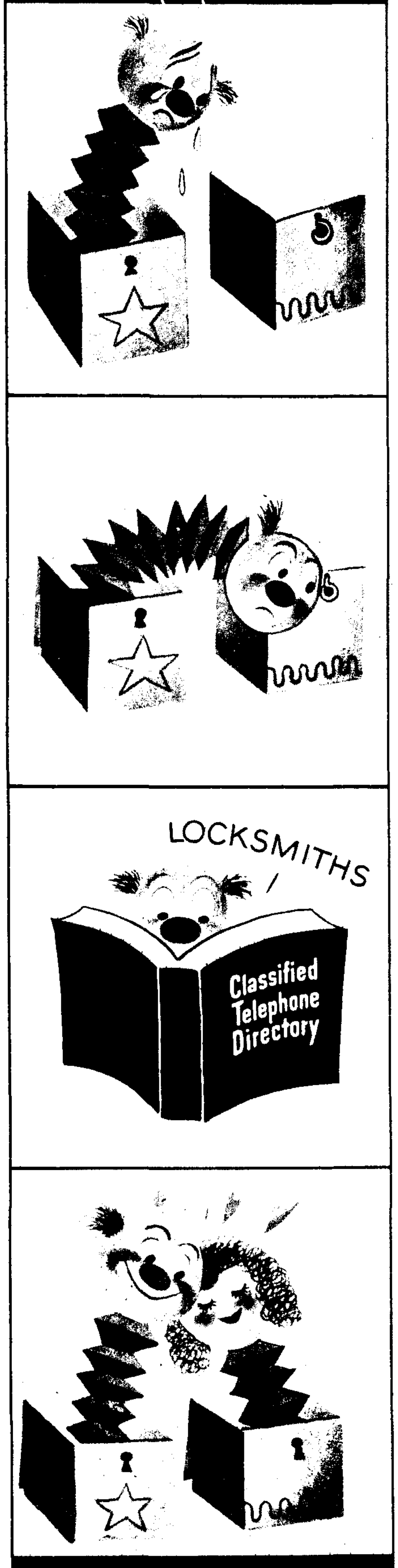

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Elect Stevenson

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

lines from America's most quotable candidate in decades, I would like to discuss the meaning of this newest and brightest star on the American political horizon since Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

The election of Governor Stevenson as President would mark the beginning of a new phase of the great, progressive, economic and social evolution that has been going on for the past 20 years. He would provide new and strong leadership, careful, economical management and studied consolidation of the rapid progress toward social goals believed impossible of attainment only a score of years ago.

* * *

The change in our government from a laissez-faire system to the present enlightened democracy (now approved by both Presidential candidates) was not only desirable, but inevitable. In the early days of this evolution, fast action was more important than perfection. Our world was crashing down around us and even the most sturdy exponents of rugged individualism were crying for the government to do something!

Long before the market crash in October, 1929, collapsing farm markets, farm and home foreclosures, low wages, monopoly, restricted credit, sagging retail sales and unemployment were stalking across the land. The Republicans did nothing.

I can speak with true knowledge—I was a small retail furniture dealer then. My customers in the West experienced the depression long before the crash. My business colleagues across most of the states can testify to the same. Year after year, the small businessman, the farmer, the worker—in fact, all of America's consumers—faced these hard economic facts.

President Roosevelt, taking over in 1933, recognized the crash for what it was—not an ordinary periodic depression or recession, but a fundamental crisis in the industrial revolution, perhaps the industrial crisis of the century.

Fast action restored the banking system to solvency. The railroads were beefed up with government loans. And then the Democratic administration began to re-create sources of consumer income, because it is the fundamental of prosperity that there must be spending money in the pockets of the customers. Government help was extended to the man in the street—the silent, but most important, partner of giant corporations and small business alike.

Never before in such a short period of time has so much been done for so many. And in this progress, the giants of American industry, who thought they had seen the twilight of our great free-enterprise system in 1932 and 1933, were heartened because their customers again could buy the goods they produced in such great quantity. Yet most of them blasted away—and still blast away—at the programs that created the spending power for their customers.

The time has come for consolidation of these gains. The emphasis now shifts from establishing new and necessary services to perfecting them, from initiation to management. The question now is whether the enemies of the program of progress, or its parents and friends, can best improve and perfect and give effective management to it.

Governor Stevenson, with his genuinely sympathetic adherence to reform, and his carefully selected and like-minded associates, can supply the only kind of management that can be effective. A hostile political family cannot be expected to rear a child it has hated from conception.

No newcomer to the Republican party, even a President of the United States, can hope within four years to displace from G.O.P. power such a reactionary leader as Senator Taft, who is energetically supported by Senators Bridges, Ferguson, Dirksen, Hickenlooper and Welker. General Eisenhower now makes it plain that he does not intend to displace them. At the famous Morningside breakfast, the general accepted "completely" the domestic policies of Senator Taft, which the Senator had prepared in advance of that meeting, and had meticulously put in writing.

No one expects a revolution in Republican leadership of the House either. The power there will continue to reside in former Speaker Joe Martin and Representatives Charles Halleck, Clarence Brown and John Taber, men with records of obstruction and destruction in the G.O.P.-controlled Eightieth Congress.

Reaction is but the natural course and the natural inheritance of the Republican party. In its heart the G.O.P. longs for the ways and the wages of the past. It doesn't like labor unions. It considers rural electrification and public power socialistic. It thinks support of farm prices against disaster is interference with the privilege to exploit the farmer.

The record of the G.O.P. is clear. It is one of constant opposition to domestic reforms. These reforms have meant a better way of life for all Americans, and a sound consumer-income level to support full industrial production. Republican leaders detest them.

* * *

As Governor of Illinois, Adlai Stevenson won his spurs as an administrator against almost insurmountable odds. With a hostile Republican House and Senate, he has carried out a program rarely witnessed on the American political scene. He did it in a state that is the fourth largest in population, a leader in industrial production as well as in agriculture.

This experience so valuable in administration of civil government, this record of achievement, marks him for the task of re-freshening our governmental programs and machinery during the next four years.

Progressive programs are not good only when they are elaborate or expensive. They are good when they produce benefits. Governor Stevenson has earned, during his administration in Illinois, a reputation for being a tough man with a public dollar. But in making his reputation for management and efficiency, for cutting out waste and unnecessary jobs, he has recognized the need for maintaining a modern governmental plant and structure.

In his first year's report, he said: "I don't propose to achieve a record for economy by neglecting fundamental needs, nor by dodging today's problems and letting them grow into bigger headaches for future governors."

His record of accomplishment for three and one half years as governor bears out this declaration. State aid for the public-school system was doubled; rural roads are getting state assistance; the welfare agencies were overhauled and a rebuilding program for mental hospitals started; additional medical personnel was employed; public-assistance grants to the aged, the blind and to dependent children were increased, along with a plan to get rid of the cheaters.

* * *

While these and other needed improvements were being made, Governor Stevenson worked steadily for correction of waste, inefficiency and corruption. The politics-riddled state police system was reorganized, placed under civil service and made an effective arm of law enforcement. The highway division was reorganized for greater administrative vigor and efficiency.

Much of Illinois's obsolete highway system is being rebuilt on a pay-as-you-go basis. This was made possible by increasing the state gas tax by one cent a gallon and putting truck licensing on a ton a mile basis.

Illinois pioneered a new system of reporting on its state finances by issuing quarterly reports, similar to those issued by private corporations to keep their stockholders informed. The state purchasing division was purged of influence-peddling and reorganized. A retired purchasing executive of a large mail-order concern was induced to enter state service.

After a hard fight, Governor Stevenson secured enactment of the Chicago Crime Commission bills, providing longer grand jury sessions and other weapons to strengthen law enforcement in Cook County. He has vigorously attacked gambling. (The state police have participated in more than 730 raids.)

Reorganization and improvement of the state's labor services have resulted in improved industrial safety, liberalization of workmen's compensation benefits and a reduction in chiseling in unemployment compensation.

In a year of rapidly rising costs, Governor Stevenson's 1951 budget recommended a cut of 1.1 per cent below the previous two years. When the legislature exceeded his budget by more than $50,000,000, he promptly vetoed $42,000,000 of these added expenditures.

Governor Stevenson works for a reversal of the trend toward centralization of government in Washington. He has shown himself to be a strong believer in local self-government. And he has said:

"I deplore the tendency of the states to abdicate their responsibilities. I deplore the concentration of power and authority in Washington, not because Washington wants it, but because the states have defaulted . . . I don't think we, the states, should contribute by our failure . . . to the further centralization and growth of our federal government that is already so big it is almost unmanageable."

Thus the re-freshening in government need not be limited only to the Washington level. In the event of Stevenson's election, his well-fixed idea of local responsibility could bring improvement in city, county and state government as well.

The governor has had experience as the manager of farm properties. As an early pioneer in the farm price-support program, he knows the disaster that a collapse of farm prices can bring—not to the farmer alone but to all business elements. Depressions are farm-led and farm-fed. A dollar lost in farm income means $7 lost in national income.

As governor of a large industrial state, Stevenson understands the vital need to protect labor's rights. He knows that sweat-shop wages produce depressions, not prosperity.

He knows and understands, as a business lawyer, the problems and needs of business, both big and little.

He thus knows by personal experience that the economy of the entire United States is bound up in the prosperity of farmer, worker and businessman.

Governor Stevenson has proved that he can get a variety of things done through intelligent understanding and co-operation. He is a leader who knows how to show the way without offending. He is, in short, a good politician—and only a man who understands politics can get the results a President of the United States must get, for our government is run by political processes and political parties. In that respect, a governor's office, more than any other, gives a kind of apprenticeship training for the Presidency. Thirteen of our Presidents have been state governors, and three others have served as governors of territories or island possessions. From no other training ground have so many Presidents come.

Politics is not, or should not be, a smear word. It is the technique of getting results under our representative form of government. Governor Stevenson summarizes this important fact in one sentence: "Ours is a government of consent—not of command!"

The persistent and studied effort of the Republican candidate and party to defeat Governor Stevenson and the Democratic party because there have been cases of corruption in government is an example of "guilt by association."

* * *

A great American, Charles Evans Hughes, who was the Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1916, later a distinguished Secretary of State and a towering Chief Justice of our Supreme Court, discussed corruption in a 1924 speech, while he was Secretary of State under Coolidge:

"Neither political party has a monopoly of virtue or of rascality. There are crooks in every community and in every party. Now and then one gets into office. Let wrongs be exposed and punished, but let not partisan Pecksniffs affect a 'holier than thou' attitude . . . One who is corrupt is as faithless to his party as to his government. Guilt is personal, and corruption knows no party . . ."

The Democratic party, in control of both Houses of Congress, has conducted more investigations, has spent more money for investigators, and has searched more diligently throughout our federal governmental system to investigate its own administration than any party in history. Where guilt has been found, it has been exposed and prosecuted; where possible, faulty systems that made corruption likely have been changed.

One single case of dishonesty in government is one too many, as Governor Stevenson and all the rest of us who try to do our duty are aware.

In the foreign-policy field, General Eisenhower and Governor Stevenson are largely in agreement on the basic issues.

But in the foreign field, as in the domestic, Presidents do not pass laws. Therefore, a voter trying to decide which party will serve us best will do well to consider not only the Presidential candidates, but also the political families which will follow them into office. The record of the Republican party, and particularly of its leadership in both Houses of the Congress, indicates that a Republican President with a Republican Congress will be unable to carry out the present foreign policy.

The recorded votes of most Republicans in Congress show a strong isolationist trend—another instance of looking backward; another evidence of the belief that, somehow, the world can go back to the simpler problems of the past century.

* * *

Only the men in the Kremlin know whether there will be a third world war. But the record up to now gives strong evidence that the Truman administration has prevented that war, and at the same time prevented further spread of Communism. The Marshall Plan, the Truman Doctrine in Greece and Turkey, the North Atlantic Pact, the United Nations action in Korea—all these have been steps taken by the present Democratic administration. Communism has suffered tremendous political defeats in Western Europe, partly if not largely because of the foreign policy of the Democratic administration.

The success of the free world will depend largely upon the leadership of America—not alone from the White House, but from the Senate and the House of Representatives as well. No logistical miracle nor shrewd bit of military strategy can overcome the Republican seniority system in congress, where every legislator carries five stars. No bombardment aimed at Senator Taft—"Mr. Republican" to his partisans and, apparently, to General Eisenhower—is likely to make him desert his stand. The general, even if he wished it otherwise, would be a prisoner in the White House—a captive of his own party on foreign-policy issues, as on domestic.

"Continuing progress in America is fundamental to carrying through any of these policies," says Governor Stevenson in summarizing our foreign-relations program. "How to attract the allegiance of millions throughout the world who have not yet decisively rejected the false promises of Communism?

"That rejection will be largely shaped by positive performance, the American performance in particular; by our ability

—to avoid the disruptions of depression.

—to guarantee equality of opportunity.

—to diminish prejudice and discriminatory practices.

—to root out corruption.

—to preserve freedom of thought and speech."

And finally, let me add a footnote: Governor Stevenson is blessed with a talent which in these dark times, as in the days of another great President from Illinois, may be an extraordinary instrument for leadership of our people. With Adlai Stevenson in the White House we would have an articulate President, one with vision, character, great managerial ability, courage and—thank Heaven—a sense of humor.

▲▲▲

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Delco batteries are tough—rugged—designed and built to give you dependable *starting* power under the toughest operating conditions . . . balanced performance to meet the greater demands of modern driving. That's why Delco is the number one choice of car engineers—number one choice of car owners. Have your battery checked regularly and when a new one is needed—always replace with a Delco!

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In life performance tests, Delco batteries showed maximum starting power after months of operation.

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Exclusive high temperature vapor treatment of plates creates stronger, longer lasting bond . . . insures greater resistance to shock and distortion.

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The new "balanced" gravity rating of Delco batteries assures users of longer battery life. Extra battery life means extra miles per battery—more value for your money.

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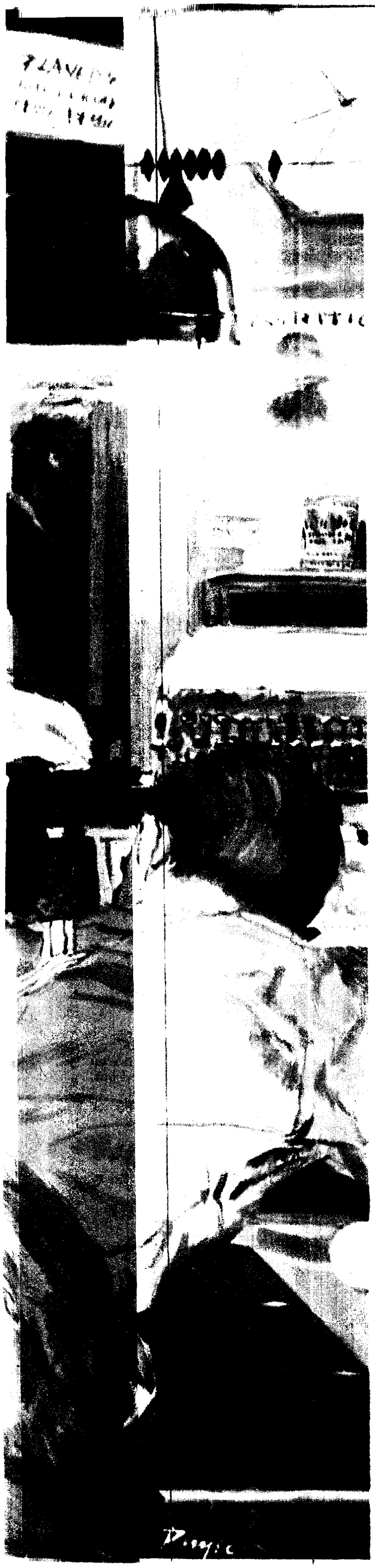
JOHNNY CINDERELLA

By JOSEPH PETRACCA

He slept on pool tables, and when he needed a buck, he had to con somebody out of it. But he had class. He was that kind of a guy



Suddenly, without a word of warning, Big Ben lurches at Johnny, grabbing his coat lapels with his big hands and twisting them. "Take your hands off me, you fat slob," Johnny says

THE mask over the clock? I'm surprised you didn't notice it before, mister, because all my new customers are always asking me about it—what it's doing there, is it some kind of a club I'm running, and things like that.

Do you know what a pool-hustler is? No?

Then let me warn you, mister, these hustlers are as slick as an eight ball. In the twenty years I've been running this poolroom I've seen a lot of them, real con artists with a cue stick, guys who know every angle of the come-on game. Take my word for it, mister, they're slick. When the bet is small, you'll see them playing like they never held a pool stick in their hands, and in the next game, when the big money is up, they're suddenly shooting like Willie Mosconi, Erwin Rudolph or Dean Farrell. But the champ of all the pool-hustlers I got to tell you about—this guy who comes into the poolroom one day, a total stranger, and calls himself Johnny Cinderella.

The first time I see Johnny, I'm playing a game of straight pool on the front table with the bookie, Big Ben Brunelli. He's a strict percentage operator, and, besides handling all the horse money on the street, he runs a big loan-sharking business out of the Wallabout Social Club, his headquarters around the corner. Between you and I, I never liked Big Ben, not because he had me and half the neighborhood in hock to him most of the time, but because he was the kind of guy who liked to throw his weight around. There's no trick to being tough when you walk around most of the time with a strong-arm boy on each side of you, but this night I'm talking about, Big Ben is all alone.

"Take a look at this guy," he says, spotting Johnny Cinderella at the door. Ben holds up his shot, his deep-sunk dark eyes looking hard at Johnny, a hustler type if you ever saw one. Nobody knows why it is, but if there's one thing the big bookie don't like it's a hustler, although for my part, I'll take a hustler to a Shylock any day. As Big Ben stands there moving his long cigar from one side of his jaw to the other and pushing his cue stick through his fingers, I look over to the entrance. There's this Johnny Cinderella, a good-looking fellow with big black waves dipping in and out of his hair, standing in the doorway and looking around. He's rangy and slope-shouldered, built like a fast welterweight, and after he sizes up the whole poolroom at a glance, he steps inside. We watch him as he goes from table to table, looking the games over.

"Watch this guy, Shorty," Big Ben says to me. "He's looking for somebody to hustle."

After sinking an easy three-way combo, Big Ben chalks up, watching Johnny all the time out of the corner of his eye. Big Ben was never much of a position player and he's left himself without a decent shot on the table. He puts his chalk down, looking first at Johnny at the Coke machine and then giving his attention to the table. Since he's leading me by a big score, something like 80-40, he tries a two-cushion billiard shot around a blocked ball, his English carrying the cue ball all the way back to the front of the table, snug against the rail. Well, I don't have to tell you how tough those long ones are up against the rail, and as I'm standing there shaking my head at the cue ball, this Johnny Cinderella stranger comes over with a bottle of Coke in his hands and says, "Why don't you play it high—like a half massé?"

LIKE I mentioned to you before, I've been running a poolroom for a long time, and even though I'm not much of a player, I thought I knew all there was to know about the different shots. But this was new to me. "A half massé?" I say, looking across at Johnny. "What the hell is that?"

"Never mind," Johnny says, shaking his Coke to make it fizz. "Play it your own way."

"Hold it, Shorty," Big Ben says to me, gating the table with his cue stick and coming over. He shoves me to the side and looks Johnny up and down, from the tip of his black, pointy shoes to the crest of his black, wavy hair. "Let him show us this half massé he's talking about."

"Forget it," Johnny says, walking around Big Ben. "Let the little guy play it his own way."

"No, show us what you mean," Big Ben insists, picking up his cue stick and handing it to Johnny. That was the first time I ever seen Big Ben offer his cue stick to anybody, because, as he always claimed, to a real pool shooter a cue stick is something personal, like a toothbrush, and you just don't go around lending it. It's a fine stick, Big Ben's is, one of those fancy two-sectioned jobs with inlaid mother-of-pearl designs all over it. But Johnny don't reach for the stick.

"What's there to show?" he says, begging off. "Either you know what I'm talking about or you don't."

"Look, kid—" Big Ben begins to say.

"The name is Sidderella," Johnny says. "Johnny Sidderella."

"Look, Cinderella—"

"Have it your own way," Johnny says. "Smarter guys than you couldn't pronounce it."

"What kind of a crack is that?"

"Not a very good one, but I'll get better."

"Look, Cinderella, or whatever your name

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

Want more TV for your money?

Read these facts about Sparton Cosmic Eye!

1 YOU WANT television to *see* plays, musicals and sports events you'd like to see in person. So your best buy is the set that's the best substitute for your eyes. Sparton Cosmic Eye Television is so clear and true-to-life *it's like having an eye in the sky!*

2 WOULD YOU stay in a movie where pictures flickered and jumped? Yet TV is like a movie in your own home. Sparton Television features a Cosmic Eye Picture-Lock to hold the picture always *steady, firm.*

3 YOU'LL WANT as few service calls as possible. Sparton builds TV to *last* by engineering *all* the set. Too, Sparton's Ultra-Range Tuner adapts for UHF with no outside attachments and no extra wiring.

THE 21" SPARTON COURTLAND

4 YOU NEED fine cabinetwork also. Artisans in Sparton's own woodworking plant have created superb consoles and table models in sleek limed-oak, blonde and mahogany veneers. They'll *always* be in good taste.

5 BUY YOUR TV for performance, reputation; not bargain price. By selling to just one top dealer in a shopping area, Sparton lowers distribution costs, offers *you* more for your money. See your Sparton dealer!

THE SUPERB Sparton cosmic eye television

SHOWPIECE OF YOUR HOME

Sparton Radio-Television, Jackson, Michigan. Makers of fine electronic equipment since 1900. Also: Sparton of Canada, Ltd.; Sparton Automotive Division; Steger Furniture Company; divisions of The Sparks-Withington Company, Jackson, Mich.

is," Big Ben says, breathing in a chestful of air and running his thumbs around the inside of his belt. "I met wise guys like you before—and if you got any ideas about hustling any of the guys around here, you'd better get rid of them. I don't like hustlers!"

"It's a standoff," Johnny says, looking right at Big Ben. "I don't like *you.*"

THAT got Big Ben. He don't know what to do. His knuckles begin itching to go into action, but with his strong-arm boys out someplace collecting his money, he just stands there full of empty bluster with his hands at his sides. Except for those laughing gray eyes of his, there isn't *that much* of an expression on Johnny's face. Make no mistake about it, mister, Johnny Cinderella could have mopped up the floor with Big Ben, two hundred pounds and all, if he wanted to, and, knowing the way my customers felt about the big Shylock, I don't think there would have been anybody in the place to stop him. I wouldn't have, I know, and it wasn't because of the three hundred dollars I owed Big Ben at the time.

Seeing that he can't scare Johnny, Big Ben changes his tactics and kind of backpedals. "All right, Cinderella," he says, pulling a roll of money out of his pocket and flashing it in front of everybody. "How much money have you got? A smart boy like you should be loaded."

"I never stooped to home relief yet," Johnny says, and adds, "—or loan-sharking."

Big Ben forces his lips into a smile. "That's a very funny remark, Cinderella. Now if you're looking for somebody to hustle, how about me? I'll play you a game."

"For how much?" Johnny says.

Everybody's up close now, watching Big Ben and Johnny. The big bookie is jiggling his fat bank roll in his hands. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Cinderella. I'll play you for everything you got in your pocket."

Johnny laughs. "You wouldn't be trying to hustle *me,* would you? I'll play you for ten bucks."

"Ten bucks!" Big Ben snorts. "Is that all you got in your pocket? I figured a smart operator like you for at least twenty."

"Ten bucks," Johnny says. "Take it or leave it."

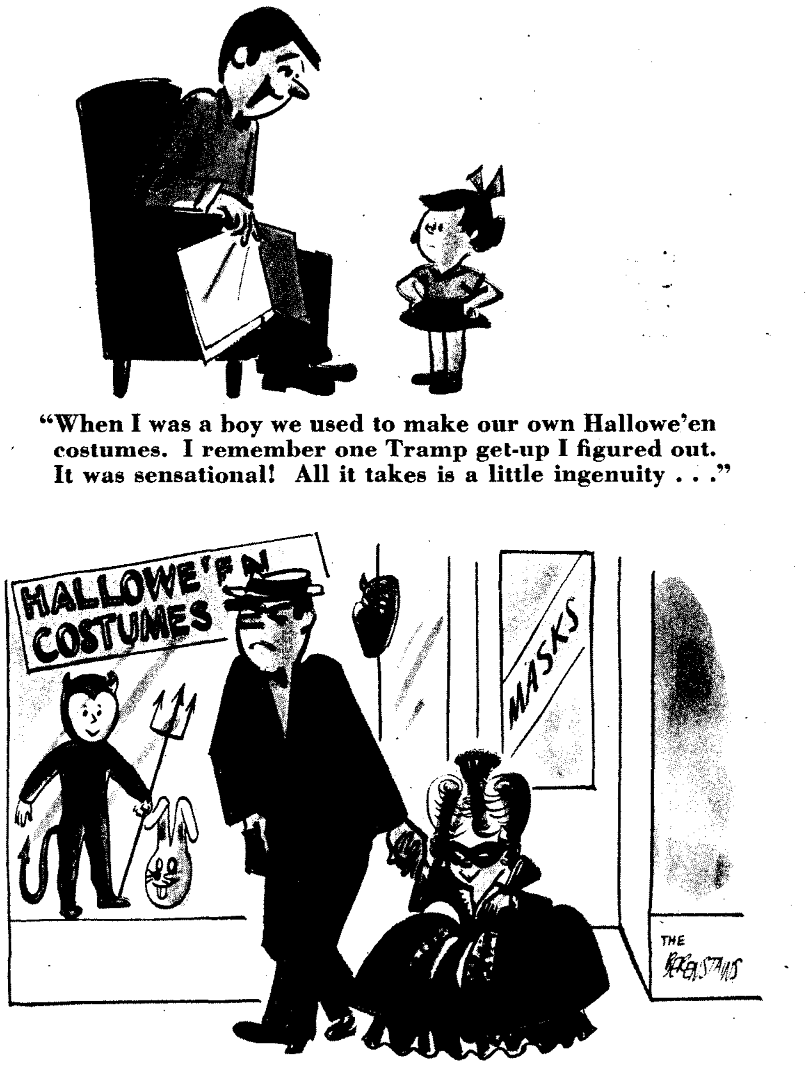
"If that's all the money you got," Big Ben says, shrugging his shoulders, "what can I do? You got a game. Rack 'em up, Shorty."

All Big Ben's needling didn't bother Johnny a bit, because there was class written all over him. He was the kind of guy who could strut standing still—he had that kind of personality—and when he walks to the wall racks to choose a cue stick, it's like he was dancing across the floor. He picks out a lightweight stick with a good tip and rolls it over the table to make sure it's straight.

"I'll break," he says, bending over the table.

From the easy way he strokes the cue ball, you had the feeling that Johnny had slept on a lot of pool tables in his day and had gotten up many a morning picking green felt off his clothes. Not that there was anything

SISTER



"When I was a boy we used to make our own Hallowe'en costumes. I remember one Tramp get-up I figured out. It was sensational! All it takes is a little ingenuity . . ."

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

You pay twice *for every bottle!*

Once for the whiskey... once again for the TAXES!

Every time you buy a bottle of whiskey, you pay about double for it. Probably *more* than double.

You pay once for the merchandise . . . once again for the *taxes* on it.

Of every dollar you spend for legally distilled spirits, more than half goes for Federal, State and local taxes.*

No other product carries such an excessive tax burden!

Liquor taxes are so heavy today they have brought bootleg operations back on a scale that rivals prohibition's worst.

Last year alone, authorities seized 20,402 illegal stills, with a capacity greater than the actual 1951 *production* of the entire legal distilling industry! And when those outlaw stills operated at capacity, they cheated Uncle Sam out of $6,435,000 *a day* in tax revenue.

The legal distilling industry expects its products to be taxed as a major contribution to America's public treasuries, but the present Federal tax of $10.50 a gallon defeats its very purpose. A return to the 1942 rate of $6.00 a gallon would accomplish these things:

YOU WOULD SAVE an average of 89¢ a "fifth", 56¢ a pint and 28¢ a half pint on your purchases of legal whiskey. Liquor prices would come down to average-income levels.

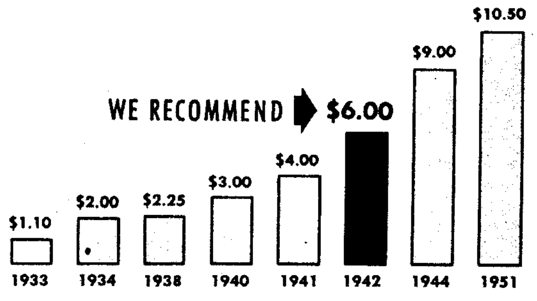
BOOTLEGGING, which thrives solely on its "no-tax" price advantage, would become less attractive to criminals; the graft and corruption which accompany all highly profitable outlaw activities would be reduced.

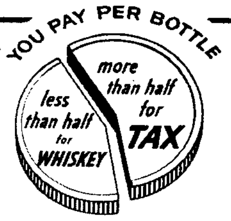
FEDERAL, STATE AND LOCAL TREASURIES would recover some of the millions in tax revenue now being lost. *Actually, these losses are yours.* Everybody must help make them up in other taxes.

Today, you pay twice for every bottle you buy . . . *and everybody loses but the bootlegger!*

Up 854% since Repeal!

The Federal excise tax on distilled spirits has risen from $1.10 a proof gallon in 1933 to $10.50 today. Other taxes add an average of $2.80 more, *making liquor the highest-taxed of all products.* A more realistic Federal tax would increase revenues by pricing legal liquor within the reach of average-income buyers.





*Based on the average national retail price of a "fifth" of whiskey.

PUBLISHED IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST BY LICENSED BEVERAGE INDUSTRIES, INC., 155 EAST 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y., IN BEHALF OF THE PRODUCERS AND MERCHANTS OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES.

FOOTPRINTS in the snow!

The first snow . . . the first freeze . . . an unsuspecting you . . . *an unprepared car.* Yes, footprints in the snow speak louder than a thousand words.

Comes the first thaw, and they're gone. But the story they tell lingers on and on. The stalled car on a lonely road. The ditched car on the highway. Snow bound cars in the street . . . in garages and in driveways. And all because *you* failed to have *your* car thoroughly inspected when it could have been so easily done at your convenience.

Yes, it's the story of dead batteries, ignition system failures and cracked blocks . . . scored pistons and burned bearings . . . short circuits and seized brakes.

It might be the story of inconvenience. Waiting . . . for the tow truck. Waiting . . . in the street. Waiting . . . at the service station. Or, it might be the tragic tale of skid marks on an icy road.

It could have been avoided. That's the pity of it. A thorough check-up by a reliable service man . . . a pre-winter inspection . . . and *your* story will never be "written in the snow."

Don't wait till winter strikes. Avoid the "Zero hour" rush. See your serviceman today and have him inspect your car and protect you against winter driving hazards . . .

Skidding . . . caused by badly adjusted brakes, worn brake lining, faulty shock absorbers, worn tires, wheels out of line, lack of chains or snow tires.

Poor Vision . . . caused by inefficient windshield wipers, defective headlights, burned out bulbs, cracked glass.

Costly Operation . . . caused by poor "ring seal" or other engine troubles.

Carbon Monoxide Fumes . . . caused by faulty muffler or exhaust.

Freezing . . . caused by clogged or leaky cooling system, lack of anti-freeze solution.

Hard Starting—Stalling . . . caused by faulty generator, voltage regulator, battery, spark plugs, wiring, or clogged carburetor.

And be sure to have your car Lubricated—change to Winter Oil and Lubes—have the Oil Filter checked.

Care will save your car

P.S.
Preventive Service
for
Motor Car Owners
Sponsored by Collier's
For Pleasant, Safe Driving

CARE WILL SAVE
YOUR CAR

PUT POWER BEHIND YOU ALL THE WAY!

HUSKY... RUGGED... SURE-FOOTED

PENNSYLVANIA

V.C. CLEAT WINTER TIRES

This Winter, take snow-clogged roads, streets and driveways in stride! Equip your car *now* with big, heavy, built-to-keep-you-moving Pennsylvania V. C. Cleat Tires and ride out Winter safer, surer, more confidently than ever before. Husky hard-biting cleat bars teamed up with hundreds of deep-set vacuum cups keep rear wheels driving ahead . . . keep you constantly on the move through snow, slush and mud. To get around Winter . . . every Winter . . . see your Pennsylvania Tire Dealer today!

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY

MANSFIELD PENNSYLVANIA TIRES OHIO

seedy about the way Johnny dressed, or anything like that, except that to shoot pool the way he did, you had to have breathed in a ton of blue chalk dust. He was good, real good.

Well, Big Ben and Johnny play about even for the first nine or ten frames, give or take a couple of points either way, but, little by little, Johnny begins to fall back. He's beginning to dog it. The hustle is on, all right, and when Big Ben pulls away from Johnny and finally wins the game, there's no doubt in anybody's mind who the better player is.

"You're not kidding anybody," Big Ben says, taking Johnny's ten bucks. "You can play better than that, *hustler*."

"I'm off my game right now," Johnny says, smiling. "Next time I'll beat you."

"There's not gonna be no next time," Big Ben says. "And let me warn you right now, Cinderella, if you know what's good for you, you'll stay the hell outta here!"

Right then I almost lost my head. Big Ben was going too far. I'd had enough of his guff! Sure, I was three hundred in hock to him, but he wasn't going to tell me who'd come in or stay out of my poolroom! And let me tell you, mister, if I hadn't caught a peculiar look in Johnny's eyes as he started out, I would have told Big Ben off right then and there, although, as it turned out, I'm glad I didn't because I would only have made a fool of myself and botched up Johnny's whole plan.

But to come back to the mask over the clock.

Once a year all the poolrooms get treated to some expert shooting. As a sort of advertising stunt, one of the big soda outfits sends the Masked Marvel around to most of the poolrooms in the city, and a couple of weeks before he's scheduled to play in my place, Mr. Corcoran, the Masked Marvel's manager, comes around to give me a few posters to hang around the poolroom, pictures of a masked head between crossed cue sticks. Usually the Masked Marvel is the pocket billiards champ of the world, or close to it, and so around the neighborhood his appearance is always a big thing. No matter who I pick to play against the Mask, as he's called, it's still a thousand-to-one shot that my man loses.

ANYWAYS, a few nights before the Mask is to appear, I'm standing behind the counter watching a game of pill-pool between Big Ben and his two strong-arm boys when, just as if nothing ever happened, Johnny Cinderella comes in. The balls stop clicking on all the tables, just like when a cop comes in, and I figure there's going to be trouble. Big Ben stares at Johnny and then looks at his boys, and I look from them to Johnny. Johnny hasn't been around since the posters went up, and without so much as a glance at Big Ben, he walks over to one of the posters next to the counter and looks at it close, trying to guess who it is by the cold eyes.

Before there's an explosion, I run over to Johnny and whisper, "Are you crazy? What are you doing here?"

Johnny pretends not to hear me. He stands back from the poster like an artist, looking at the picture with one eye. "It looks like Dean Farrell."

"Johnny, for God's sake—!" But before I can say anything else, Big Ben comes over and stands between us, leaning heavy on his cue stick. His two boys are right behind him, like there were leashes tied to them. Big Ben blows a cloud of smoke into Johnny's face.

"What's the difference who it is, Cinderella?" he says. "Nobody's gonna beat him anyway."

"I don't know about that."

"Well, *I* know about it," Big Ben says. "I played him last year and I was lucky to make thirty points!"

"Well, no wonder," Johnny says, hitting the poster with the back of his hand. "What did you expect, playing a guy with a mask on his face?"

"What's the mask got to do with it?"

And for the first time since I've known him, the smile disappears off Johnny's face. "I'll tell you what it's got to do with it! Here's a guy who's supposed to be the champ—Dean Farrell—and he plays with a handicap favoring him all the time! What a racket! Especially in pool, a game of nerves and pressures! Why, a guy who comes in wearing a mask has you scared out of your game before you even start!"

NOW Big Ben is smiling, seeing that he's got Johnny Cinderella steamed up, and he says, "What's the matter, Cinderella? You sound mad because Farrell's the champ and not you."

"Who's mad?" Johnny says. "I don't even know the bum."

It looks like Big Ben's got Johnny on the ropes, and he's not the kind to let a guy off, either. "So Farrell's a bum, Cinderella? For my money you're the bum, Cinderella, not Farrell! Just take a look at yourself sometime—running around from poolroom to poolroom trying to hustle deuces and fins—and take a look at where Farrell is!"

"Where is he?" Johnny says.

"Where you ain't, Cinderella!" Big Ben says. "He's right where you dreamed you'd be. Right up there with the best of them—Rudolph, Mosconi and Greenleaf."

"He's still a bum," Johnny says.

"If he's such a bum," Big Ben says, nudging me with his elbow, "maybe you'd like to play him Saturday night? Shorty wouldn't mind, would you, Shorty? It's a free game, Cinderella; it won't cost you a cent."

Johnny is looking straight at Big Ben, his eyes cold and steady. Slowly that smile of his comes back to his face, but he don't say anything.

"Well?" Big Ben says.

"I'll play him," Johnny says. "And what's more, I'll beat him."

"You'll what?'

"You heard me."

"For how much, *champ?*"

"For five hundred dollars," Johnny says, and when he says it, me and Big Ben and his strong-arm boys all stand there looking at one another, wondering if Johnny is serious or not. It's the craziest bet I ever heard in my life. But you don't have to look twice at Johnny to know he's not kidding.

"Now, Johnny," I said, suddenly feeling sorry for him and trying to back him off the bet. "Don't go losing your head."

I didn't get any further. Because just then Big Ben, seeing that I was trying to protect a hustler, of all things, pushes me up against the wall and snaps, "Shut up, Shorty! If you're so palsy with this two-bit hustler, maybe you'd like to make a little side bet yourself."

I don't know what to do. Johnny Cinderella is trying to say something to me with his eyes, but I'm so fed up with being pushed around by Big Ben and his mob that I don't know what I'm doing. "All right, you got a bet! A hundred says that Johnny beats the Mask!"

The words leap out of me before I can control them, but it's too late to welsh now. Big Ben smiles over at his two boys, like this is the sucker play of all time. "What's the matter, Shorty, are you getting chicken? If you're gonna bet, bet it big. Why don't you make it three hundred? That's how much you owe me."

"Three hundred it is!" I say, watching the smile getting big on Johnny's face, but even as I say it, a cold sweat breaks out all over me, because I know that I've made a fool of myself, that Johnny hasn't got a chance in a thousand, and that I'll be in hock to Big Ben for the rest of my life. Big Ben is digging into his pocket for his dough.

"You got a bet, Shorty. Now let's see that five hundred, Cinderella."

"Don't worry about the money," Johnny says, pushing Big Ben's hand back into his pocket. "I'll be here with it Saturday night."

Big Ben laughs. "Who do you think you're kidding, Cinderella? You're a big bluff and you know it! Penny-ante, that's you! How you gonna raise five hundred—hustling nickels and dimes?"

"I got ways," Johnny says, and, winking at me, he turns around and goes out, leaving us all looking after him.

"Well, boys," Big Ben says, going back to his pill-pool game and looking over his shoulder at me, "not only did we catch a chump, but this is one time we hustle a hustler."

THAT Saturday night the poolroom's crowded like it's never been all year. All the tables are playing except the one down front, the number one table. By twenty minutes after eight, ten minutes before game time, there is barely standing room around the front table and the crowd is already restless, waiting for Johnny Cinderella and the Masked Marvel to show up. Big Ben, I notice, has left his two strong-arm boys at the club and he's circulating among the crowd like a ward-heeling politician. After a while he comes over to the counter, puffing a cigar.

"Where's your boy Cinderella, Shorty? D'ya think he crapped out?"

I shrugged. "He'll be here. You can never tell about a guy like Johnny."

"I can tell," Big Ben says, spitting a piece of loose tobacco to the floor. "He's broke like all these cheap hustlers—and yellow, too. He won't play anybody but a chump, and if you wanna make another bet, Shorty, I'll bet you a hundred to a sawbuck he don't show!"

I would have taken his bet, but just then one of the kid shooters around the block comes running in, shouting, "Hey, fellers, the Masked Marvel just pulled up!"

There's a mad scramble for the door. Everybody wants a look at the champ before he puts his mask on, but Dean Farrell has been through all this before, and when he steps out of his car, with Mr. Corcoran right behind him carrying his shooting case, he's already wearing his mask, a black, shiny one that fits snug on his head and comes down to his shoulders. From the height of him, you can tell it's Dean Farrell, the pocket billiards champ of the world for the past three years. A couple of kids jump up and try to yank the mask off, but Mr. Corcoran, who, besides being Farrell's manager, is also the spieler for the soda outfit, pushes them away and leads Farrell into the poolroom.

"Hiya, Shorty," Mr. Corcoran says, coming over and shaking my hand; and after I'm introduced to the Masked Marvel for the third year in a row, I introduce him to Big Ben and a few of my old-time customers. Then the champ gets right down to business. Using his own sectioned cue stick and private cue ball, he tries the table with a couple of shots to test the speed of the felt and the cushions. You never saw anybody as happy as Big Ben as he stood leaning up against the counter, watching Farrell.

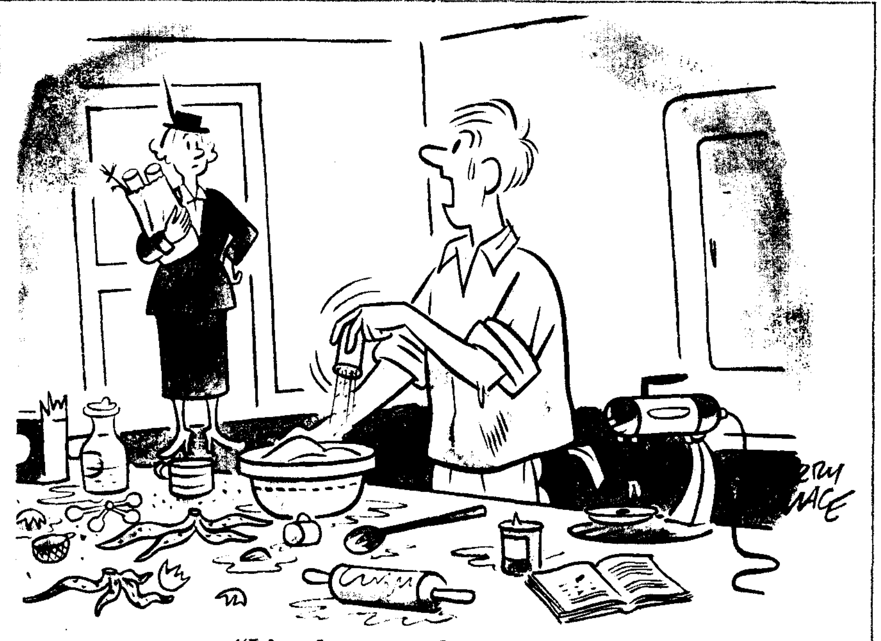
"Come on," somebody yells. "Let's get the game started!"

Stalling for time, I go over to the table and rack the balls in the triangle, looking over my shoulder toward the door for Johnny Cinderella. After looking at his watch, Mr. Corcoran walks among the crowd, handing out free bottles of soda and asking the people not to crowd the table. By now, twenty minutes to nine, everybody is yelling for the game to start. Big Ben's cigar is down to a stub. Farrell is fidgeting with his cue stick. Finally, Mr. Corcoran, putting his watch away for the dozenth time, comes over and tells me to get somebody up there to shoot—and he don't care if it's Johnny Cinderella or Goldilocks.

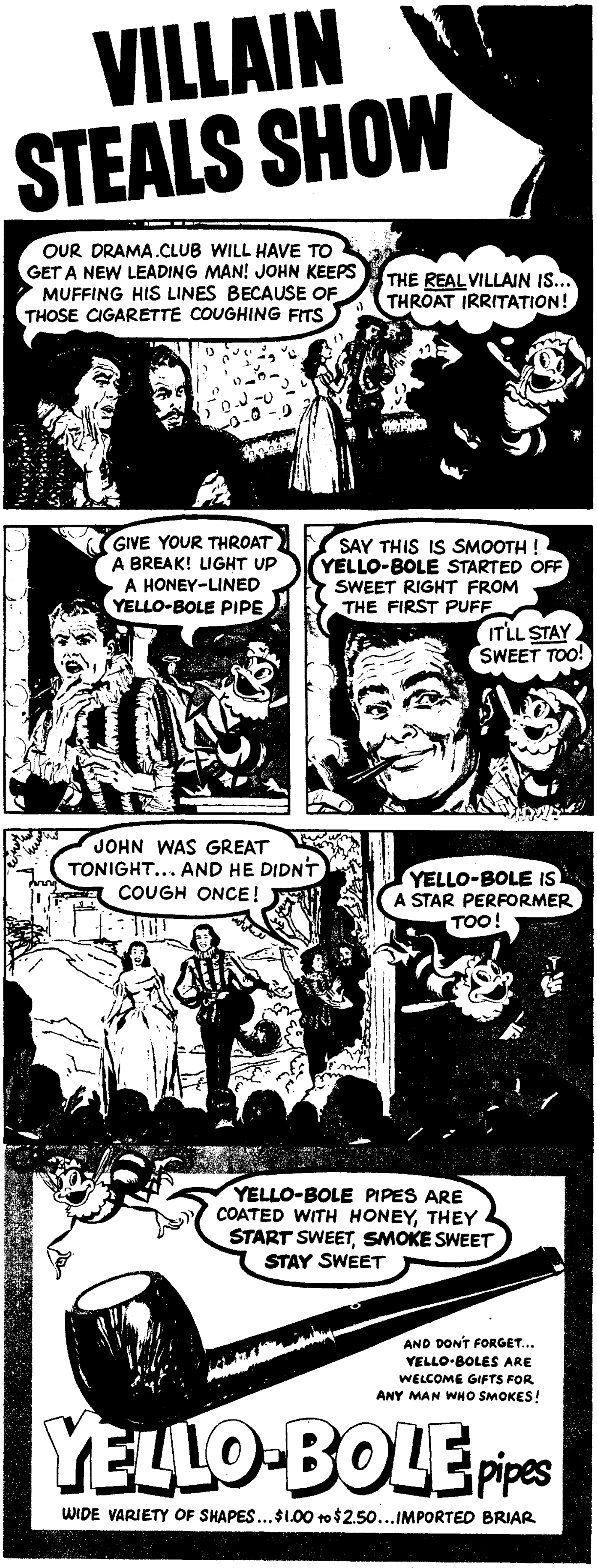
"Just another five minutes, Mr. Corcoran."

"All right, Shorty," Mr. Corcoran says, taking out his watch once more and holding it face up in the palm of his hand. "But if you ain't got somebody in five minutes, the game is off."

The minutes ticked away. I was on the spot, so what could I do but pick up a cue stick and play Farrell myself? I



COLLIER'S. "It's a banana cake. . . . You want to take it from here?" HARRY MACE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IT'LL STAY SWEET TOO!
JOHN WAS GREAT TONIGHT... AND HE DIDN'T COUGH ONCE!
YELLO-BOLE IS A STAR PERFORMER TOO!
YELLO-BOLE PIPES ARE COATED WITH HONEY, THEY START SWEET, SMOKE SWEET STAY SWEET
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figured it was working out for the best, after all. If Johnny didn't show up, Big Ben wouldn't be able to hold me to my bet. Maybe Big Ben was right about Johnny being yellow—and besides, like the Shylock said, where was he going to hustle five hundred dollars in three days? Sure, Johnny was a better player than me, or Big Ben, or any of the forty-cents-an-hour slouches in the neighborhood, but he wasn't that much better, not from what we'd seen. Make no mistake about it, mister, I got a lot of pride in my poolroom, and more than anything else I wanted to make a good showing against the Mask. But deep down I knew that nobody had a chance against Farrell, Cinderella included, and the match figured to be just another advertising stunt for the soda company to sell more soda.

"All right, Mr. Corcoran," I said, chalking up. "I'll play."

"Who cares?" somebody in the back yells. "We came here to see the Mask!"

EVERYBODY laughs. Mr. Corcoran, taking the game seriously, puts up his hands; the crowd gets quiet. Everybody's eyes is on the Masked Marvel as he approaches the table and puts down his chalk. He is just getting set to shoot up and down the table for the break shot, when somebody near the door yells, "Hey, Shorty, here he is!"

The crowd opens up to let Johnny Cinderella through, and when I see him, I have to hold myself up by the cue stick to keep from falling.

You guessed it, mister. *He's wearing a black mask, just like Dean Farrell's!*

Well, you never saw anything so funny in your life! Mr. Corcoran comes running over to me and wants to know if this is some sort of gag I'm pulling, and that if this is my idea of a joke, he won't permit the game to go on—and furthermore, he will have me blackballed by every soda outfit in the country; and while he's blowing gaskets all over the place, Dean Farrell is so shocked to see another Masked Marvel in the poolroom that when Johnny Cinderella goes over to introduce himself, the champ can barely lift his arm to shake Johnny's hand.

But you should have seen Big Ben. He's purple! He nearly swallows his cigar when he sees Johnny fussing around with the mask on his head, like he's a girl trying a hat on. Johnny's having a ball. He's surrounded by everybody in the poolroom asking him who he is and where he comes from and making all kinds of wisecracks about him and his mask. One of the fellows even yells, "Boo!" into the eyeholes.

Watching Big Ben through the slits in his mask, Johnny comes over to me and hands me a roll of fifties. "Here, Shorty, you hold the bet—five hundred dollars."

"Johnny," I say to him, taking the money. "Stop the clowning and take off that mask."

"Who's clowning?" Johnny says, talking loud enough for Mr. Corcoran and Farrell to hear him. "That bum's not getting any advantage on me with that mask on—not for my money, he ain't! Just get the Shylock's money and let's get this game started."

Big Ben is a block of ice. Without saying anything, he hands me his five hundred—also in fifties—and looks over at Johnny, who is half sitting on the rail of the pool table, still fussing around with the mask on his head. Even though you can't see nothing but his eyes, you know he's smiling. In the meantime, the crowd is yelling for the game to start. Mr. Corcoran is fit to be tied, but you know that he's too good a businessman to let the crowd down. He motions to Farrell, who is switching his cue stick from one hand to the other and drying his wet palms along the sides of his pants, and after they go into a huddle and have a talk among themselves, Mr. Corcoran comes over to me and says, "Okay, Shorty, we'll play."

Now the crowd is making so much noise that Mr. Corcoran has to scream above them. "Quiet, please! *Quiet!* If there isn't absolute quiet, I won't let this game go on! That's better. Please, please—will you all keep back from the table! Thank you. The players are about to roll off the back cushion for the break! So bottoms up, friends—the drinks are on us!"

And under his breath, Mr. Corcoran says to the Mask, "Okay, Dean—now go out and get him!"

The game begins.

The Mask loses the roll for the break by a good three inches, and, on his very first shot, trying to play it safe and close to the vest, he misses the pack altogether and scratches. I've seen Farrell shoot a half-dozen times, but I've never seen him so nervous and fidgety. Every time he looks over at Johnny, wearing the twin of his mask, he chalks up like he's going to knock the rubber tip right off the end of his cue stick.

Nothing rattles Johnny. After he sizes up the table, he sends the cue ball glancing off the side of the pack for a pretty good safe shot. Farrell, who is normally a pretty tough competitor to out-safe, just barely loosens the twelve ball off the pack. They spar around with safe shots and deliberate scratches for a while, and then Farrell nicks the twelve ball again, his cue ball rolling back deep against the cushion.

It looks perfectly safe. There don't seem to be a shot anywhere, but Johnny is bent over the table, shading his hand over the packed balls to look at the lights between them, examining them close to see if the caroms are working in his favor. At last he announces, "Twelve ball in the corner pocket."

"Don't be a sucker," I whisper to Johnny. "Play it safe!"

BUT Johnny pays no attention to me and gambles on the break-shot. Addressing the cue ball high, sort of like the half massé he was talking about, he slams his cue ball into the tight pack and scatters the balls all over the table. Well, wouldn't you know it—that purple-striped twelve ball bullets its way right into the corner pocket! And if you think Dean Farrell is nervous before, now he's ready for Matteawan, but he tries to take it big and applauds the shot.

"Good shot," he says, but I'm standing close enough to hear the dryness in his throat. Big Ben is right behind me, but I can hardly hear him breathe.

Johnny runs the whole frame, sets up a good break-shot for himself, and, with high English this time, barrels his way right through the second rack, his cue ball going like a fullback with a good head of steam. He runs the second frame as easy as the first and he's halfway into the third frame, a run of thirty-five balls, before he misses his first shot, miscuing on a skinner for the side pocket.

"You ought to buy some good sticks, Shorty," he says to me, talking loud enough for Farrell to hear him.

"Here, try this!" Farrell says, slamming a piece of chalk into Johnny's hand. "They tell me it's good for a shiny point!"

Farrell is mad. When he shoots, he's

so upset that he can barely run off the rest of the balls in the frame. Two of them are raggedy shots that were lucky to fall into the pocket—which is bad enough—but when he misses the break-shot for the next frame, he goes berserk completely and you know that the game is over. I look behind me at Big Ben; he's chewing his cigar to shreds.

"This is a hustle, Shorty!" he hisses right into my ear. "A hustle!"

"Whatever it is," I say, grinning, "I'm glad I got three hundred on Johnny."

But there's still a lot of shooting to come yet. Right past the halfway mark, Farrell puts on a good spurt and pulls to within five points of Johnny. Now, with the score standing fifty-two to forty-seven, Johnny Cinderella puts on an exhibition of shooting the likes of which I'll never forget.

You should've seen him, mister. He goes around that table like a dancer, studying the arrangement of the balls, and when he shoots, there's something about the way he handles the stick, the easy way he shoots, like DiMag going back for a deep one, that makes you realize you're watching one of the best. He's like a well-oiled machine, clicking away. Ball after ball, frame after frame, he never misses. The hard ones look easy and the easy ones set up the pattern for his whole game. The crowd is quiet. Nobody coughs, nobody applauds, nobody says a word. Johnny just keeps moving smoothly around the table, reminding you of a soft-shoe dancer, and it's not until he sinks his hundredth ball, a ticklish slice shot into the side pocket, that the crowd lets go and begins to yell and crowd around him.

Mister, that's a night to remember. If I live to be a hundred I don't guess I'll ever forget it—and for that matter, I don't guess Dean Farrell, Mr. Corcoran or Big Ben will, either.

Well, after the game is over and the crowd breaks up a little, Johnny comes over to collect his money, the black mask rolled up under his arm. He tosses the mask on the counter. He's smiling, as usual, but when he takes the money he don't look at Big Ben, who's standing off to the side, breathing murder through his nose.

"The mask's a souvenir for you, Shorty," Johnny says, fanning the money out in his hands. "It sure brought us luck, didn't it, Shorty?"

"You shot a great game, Johnny."

Suddenly, without a word of warning, Big Ben rushes past me and lurches out with his big hands, grabbing Johnny by his coat lapels and twisting them until he pulls Johnny to the tip of his toes. His knuckles are white with rage. "A great game? He cheated, the cheap hustler! And he's not getting away with it!"

"Take your filthy hands off me, you fat slob!" Johnny says; and with that, he quick-punches Big Ben one-two right in the solar plexus, doubling the big bookie over and taking the wind right out of his sails. Big Ben wheezes and groans, looks up like a scared puppy at Johnny, and flops into the nearest chair. After flicking at his clothes and straightening out his tie, Johnny counts off ten fifties and flings them into Big Ben's face, saying, "Here's your five hundred, Shylock! You need it more than I do."

And he leaves, disappearing through the crowd like a wisp of cigar smoke.

HE'S not out of the door five minutes and the crowd is still full of murmuring about everything that happened, when Big Ben's two strong-arm boys come rushing in, their hair flying wildly and their suits looking like they been rolling on the floor in them. Both of them are out of breath and they can hardly talk.

"What is it?" Big Ben says, grabbing both of them by the arms and shaking them. "What happened? Where the hell you been all night?"

"Somebody stuck up the club!" one of them gasps out. "And he tied us up!"

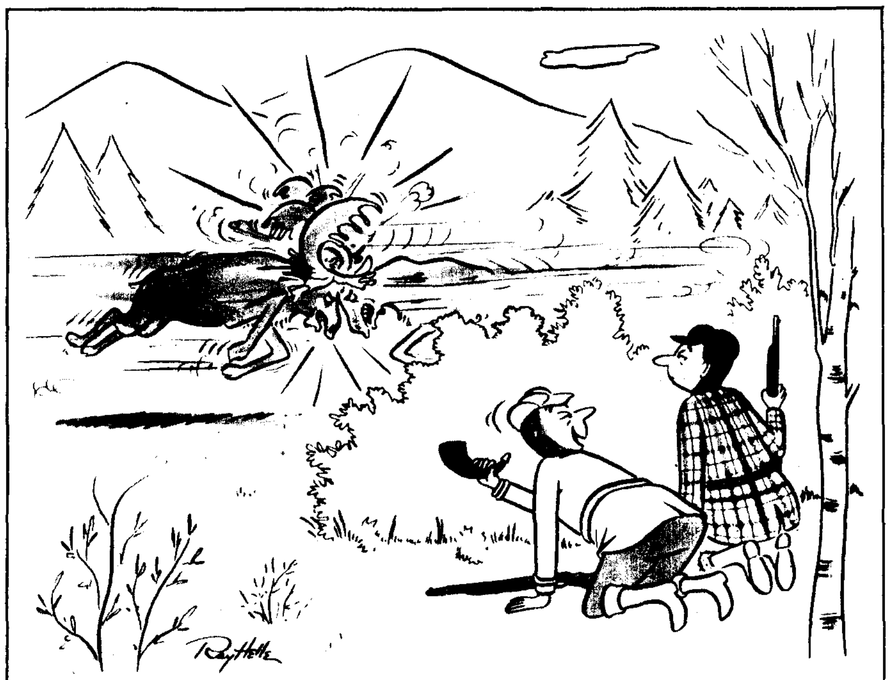
"It happened about two hours ago," the other one says. "We were sitting in the back office when this guy in a long black mask comes in—"

"A mask!" Big Ben nearly falls through the floor.

"Yeah, and he's got a gun," the first one says. "And he tells us to open the safe—"

"So after we open it and he takes out the money," the second one says, scratching his head, "do you know what he does then? The crazy guy counts off five hundred dollars and puts the rest back!"

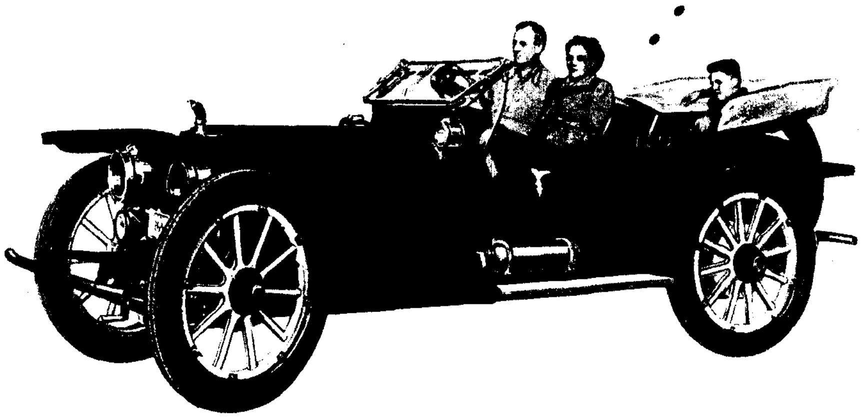
Well, mister, that's Johnny's mask you see hanging up there over the clock. I've never seen him to this day, but about this time of the year when Mr. Corcoran comes around to put up his posters, I always get to thinking of Johnny Cinderella and wondering what he's doing. ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S "I hope they don't find out that *I* said it" RAY HELLE

OLD TIMER

that acts like a youngster.....



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Don't Laugh at the
NAVAJO MEDICINE MAN

Many people besides the Indians take them seriously. Doctors and nurses on the reservation show them respect and seek their advice. Here's why

By CARLE HODGE

THE Indian medicine man is no joke. Like most everybody else, I'd supposed he was. I assumed that the medicine man—if he still existed at all outside gag cartoons and shoot-'em-up movies—was nothing more than a fine-feathered old fraud.

Then I met a girl who had worked on the Navajo Reservation. She told me about a friend of hers, a doctor of medicine, who was filled with respect for the Singers, as the Navajos call their tribal medicine men. Her doctor insisted that the Singers do the sick a lot of good; when he was stationed at the government's big Indian Service hospital at Fort Defiance, Arizona, he used to take a medicine man with him on his rounds. Often, the Singer would don a white mask and stand beside him during operations.

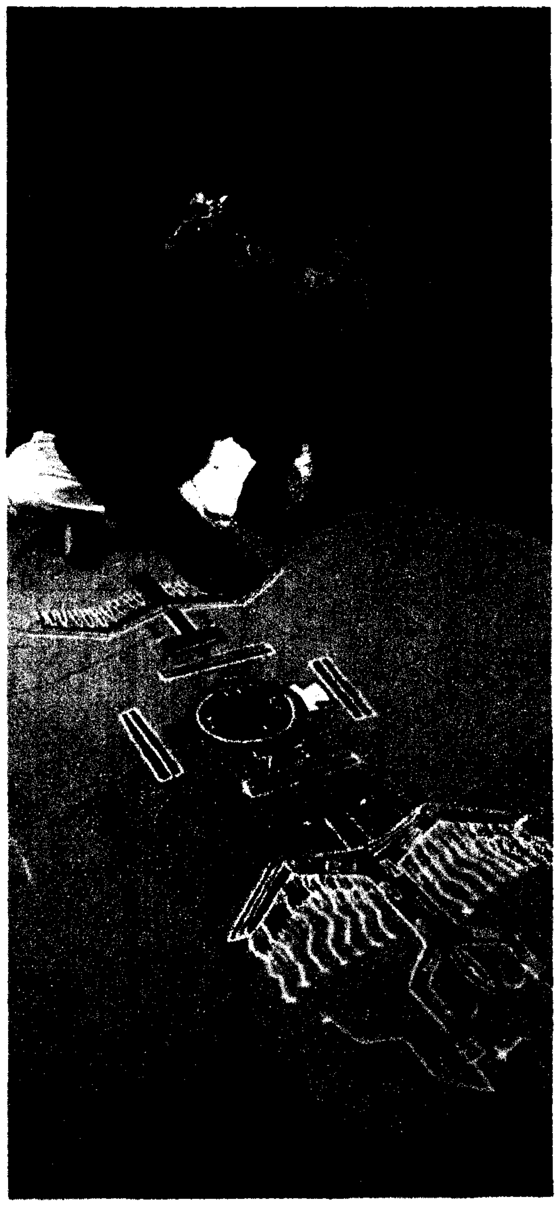
Still skeptical, I decided to check for myself on these leftover healers from the arrowhead age. My curiosity led me to the Navajo Reservation, a vast parcel of thirsty land three times larger than Massachusetts, which sprawls across northeastern Arizona and northwestern New Mexico. It took me over thousands of miles of rutted roads and into many canyons where no English is spoken. But everywhere I went, over the high, parched mesas, I found evidence of the Singers' "good medicine."

A public health nurse took me to the home of a fading cancer victim, a seventy-five-year-old man named Lokaadinee. A few weeks earlier, old Lokaadinee had been discharged from a hospital because he wanted to die at home, in his beehive-shaped hogan of logs and earth. The white man's medicine, even the miracle-performing drugs, had failed to ease his illness.

Once inside his own hogan, he summoned a Singer. The ceremony of age-old curing chants took only a few hours—as Sings go, a comparatively simple performance. By the next morning, the swelling in old Lokaadinee's legs had sub-

Singer Biih Bitoodnii (English name Joe Lee) treats a sick woman, Nora Yellow Left Hand

Part of the treatment consists of painting the patient. Medicine men are busier than ever on Navajo Reservation, but their art is dying out because apprenticeship is long, pay low


Sand painting is an important part of healing process. It has great religious significance

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RAY MANLEY

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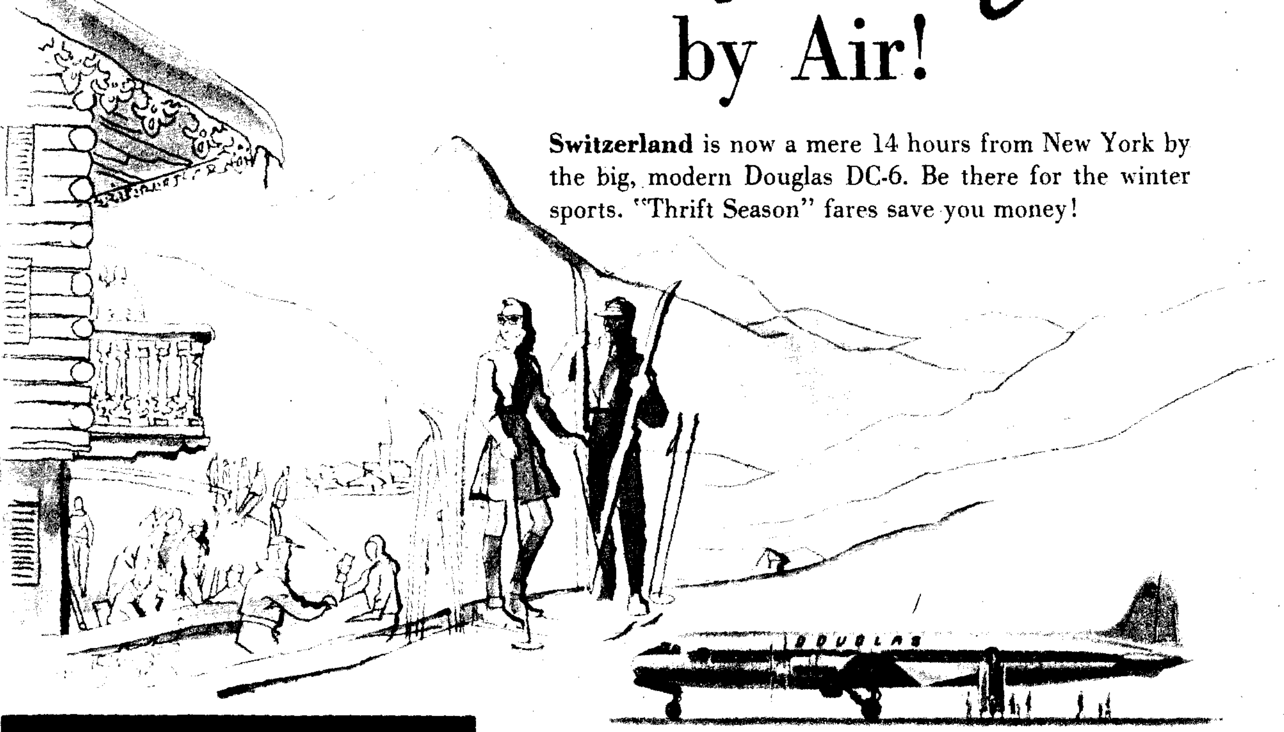
by Air!



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"Doctors treat places Singers can't see"

sided. His pain was almost gone and he said he hadn't felt so well in months. Psychological effect? No doubt. But he *did* feel better.

What's the Navajo explanation? "The white man's doctor," one Singer told me, "does not practice religion while he is treating a patient. We do." If illness strikes a Navajo, he blames it not on germs but on a taboo he may have fouled. He might have crossed a snake's path or unwittingly eaten bear meat. Or perhaps he has been bewitched by the ghost of his late granduncle.

At the Cleansing Ceremony

The Navajo faith is by no means dying out, nor is it held only by aging tribesmen. A Navajo girl who was a registered nurse at the modern Presbyterian hospital in Ganado, Arizona, just recently took time off her duties there to undergo a Sing. And only a few weeks ago I was a fascinated spectator at a chanting of the once warlike Enemy Way—the cleansing ceremony for someone who has been among non-Navajos. It is being busily sung these days for the Navajo boys returning from the armed forces. There are, indeed, more ceremonial fires now flaming in the Navajo night than ever before in modern times.

I wanted to sit beside one of the fires for a full Sing, to see how a medicine man performs his remedies. An interpreter introduced me to a busy practitioner, Biih Bitoodnii, otherwise known as Joe Lee, of the Deer Spring Clan.

After I convinced the wiry, flint-skinned little *hatalii* (Singer) that I was not the usual prying tourist, he agreed to let me watch a five-night *na'at'quie,* a Lightning Way Chant, for the old man known as Dilwoshii Benalli, or Grandson of the One Who Shouts.

Nothing is more fearsome to a Navajo than to have the Thunder Gods display their displeasure by hurling a lightning bolt at him. Such was the unhappy lot which two years earlier had befallen Dilwoshii Benalli as he rode his horse over the prairie.

Now the jagged shooting pains in his muscles and joints, meaning lightning sickness, had come back to plague him, and he cursed himself for not having a Singer earlier. He sent his sons over the mountains to Lukachukai for the services of Joe Lee. A price, $28, was agreed upon, and the Singer sent his *jish,* his medicine bag of beaded buckskin, back by the sons, to be kept by them until the ceremony.

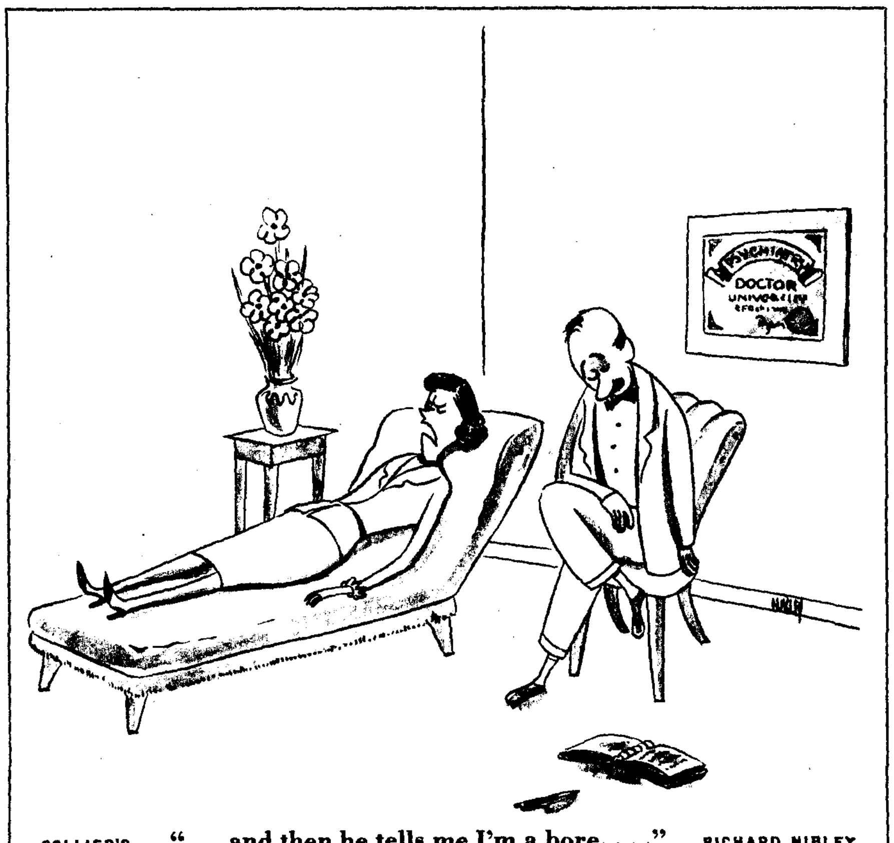
When the time came, Joe Lee put on his black hat, worn in the traditional way, its crown straight and undented. As we arrived at Red Rock, the sun was slipping over the mountains to the west, and the purple of the peaks was shaded with gray.

Already, Grandson of the One Who Shouts, his eyes filled with anxiety, sat waiting outside his cone-shaped ceremonial hogan, a few yards from his home. He greeted the Singer quietly—to be loud is to be impolite—in low, guttural tones. Brushing aside the blanket which draped the doorway, Joe Lee entered the ceremonial hogan. A wisp of the fire of piñon logs in the center trailed up through the smoke hole in the roof, perfuming the room with a faintly sweet odor.

The Singer replaced his hat and shoes with headband and deerskin moccasins. Sitting cross-legged on the floor, he first wove four leaves, plucked from the four sides of a yucca stalk, into a drumstick, working into its tip four colored corn grains which symbolized plenty for the Dilwoshii Benalli hogan.

Then, while a son of the patient sanctified the room by rubbing white corn meal into the supporting poles of the hogan to the east and west, north and south, *Hatalii* Lee began in a haunting voice—sometimes baritone, sometimes falsetto—the chant to the Thunder Gods: *"Dine-h di-ini zo ce y-ota-h . . ."*

On the floor, Joe Lee sat as still as a



COLLIER'S "... and then he tells me I'm a bore. . . ." RICHARD NIBLEY

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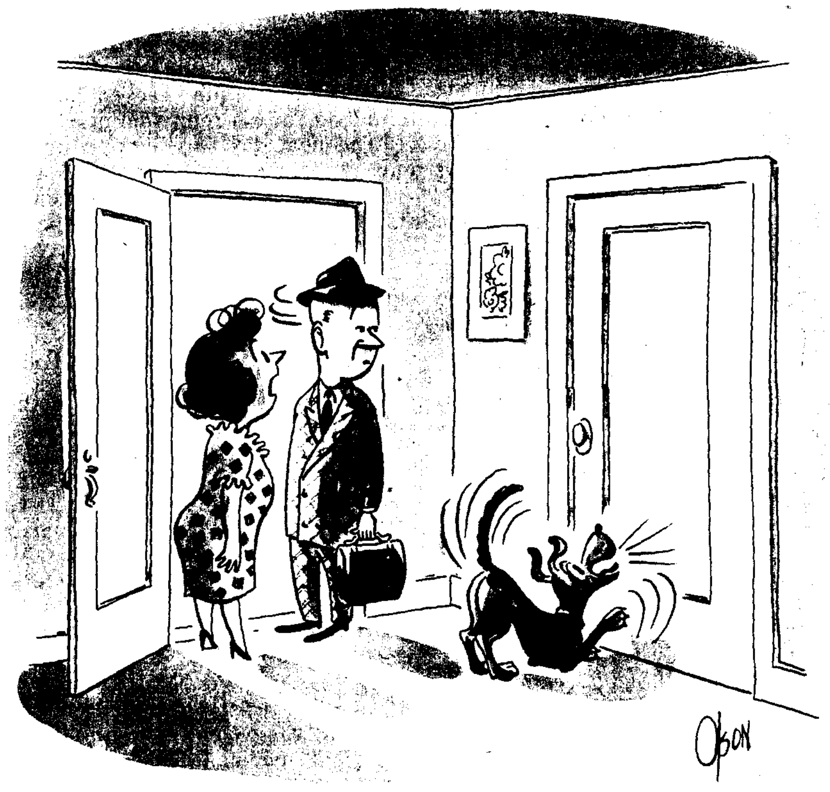

"I'll remind my husband about the overdue bill. So sorry he's not here to take care of it"

COLLIER'S OLSON

bronze statue as he chanted the story of the first Lightning Way, the story of Holy Young Man. He beseeched the Black Thunder God who dwells far to the east, the Blue Thunder God in the south, the Yellow in the west, the White in the north.

"He began to go about on the mountain black on one side," he sang; "Thunder shattered him to pieces and the same Thunder restored him . . .

"May no harm come from passing streams under trees . . . from under plants . . . from passing winds. May no harm come from passing rains . . .

"Who drops down with clouds, Dark Thunder, Young Man Chief, I have made your offering . . . This day I have become your child . . . Just as I say to you, you shall act . . ."

His half-open lips hardly moved, and the sound seemed to come as a breeze would from a cavern. In the firelight, the fat, wrinkled face of Grandson of the One Who Shouts shone with trust.

Feather Bundles Combat Evil

He sat silently watching while the medicine man drew from his *jish* the makings for the feather bundles which are used to frighten away evil. The Singer tied spruce and other leaves together in a wand with tail feathers plucked from a live eagle. These he brushed against the patient's body, starting with the feet, where lightning first strikes, and screeching loudly with each stroke.

About then, a soft rain began to tap the mud roof; far away, thunder rattled off the towering pink buttes which finger the sky all over the Navajo country. Joe Lee chuckled. "I always bring the rain with this chant," he said to me.

The medicine man and his patient sat on blankets opposite the doorway, and on each side of them sat a semicircle of old Dilwoshii Benalli's male friends and relatives. They were solemn during the rituals. But whenever there was a pause, they joked and gossiped, and Joe Lee usually joined in, in his best blanket-side manner.

With his "stick that groans"—a tiny piece of wood from a lightning-struck tree, carved into arrowhead shape and attached to a long string—the medicine man strode slowly out the door and a few steps to the east. As he twirled the stick it clattered—the voice of the Thunder Gods, scaring away the evil from outside the little building.

Four times, once for each cardinal direction, Joe Lee repeated the whirring. Betweentimes, he stepped briskly back inside to press the wood against the patient. Finally, he dipped the stick into an earthen bowl of herbal liniment, dabbing it on the patient while singing, "Your child comes into being, Sky. Your child comes into being, Sun." Then he circled the old man, blowing on a shrill reed whistle to notify the gods of the prayers being offered. Grandson of the One Who Shouts rubbed his body with the herbal juice and drank a sanctifying potion of pollen and crushed herbs.

The Singer resumed his chanting, tapping a basket with his yucca drumstick. Now the onlookers shook leather rattles and sometimes they joined in the chanting. It was two o'clock in the morning when they ended, and the look of anxiety already was gone from the old one's eyes.

For four more nights, the ceremony, with only slight variations, was sung again. Each night, the Singer and his patient slept on their blankets in the ceremonial hogan. Each sunrise, they were up for prayers. To cleanse the evil from within Grandson, there were daily sweat baths and the drinking of herbs to make him vomit.

Prayer sticks were cut from reeds, painted and adorned with feathers, and sped by runner in the four directions, to be placed under lightning-scarred stones or trees. Incense was burned.

By the fourth afternoon, with the ailing Dilwoshii Benalli obviously in a merrier mood, Joe Lee made his sand painting on the hogan floor.

Sand painting is an important part of the Navajo religion. It depicts the Indian's conception of his gods. *Hatalii* Lee sat on his heels and spilled his colors onto buckskin palettes—blue, white,

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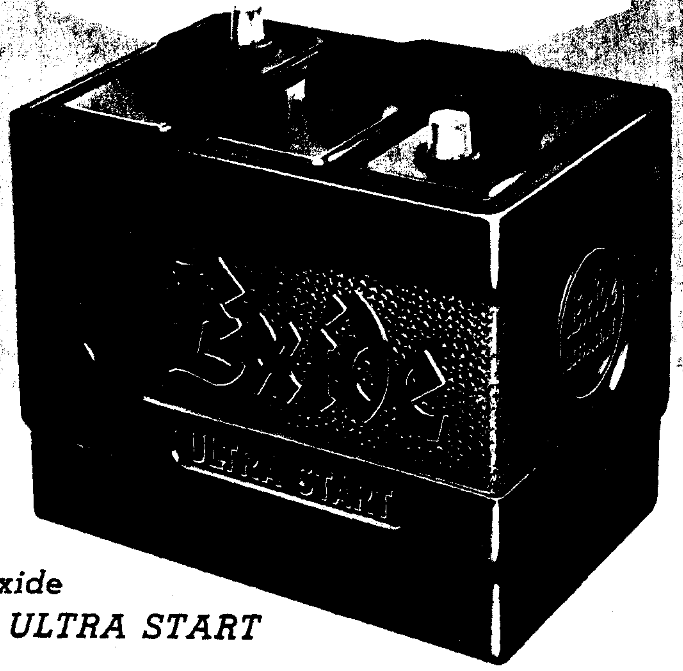

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red, yellow and brown of ground-up sandstone, and black made from the charcoal of burned oak. Then, by letting the sand ooze down through his thumb and forefinger, he drew, in quick, sure strokes, a vivid panorama.

He began in the center, with the turquoise-blue lake and the rainbows which are the home of the Thunders. Then moving outward, always from the east, in the path of the sun, he painted full-length portraits of the female Lightning Gods themselves, first the Black God in the east and then the others at their own quadrants of a great circle.

His goddesses of thunder were birdlike women with long, straight bodies and rectangular heads. Their long, thunderclapping wings hung heavily with waterpots of rain and were haloed by an aura of lightning. It took the Singer three hours to finish, with occasional help from the patient's sons (the patient himself was not permitted to see the painting yet). The painting was perhaps six feet across.

Dilwoshii Benalli stepped into the hogan, splattered pollen across the painting and sat down on it. In Navajo belief, that brought the Thunder Gods themselves to hear the prayers. Finally, the painting was destroyed, and the sands taken out to be hurled reverently to the winds.

Decorations for the Patient

Early the next day, the fifth, more of old Dilwoshii Benalli's kin began arriving, as is the custom, for the last of the Sing. The women cooked mutton, and fried bread over open fires, while, inside, the medicine man decorated the patient in the image of the Thunders, crowning his head with feathers and painting his face bright reds and whites.

The late nights of chanting were telling on the old man. As the Singer painted him, he nodded sleepily. "Wake up," the medicine man said, "or I'll paint ugly pictures on you."

That night, the chanting went on for hours. As daybreak came, Joe Lee sang: "From everywhere, pleasant conditions have returned . . . They'll come to me from the home of the sun . . . of the moon, of dark wind, of yellow wind, *they'll come to me from homes of sunlight.*"

Beaming, Grandson of the One Who Shouts told me he felt fine now, and *Hatalii* Lee happily packed his medicine bag for his return home.

The next day was Sunday, and Joe Lee appeared early for Mass at the little Catholic mission in Lukachukai. On Monday, he went to the dispensary of Marie Curry, the local public health nurse, to get "something to rub on"—liniment for a troublesome muscle.

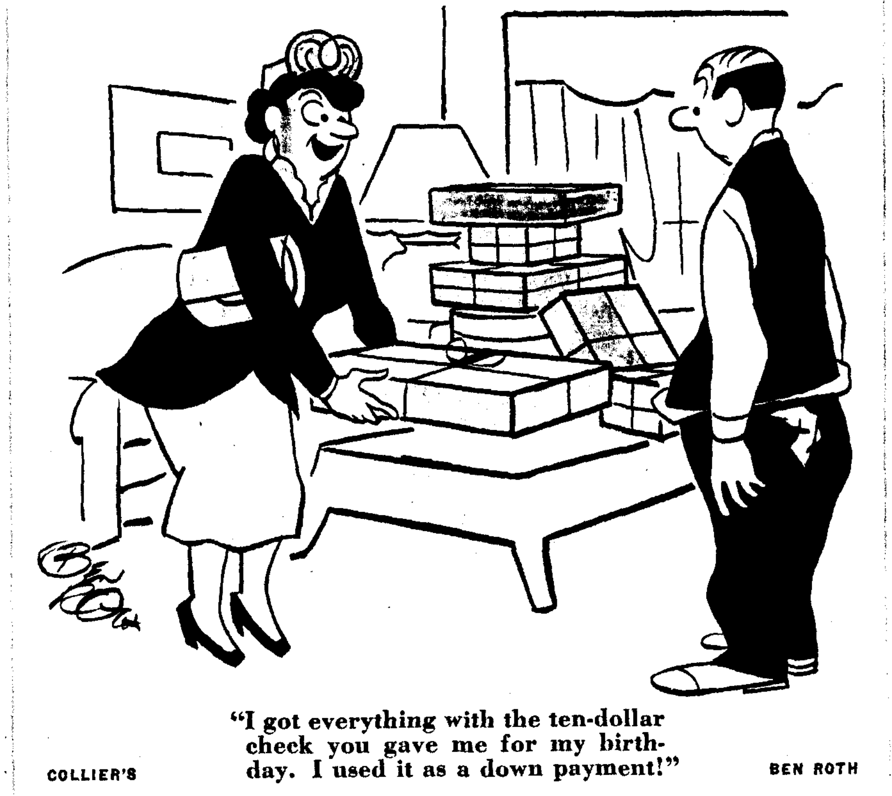
They Use White Doctors, Too

The little medicine man sees nothing strange about accepting the white man's religion or the white man's medicine—nor would most Navajos, so long as they can have Sings too. "The white doctors," says Joe Lee, "can treat our bodies in places where the eyes of a Singer cannot see." Sometimes a Singer will refer a patient to a physician.

"People will come to the nurse or doctor for something that really hurts them," according to Marie Curry. "But all of them feel the medicine man will do them *some* good—if they can get the right medicine man at the right time."

Many of the 70,000 Navajos are so far from medical help that the medicine man is the only one they can go to. The nearest hospital on the reservation may be as far as 150 miles away, over roads that are impassable in bad weather. There is much sickness among the dirt-poor Navajos; their death rate from tuberculosis is almost eight times that of the rest of the country. Yet they have only 25 government and mission doctors on the reservation—about one quarter the number they should have (the national average is 135 doctors for every 100,000 people). On the other hand, they have perhaps 4,000 medicine men.

The medicine men, for that reason, have always been busy, and today they're busier than ever. There has been an upsurge in old-fashioned tribal treatment since World War II—due, I found, partly to the lack of real medical care and partly to the comparative prosperity which is blessing the still-poor Navajos.



COLLIER'S "I got everything with the ten-dollar check you gave me for my birthday. I used it as a down payment!" BEN ROTH

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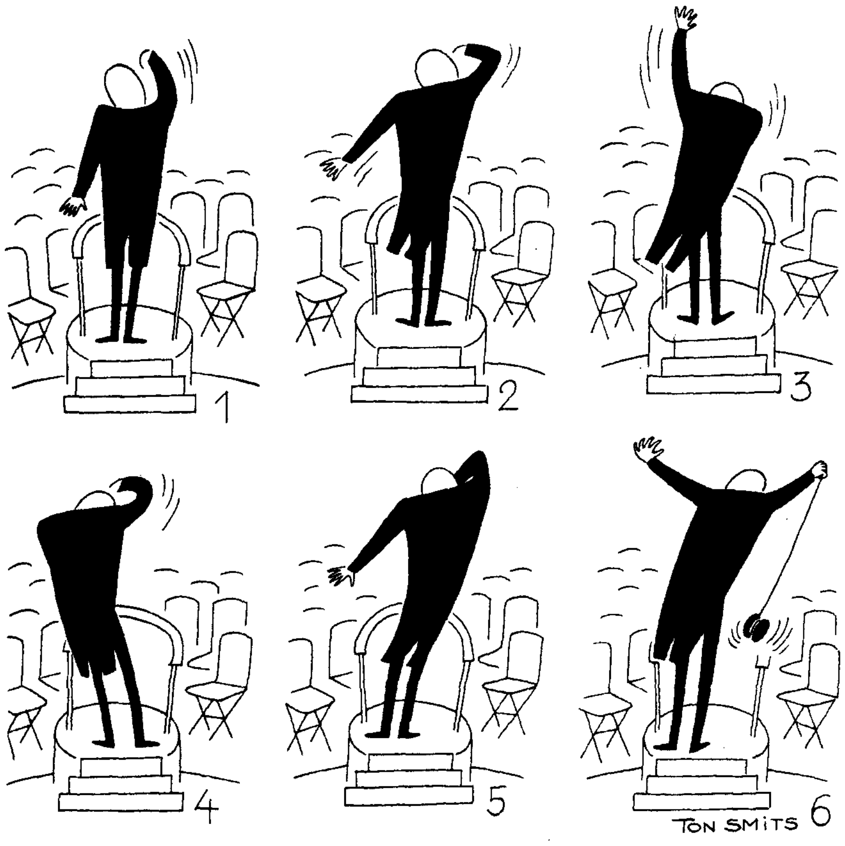


COLLIER'S TON SMITS

Normally, most of them can no more afford a long Sing than the rest of us can easily pay for a long stay in the hospital. An elaborate Mountain Top Way—a Sing for troubles caused by contact with bears—may cost as much as $600, counting the Singer's fee, pay for the ceremonial dancers and food for the numerous guests who always attend. Six hundred dollars is more than most Navajos earn all year.

But lately there have been more jobs than usual—jobs at the new uranium mine on the reservation, for instance. That means the Indians can afford more Sings. Yet, ironically, prosperity may well prove to be the muffler that silences the voice of the Singer forever. Almost no young Navajos are learning the mystical remedies of their ancestors, because a man now can earn more in a few weeks of "wage work" than he can in long months of Singing. In a good year, Joe Lee earns no more than $400.

Moreover, to learn even one ceremony is a tremendous chore. A youngster must spend years of arduous apprenticeship to an old medicine man of his own clan, at no pay. Joe Lee began when he was fifteen.

The rewards simply do not seem worth the effort to the new generation. As the old-time Singers die, the Sings seem sure to go with them.

Loss of Navajo Faith Feared

Even some of the whites in Navajo land fear that a Navajo without the faith of his fathers will be almost no Navajo at all, for the Sings are social gatherings, revival meetings and sick visitations all rolled into one. And, of course, their end is foreseen with deep dread by the older tribesmen.

Denet Tsosie, a dignified, scraggly mustached old Singer from Tsailee, told me: "The trees will wither in the sun when our people forget what they believe in, and the grass will die."

None of the reservation medics, of course, can share Denet Tsosie's dire view. In fact, a few of them have nothing but distrust for the medicine men. They point to cases like the one last summer at Many Farms, where lightning ripped into a hogan and badly injured a woman and child. A Singer already was on hand when a doctor arrived. The physician was told to go away, that no *belagonas*—whites—would be allowed in until the tribesman completed his chanting. By the time the Singer finished that night, the woman and child were dead.

But most of the doctors feel that there is more to the "good medicine" of the Singer than singing and herbal potions. The Sing, they say, can brush clean the areas of the mind shadowed by fear and doubt. More and more, the physicians are viewing the Singers as colleagues instead of quacks. It pays off handsomely in good will and, no doubt in some cases, in lives saved.

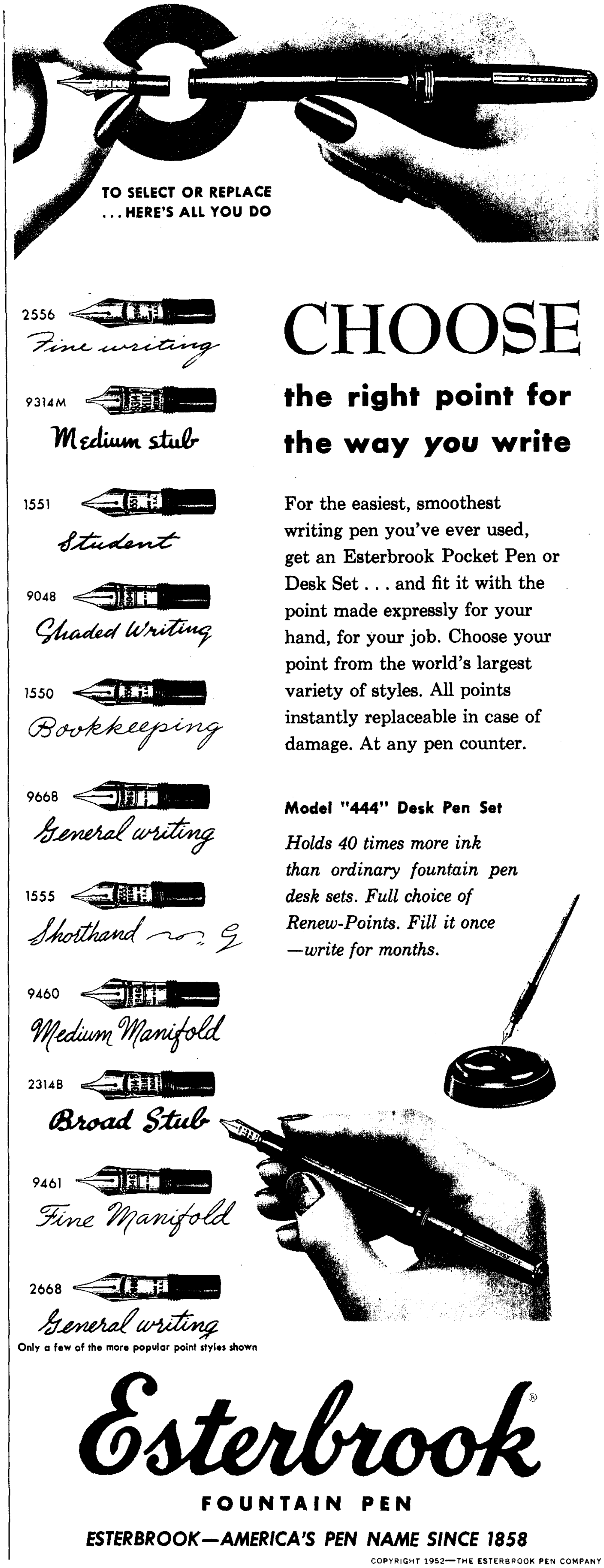
Nurse Respects the Singers

The Lukachukai nurse, Mrs. Curry, says, "I give the Singers respect. If there's a Singer in the hogan when I arrive, I ask his permission to enter. I show him what's inside my kit, just to prove I'm carrying no evil medicine. I say, 'May I take the patient's temperature, my father?' Sometimes I ask his help in giving whatever drugs are necessary."

At the Fort Defiance hospital, Dr. David Mock told me about a young man who was suffering from a festering lung sore. The doctors were ready to operate on him, but the patient begged for enough time to try a Sing. When he returned to the hospital several weeks later, the infection had all but vanished.

"What happened, we don't know," Dr. Mock said, shrugging. "But the fact is, the lesion began to heal up by itself. I'm not running a jail here. If a patient of mine wants to leave the hospital for a Sing, and he's physically able to leave, he goes with my blessing.

"Any kind of faith, when the cards are down, can give a patient the lift he needs. Whether or not these Sings are medically sound, they do a lot of good psychologically." ▲▲▲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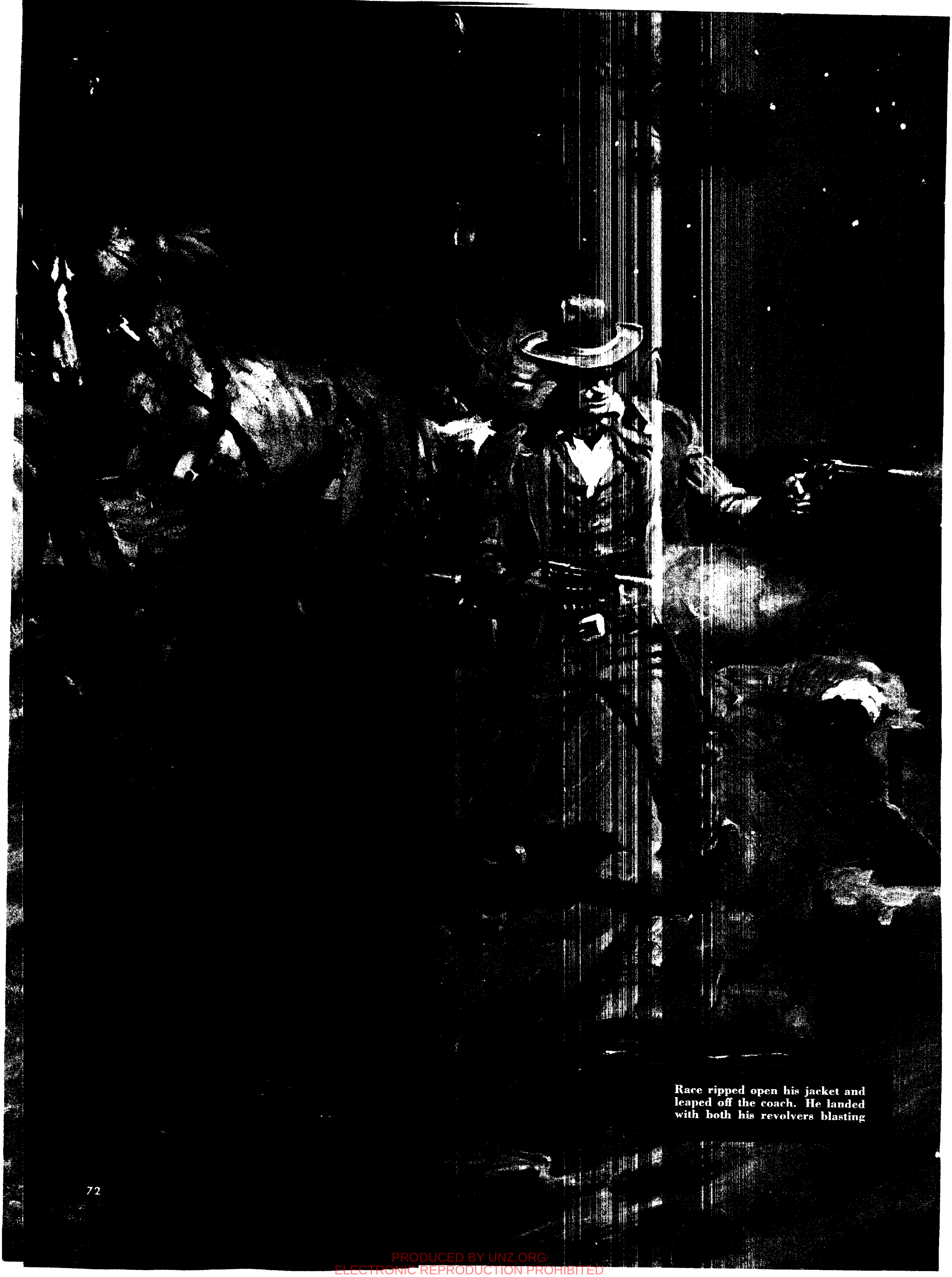


Race ripped open his jacket and leaped off the coach. He landed with both his revolvers blasting

The Silver Whip

I was sick of everyone telling me I was just a kid, sick of driving this lousy, dull run. I'd show them I was a man if they'd give me a chance. And they did. They gave me the most dangerous job they had

"I more than like you, Jess," she said, "but I don't want a hop-skip-and-jump husband . . ."

By JACK SCHAEFER

First of Two Parts

WHEN I brought the stage into Goshen that day I was feeling sorry for myself. It was only a twelve-mile run from the Gap, but even so I had to nurse the horses along. They were like everything else I had to work with—old. The coach was the same: an early Concord shoved away in some storage barn and pulled out again for this makeshift run. You could hear it creaking a mile off. Uncle Ben Nunan was the same, too. He was a joke, riding messenger on the box beside me, so old he could hardly heft the shotgun. The company kept him on because he'd been with them from the days their wheels first rolled. He was along because the government said every mail coach had to carry a guard. That was waste weight on this coach. We didn't average two passengers a week, and our mail pouch was empty most of the time. The company had added this spur over to the Gap to please some official in Washington and to hold its mail contract.

There I was, sitting beside an old coot who'd have fallen off the box if he had to fire his shotgun, and driving a decrepit old coach that could hardly hold together. And me young and full of bounce and knowing I was good. I'd taken care of myself since I was fourteen, and I could handle anything on wheels. I could get as much out of a six-horse pull as any man who ever held reins. When I signed with the company I thought I'd be stepping out. Instead I was plugging along with four old horses so gone they'd have wheezed standing around in pasture. They made it up the last rise because I coaxed the effort out of them. We plodded along the level. "Fine company," I said. "Why in hell don't they give me a good run?"

Uncle Ben flicked a quick glance at me. The rest of him was almighty old, but his eyes weren't. "Maybe they don't think you're ready. Not old enough."

"I'm better'n twenty," I said. "That's grown-up age in this country."

"Wasn't thinking of years," he said.

"What in hell were you thinking of? I've got my growth. I was driving for McCardell before I was nineteen."

"McCardell," he said. "A two-stage outfit. This one's different. Big, solid, got a name to keep up."

"Fine way to keep it up," I said, "putting a driver like me on a poky hitch like this. First thing they know I'll be quitting. I can handle horses, can't I?"

"Yes," he said. "You can handle horses. Can you handle yourself?"

That was the way it was. I couldn't talk to him much. He was too old to see things my way.

We plodded along the level, and Goshen began to take shape ahead. I shook out my whip and snapped the tip by the lead team's ears. They tried a trot, and inside of a hundred feet were plodding at a walk again. I was mad then, and I laid the leather to them. They stumbled into a trot and the wheelers caught it and we lurched along at almost a good clip. We hit the main street and swung toward the station, and I leaned my weight on the brake, and we swayed to a stop by the station porch. I called out for the stock tender and jumped down, and I saw Luke Bowen standing in the left-hand doorway, the one to his office. He was division superintendent, the man who'd hired me. He came to the edge of the porch and looked at the horses. He turned to go back into his office and stopped a moment in the doorway. "Knock what's left out of those horses, and you'll look for another job."

I thought of some good answers for that, but I'd have had to follow him in to say them. I went on up the street and into the Hatt House, and right away I began to feel better. Frank Hatt had pushed his bartender aside and was tending bar himself. Maybe a dozen men were strung along it, and in the middle of them, leaning back and holding a glass up to see the whisky clear, was Race Crim.

It's hard to put into words how I felt about Race Crim. He was the kind of man I wanted to be and knew I couldn't be. I didn't have the size and the looks. I didn't have the ready tongue and easy assurance and the hard core of reckless courage underneath. He could forget all the rules, and the company would never fire him, because he was the top messenger along the whole line. No one stopped a stage when he was aboard. He was wicked with a gun. There were tales about him all through the territory. He was older than me, twenty years or more, but he could still see things the way a young one like me did. He'd talk to me like I was an old hand and sometimes, because I worked for the company too, he'd even act like we sort of shared something extra between us.

He saw me coming through the doorway. "Jess, come over and toss one with me. These townfolk are all right, but they don't really know how a stagefaring man feels."

"Glad to, Race," I said, trying to walk like him, rolling my shoulders a bit and coming off my heels with a little spring.

Frank Hatt set drinks around, and Race lifted his. "To my record, boys," he said. "Never had a coach stopped. Never intend to."

I downed my drink and liked the feel of it roughing my throat. "Damn' right," I said. "Only a fool'd try."

He grinned at me and poked me in the ribs. "Appreciate me, eh, Jess? Good boy. Bowen still got you buried on that spur to the Gap?"

"Yes," I said. "I'm about ready to quit."

"Don't blame you," he said. "A boy like you's worth more than that. One of these days I'm going to tell him so."

He took my glass and set it with his on the bar for refills. We were lifting them when a voice from the doorway stopped us. "Easy, Race. Jess likes the stuff enough without you encouraging him." We turned, and Tom Davisson was there watching us.

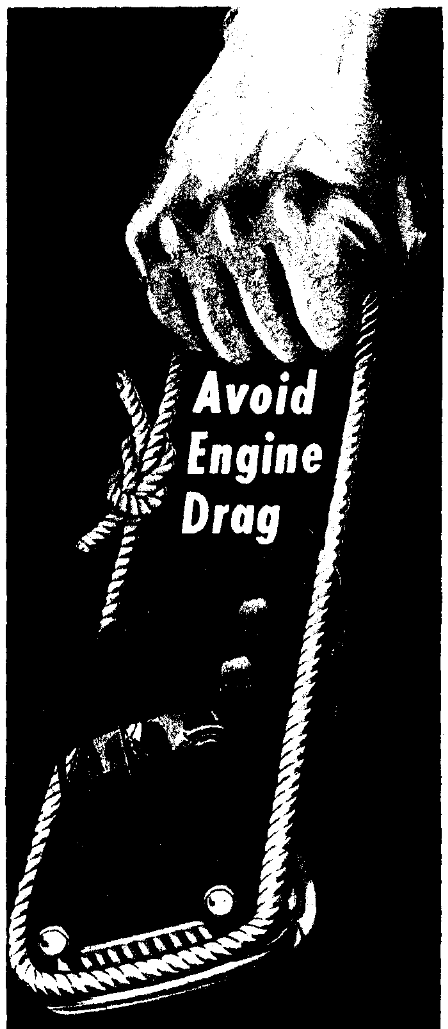
IT'S even harder to tell how I felt about Tom Davisson. That went 'way back to when I was about fifteen and was getting cot and keep as handy man around a livery stable and had my first horse, a one-eyed old cow pony. One day I rode into the open country with a rope and found a steer wandering by his lonesome. I kept throwing till I had a loop over his head and horns. There we were, me and the horse, with the steer stiff-legged and mad at one end of the rope and us at the other, and I realized I'd got us in a fix. I couldn't get the rope off without dismounting and pulling it over the horns, and being on the ground with that steer could be mighty dangerous. I was so intent on that problem that I nearly left the saddle when I heard a voice behind me. "What the devil you doing with a rope on another man's cow?" I swung in the saddle and there was this man, medium-sized and stocky, sitting quiet on a big horse. His face was hard under the brim of his hat. "Speak up. I'm Tom Davisson."

I knew the name. He was a range detective and said to be as tough as weathered hickory on anyone who stepped outside the law. I started talking, and I was getting more worried with every word, till I saw his eyes weren't hard like his face. "Well, son, you got your rope on that critter. How you going to get it off?"

I didn't know and said so. He chuckled and shook out his own rope and rode around behind the steer and pegged it for me by looping the hind legs. I dismounted and freed my rope and hopped back in the saddle. He shook slack in his rope and let the steer step out of it. "Son, maybe you've learned something. Never put your rope on another man's property."

That was the first time. After that, he'd pop up so often wherever I was that it finally got through to me he was sort of keeping an eye on me. Maybe that was because he knew I didn't have any folks. Others knew that too, but they didn't have the same kind of bump of responsibility. He had a habit of being around when things happened to me. He was the one who told me, after McCardell went broke, that Bowen might have a place for me. But he had another habit that was getting on my nerves. He had to be giving me advice all the time. He was

ILLUSTRATED BY MATT CLARK



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sheriff of the district now, with headquarters in Goshen, and that was too close for my comfort. He was always around jawing me when I stepped out for a little fun. I guess I knew deep down I'd never get away from the feeling that had run through me when I was stuck with that steer, and saw that no matter how hard his face was, his eyes were different. But I couldn't feel about him like I did about Race Crim. I respected Tom Davisson. But I admired Race Crim.

AND here we were, the three of us, the two of them crossing looks over me in the barroom of the Hatt House. That was bad, because they'd known each other a long time and been in tight spots together. Then Race was grinning. "Forget it, Tom. Let Jess decide for himself. He's full-grown."

"Damn' right," I said. "I can handle myself. I'll do things my way."

Tom looked at us and turned suddenly and faded out of the doorway. Race aimed his grin at me and poked me in the ribs. He started telling a story I'd never heard before, about the time he was on the box with Russ Thorp driving and they had bullion aboard and a bunch of sharpers had dropped a tree across the road. He and Thorp never slowed but swung off through the brush and ran smack into the bunch hunkered down in the bushes. They blasted their way through and back on the road without the wheels stopping once. "That was no time to do any checking," Race said.

That was Race Crim. We were standing there saying what came to mind about that story when someone spoke up different. "What you doing in your company rig today, Race? Your regular run don't start till tomorrow." I looked at the man, and he was a strange duck, a sallow-faced, any-aged one with a drooping mustache, who had been hanging around town several weeks. Race didn't pay any particular attention to him. Race was feeling good and liking to hear his own words. "You all know how it is," he said to the bar in general. "When the company's got anything special moving, they send for me."

"Something special?" said this man, sliding the words out soft and casual.

Race saw him then. "Sure," Race said. "But not too special. A trial run to clip some time off the schedule. They want me aboard to make it look good."

"Who's driving?" I said.

Race looked at me, and suddenly it wasn't such a friendly look. "Thorp," he said, short and dry.

"That's funny," I said. "Thorp's about as steady a driver as there is, but he ain't one for making fast time."

Race looked at me like he wished I'd shut up. "Listen to this kid," he said. "Talks like he could run a stage line better'n Bowen, who was doing it before this pup here was weaned." He'd turned it on me all right. He leaned back, laughing, and the others followed his lead. I could feel the blood burning my face. I couldn't understand why he'd swung around like that, and then I was too mad to want to understand. I went out of that place and on up the street, thinking I was through around there. I'd quit. I'd show Race and Bowen and the whole passel of them around Goshen. But there was one thing I had to have straight before I left town.

By the time I reached Bentley's Harness Shop, I had my words ready. Calvin Bentley was where he usually was, cross-legged on a bench sewing on a saddle, and Mary Ella was where she usually was, perched on a counter reading a book. She read a lot of books, but she came by that natural. Calvin Bentley had been a schoolteacher back East somewhere before he came to our part of the country for his health. And reading books didn't stop Mary Ella from being a neat and spicy package of a girl. "Mister Bentley," I said, "I want to speak to your daughter alone."

"Greetings and salutations, my boy," he said. "Alone? Young men have the most amazing fondness for being alone with young women. Yet it was the same in my own salad days. If you have words not for a father's ears, take her into the back room."

Mary Ella had closed her book and slid off the counter and was watching me. I took her arm and marched her into the room behind the shop and closed the door. I let go of her arm and planked myself about four feet away, so I wouldn't be trying to grab her. "Mary Ella," I said, "you know how I feel about you. You know if I ever get married it's you I want to be married to. Well, I'm fed up with things around this town and the way the company don't appreciate—"

"Doesn't appreciate," she said.

"Doesn't or don't—the meaning's the same," I said. "Well, I'm quitting. I'm leaving for places where people will appreciate me. I've got a little money saved for a stake, and I'm going to get a job on another stage line. I want to know will you marry me and go along with me?"

MARY ELLA never played around with words like her father. "No, I won't," she said.

I didn't have much breath left. All I could get out was: "I thought you liked me."

"I like you, Jess," she said. "Perhaps I more than like you. But I don't want a hop-skip-and-jump husband. How long have you been with the stage company, Jess?"

"A hell of a long time," I said, "all of three months."

"How many jobs did you have before that?" she asked.

"A hell of a lot of them. And I wasn't ever fired."

"See?" she said.

"No, I don't see," I said. "I suppose if I was satisfied to keep on driving half-dead horses over to the Gap one day and back the next, why then you'd think maybe I just might be all right for a husband."

"I don't know," she said. "It's not just jobs and things like that. But a girl like me has to have a feeling of security in her husband. She has to feel she can—"

There she was, lighting into me the way everybody was. I pushed in with my own words: "A planted-vegetable kind of husband, that's what you want. Well, you'll have to find somebody else, then." I yanked the door open and went out through the shop.

Calvin Bentley looked up. "And then the lover, sighing like a furnace—"

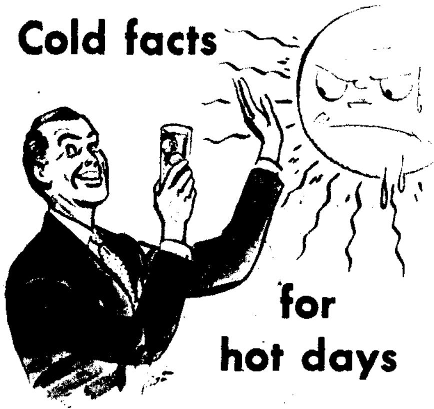
"Shut up," I said and went out into the street. I was through with everybody and everything all around. I pushed along, not caring where, and somebody grabbed my arm.

It was Tom Davisson. "Bowen wants to see you."

"Let go my arm," I said.

He held on, and I chopped down with my other arm to make him let go. He stepped back and pivoted for leverage and smacked me along the head so hard I went off the plank sidewalk and down

Cold facts



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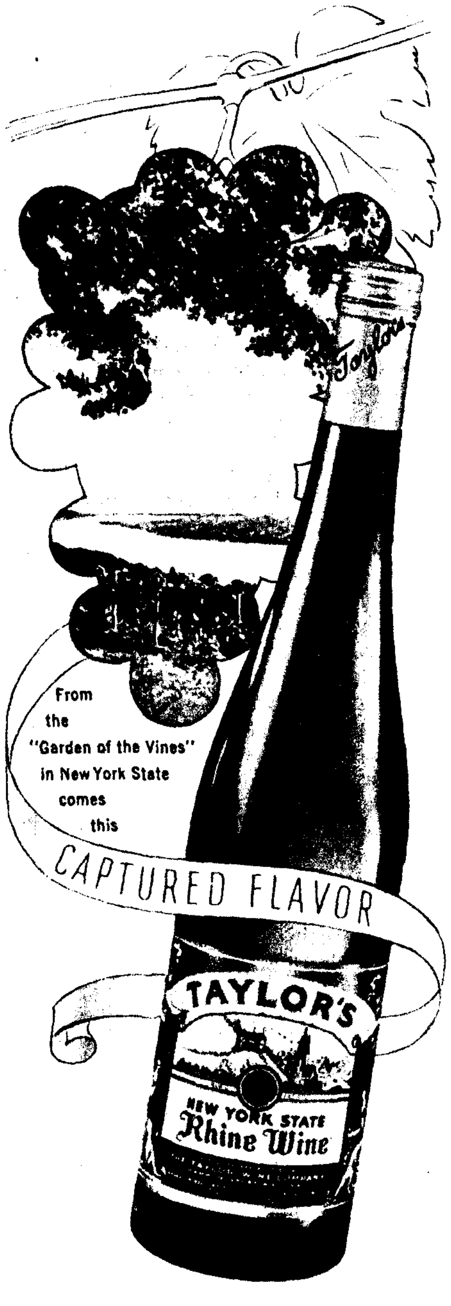


From the famous cellars at Hammondsport, New York

on my rump in the road. If it had been anyone else I'd have piled into him. He looked down at me. "Somebody's got to knock sense into you sometime. Might as well be me. Did you hear me say Bowen wants to see you?"

"Yes," I said. I scrambled up and brushed dust off me. "And the only reason I'll let him see me is because I want to see him. I'm through with his damn' graveyard run." I headed straight for the station and went through the door of Bowen's office with my mouth set to say what was in my mind, but I stopped short and didn't say a thing. Bowen was behind his desk, chewing on a pencil. Race Crim, big and handsome and nodding at me like he had never turned on me at all, was leaning against the left wall. Billy Skinner, another of the messengers, was sitting on the edge of the desk. On a chair in the right rear corner was Uncle Ben Nunan. I could tell something big was going on in there and my peeve might seem something small to them.

"Close the door," Bowen said around the pencil. I did, and he took the pencil out of his mouth and pointed it at me. "Jess, think you could take the main stage the whole first leg down to Stillwater where the next driver'll pick it up?" I couldn't do more than gulp at him. It was that sudden. "Russ Thorp's been took sick," he said. "Can you take his place?"

I had it then. I rocked on my toes and hooked my thumbs in my belt the way I'd seen Race do many a time. "Quit fretting, Luke," I said. "Damn' right I can."

Bowen set the pencil carefully on the desk top. He stretched up out of his chair and kicked at a desk leg. "See what I mean?" he said to the others. "I won't buy it, even if Tom says it might do. The kid's not seasoned. And I don't like his attitude. We'd better wait till another driver can get here."

No one answered until Uncle Ben said, "The boy's all right. Give him his chance."

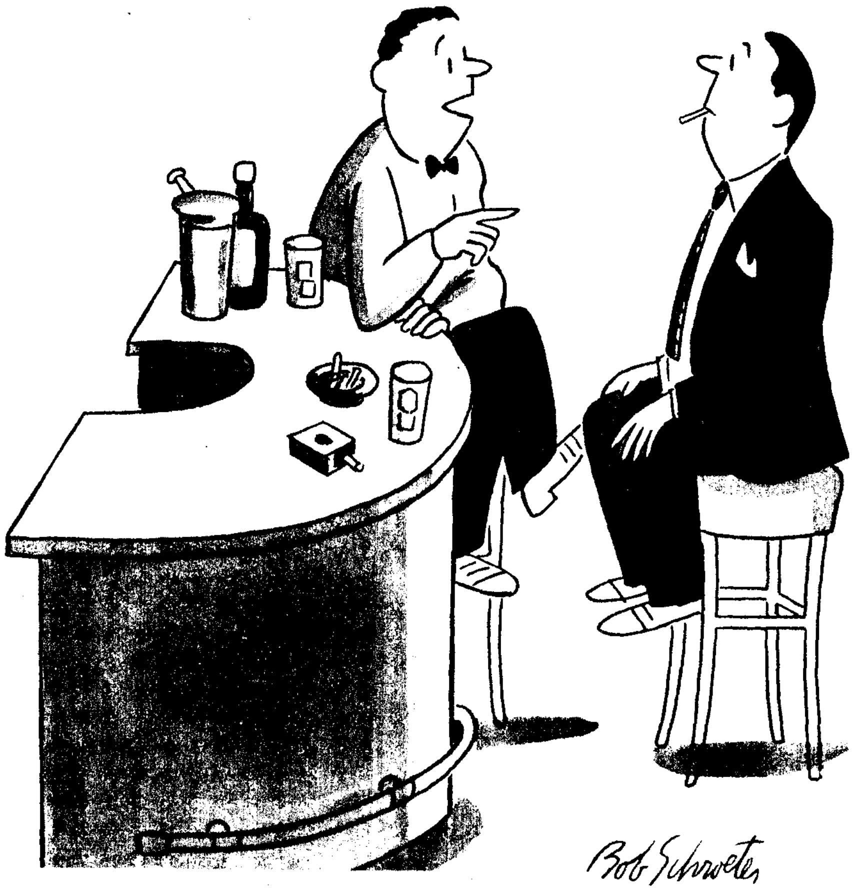
Bowen sat down and picked up the pencil and chewed on it. "Let it ride," he said. "The kid's driving."

I never felt better in my life. "Hear you're wanting to make time this trip. I'm the cooky can do that for you."

Bowen's mouth dropped open, and the pencil fell to his lap. "Make time?" he said. "We'll be satisfied if you come even close to staying on schedule." He leaned forward and spoke low in a voice that had me tingling. "You'll be carrying the biggest batch of bullion we've had on the line in years. Twenty-seven-thousand-dollar worth. They've cleaned a good pocket over at the mines, and this is it. Even Ferguson who's shipping it doesn't know it's moving today. Only us here in this room."

That was when I should have remembered about that strange duck who'd been listening at the Hatt House. That was when I should have understood why Race shut me off there so sour. But I was too full of what was happening to remember much of anything. I was walking high in the clouds somewhere, rolling my shoulders just that bit and coming off my heels with that little spring.

WE HAD sandwiches and coffee in the office. The company liked to dress its men, and Bowen found me a jacket, tough corduroy trimmed with velvet. I already had the boots and one of the broad-brimmed hats, so I was near enough complete. Billy Skinner grunted at me in it and dropped a Colt in the right pocket of his own jacket and filled the left pocket with extra shells for his shotgun. Race buckled a second gun belt around his waist, so he had two Colts riding below his hips under his jacket, and picked a Spencer repeater out of the wall rack. We were ready to go, and I stepped out on the porch and put two fingers in my



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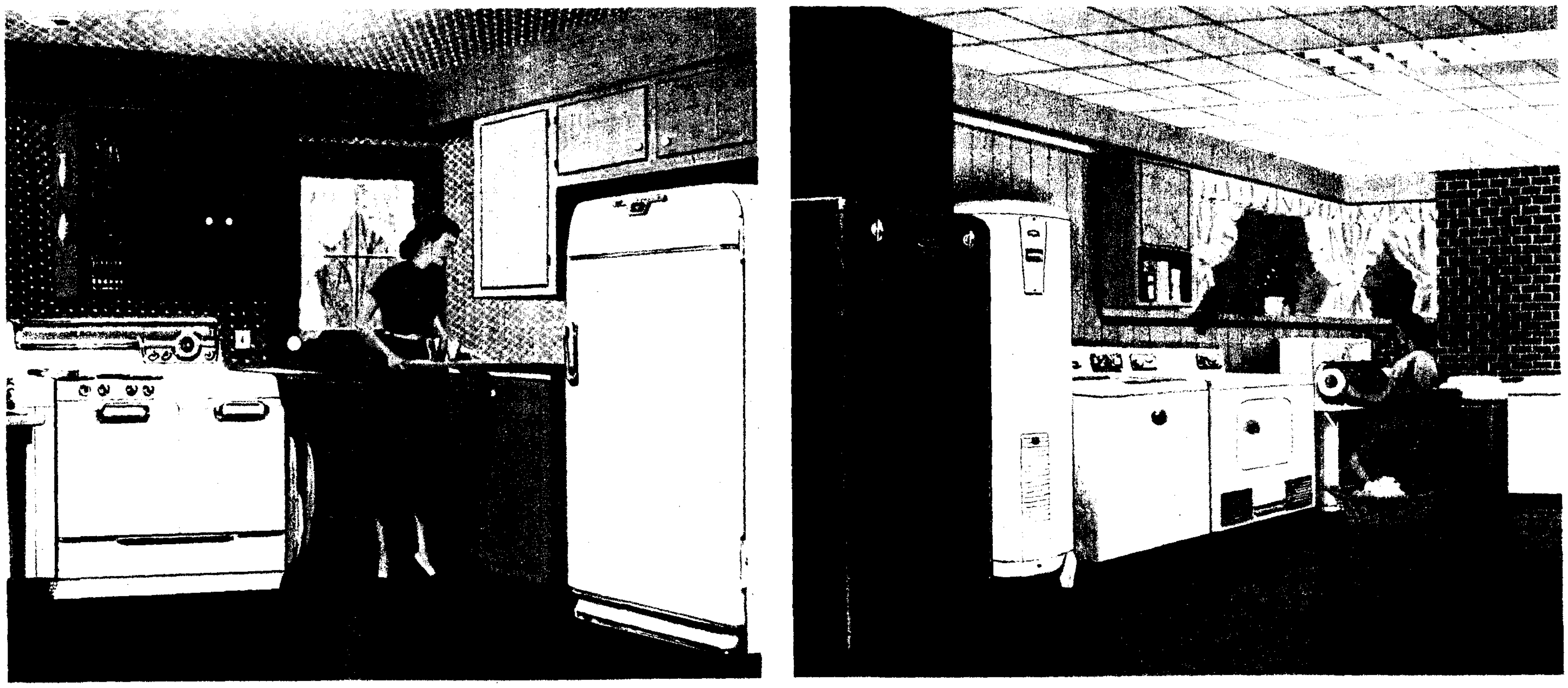

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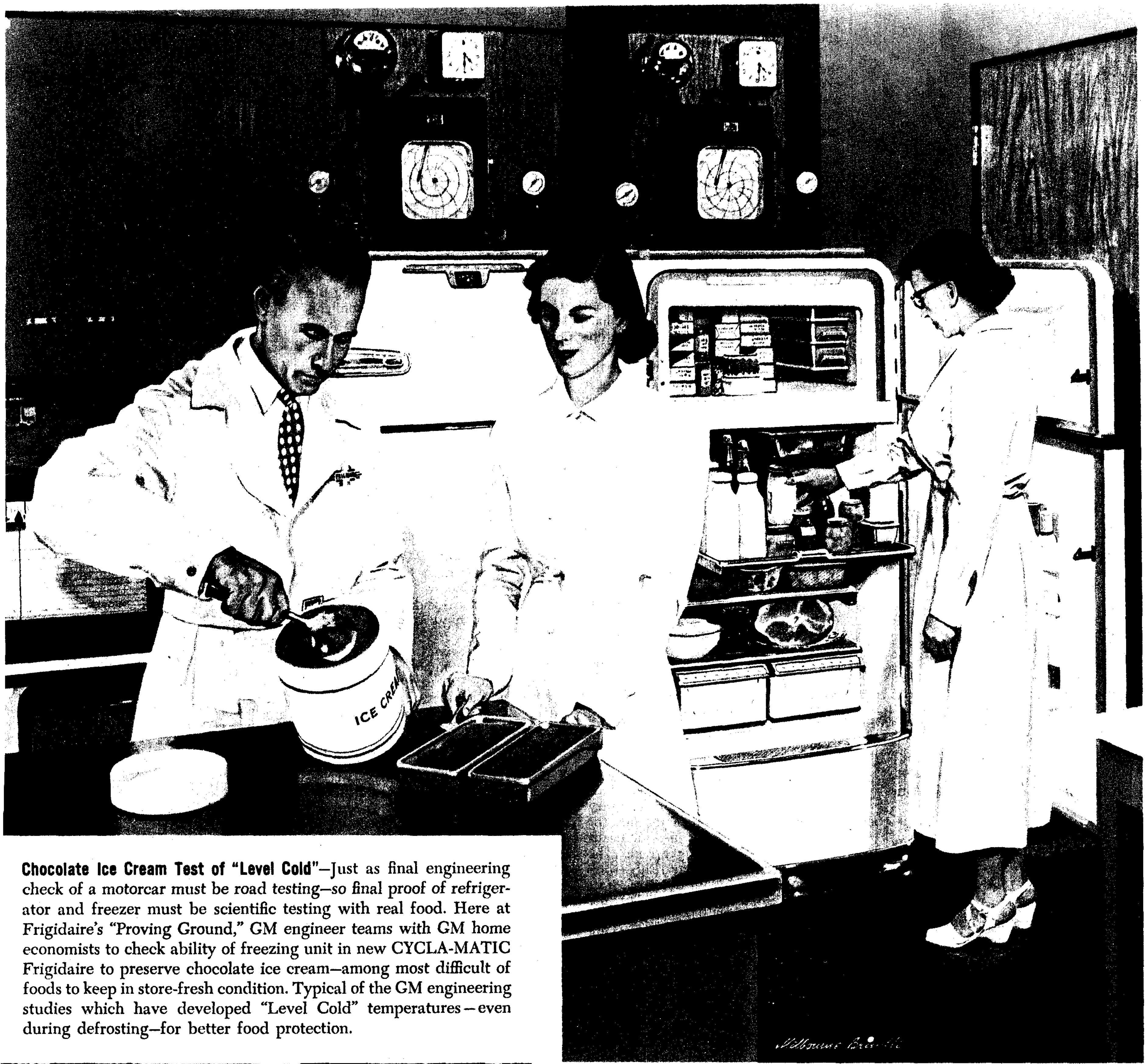
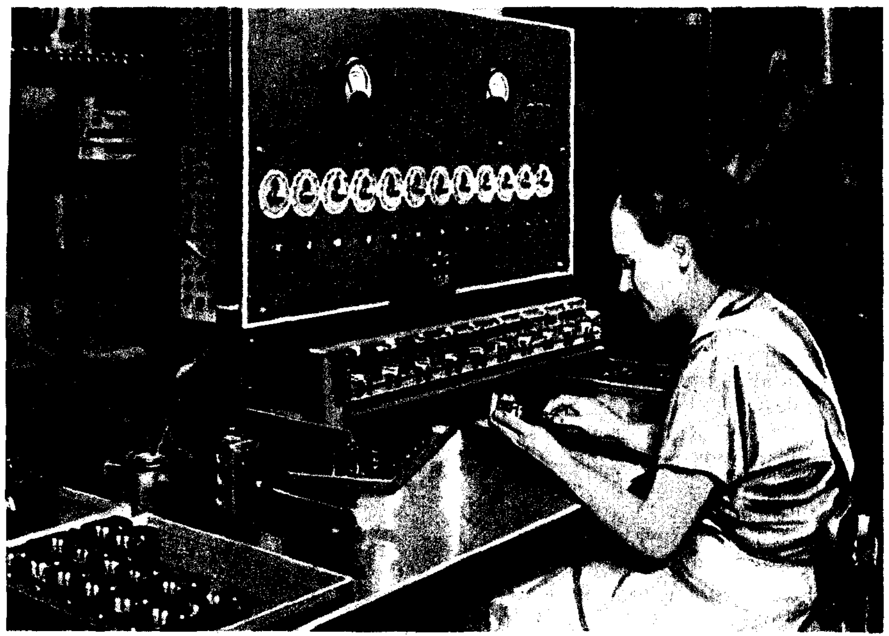


Chocolate Ice Cream Test of "Level Cold"—Just as final engineering check of a motorcar must be road testing—so final proof of refrigerator and freezer must be scientific testing with real food. Here at Frigidaire's "Proving Ground," GM engineer teams with GM home economists to check ability of freezing unit in new CYCLA-MATIC Frigidaire to preserve chocolate ice cream—among most difficult of foods to keep in store-fresh condition. Typical of the GM engineering studies which have developed "Level Cold" temperatures—even during defrosting—for better food protection.



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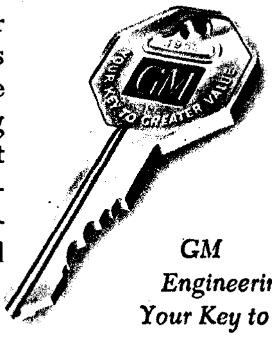
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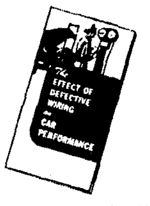

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mouth and let out the high, shrill whistle that meant a coach was ready to start rolling the whole length of the line.

I stayed leaning easy against one of the porch posts as I'd seen other drivers do, while Billy Skinner ambled out, a shotgun in one hand, and climbed into the coach. Race followed and tossed his rifle up on the box and strolled around to put the mail pouch in the boot, then took his place by the coach door. The station agent came out with our two passengers, one a local storekeeper, the other some kind of a drummer with his carpetbag. Race checked their tickets and closed the coach door after them and swung up onto the box.

THEN it was my turn. I stepped down from the porch and walked around by the horses, checking the harness, while the two tenders stood, properly respectful, holding the leaders.

I fussed some with a couple of the bridles, unbuckling one and buckling it again in the same hole to make it look like I was doing something. I had it timed right. I had swung up and gathered the reins in my left hand and was holding the whip in the other when Bowen appeared in his office doorway, holding his watch. "Ready?" I nodded. "Roll 'em!" he said, and the tenders let go the bridles and jumped aside and I cracked the whip like a pistol snapping; and then those six horses settled like one into the traces, and our wheels were rolling free.

I had the whole run pictured plain in my mind, every uphill climb and downgrade slope, and I treated my horses the way they deserved to be treated. They wanted to work. They were still full of fight when we slid to a stop at Ten Mile station, smack exact on schedule. Race picked up the mail, and we shed the storekeeper and took on a cattle buyer and were rolling on, well within the regular four minutes.

Good as they were, those horses were tiring fast when we neared Lone Tree Ranch, our first swing station. But they knew this was the end of the line for them, so they took us in with heads high and hoofs slapping proud. The stock tender had the relay ready—big-shouldered brutes with a lot of draft horse in them. They'd need it for the hilly stretch ahead.

I was plenty busy with my driving now. We climbed constantly, and the road curled to get around the rock formations. This was hard work, uphill slugging, slow and dragging. Then we rolled over the hump and started down the other side. This was hard work too, a different kind. With lighter horses we'd have had to fasten on a drag or chain the wheels.

It was early evening and the air was chill, but the horses were steaming when we stopped at Halfway. While they were being changed we ate, and when I started the wheels rolling again I found the new horses were like the first ones, maybe not quite as gamy but willing to give what they had. A half mile out we met the up coach and stopped just long enough to swap greetings. "Watch the ford when you hit it," the other driver said. "Water's a mite high." The friendly way he said that, like we were brothers in the driving business, was better than any drink I ever had.

It was clear dark when we stopped at Little Creek to drop the cattle buyer. That left us with only the drummer as passenger which, except for the gold and the mail, couldn't be called a paying load. But there wasn't much down traffic at our end of the line, not till you reached Stillwater and went on south toward the bigger settlements and the railroad. Traffic on our section was mostly up, north to Goshen, people heading there and moving on any way they could to the gold creeks. I figured to light the side lamps, but Race took hold of my arm. "No sense advertising," he said, and we started on.

The moon was climbing out of the foothills as we rolled along toward Big Creek, the next swing station, last before the straight run into Stillwater. This was a lonely stretch all right, but there wasn't much need for close watching. The country was open, spreading out clear on the sides, not giving much cover for more than a jack rabbit or two. Then the stand of trees along Big Creek was shaping in the moonlight, and we began to make out the dark bulk of the company buildings—the cabin where the two stock tenders lived and the long reach of stable beside it.

"Easy," Race said, sitting straight. "Bring us in slow. Don't see a light."

He was right. The whole place was dark and quiet. We drifted to a stop in front of the buildings, part way into the dark shadows of the trees. The ground sloped a bit backward, and I had to keep my foot on the brake. I could see chock blocks ready on the ground.

"Billy," Race said, leaning over the side, "what do you make of it?"

Billy Skinner must have poked his head out the window. I could hear his voice float upward and over the top to me. "Smells funny, Race. Too damn' quiet."

"Maybe," Race said. "Could be those damn' tenders found a bottle and are sleeping it off. Had that happen once." He hesitated a moment. "Hop down, Billy. Chock the wheels and look around. Stay in sight, and I'll cover you from here."

I HEARD the door open on Race's side, then a slapping of the blocks against the wheels. I eased my foot off the brake and felt the coach settle against the blocks, and I was pulling the leg under me so I could stand and look around when the first shots came crashing from along the stable wall. I heard a gasp from Billy Skinner and a sickening sound that could only have been him crumbling to the ground, and then the battering volley was a sustained roaring in my ears. The front wall of the stable was a line of flame as the shots poured out and the bullets smashed into the coach. I was frozen in position, half crouched on the box, and above the roar of shots echoing through the stable I heard other sounds: a wrenching scream from inside the coach and the sharp, open-air report of Billy Skinner's revolver from the ground behind and the deeper coughing blast of Race's Spencer, as he knelt beside me and fired as fast as he could pump cartridges into the firing chamber.

Time stopped and all sound with it, and into the moonlit silence came Billy Skinner's voice, faint and sounding as if it was somehow no longer a part of him. "I'm gone," it said. "Take the coach out. Run for it." And while I was still hearing that voice, the shots began again, building their line of flame along the stable wall.

"Like hell I will!" Race Crim said. He towered on the box beside me and tossed the rifle at me. He ripped open his jacket and leaped out from the coach. He hit the ground with both revolvers blasting and ran toward the stable and dropped down behind the watering trough, not more than twenty-

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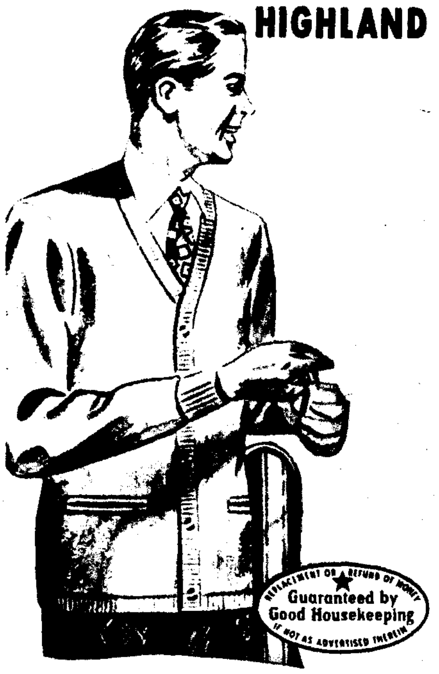

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five feet from the stable. The shots from the stable slowed, narrowing to the trough, and Race was snapping answers over it.

I didn't know what to do. With the coach part way into the tree shadows, I guess those in the stable couldn't make out whether anyone was left on it. The horses were too well trained to take off, but all the firing had got them to rearing and straining. And suddenly I wasn't frozen or scared or wondering about anything. I was mad through every inch of me. I wrapped the reins around the brake and I grabbed the rifle and I started blazing with the shells left in the magazine.

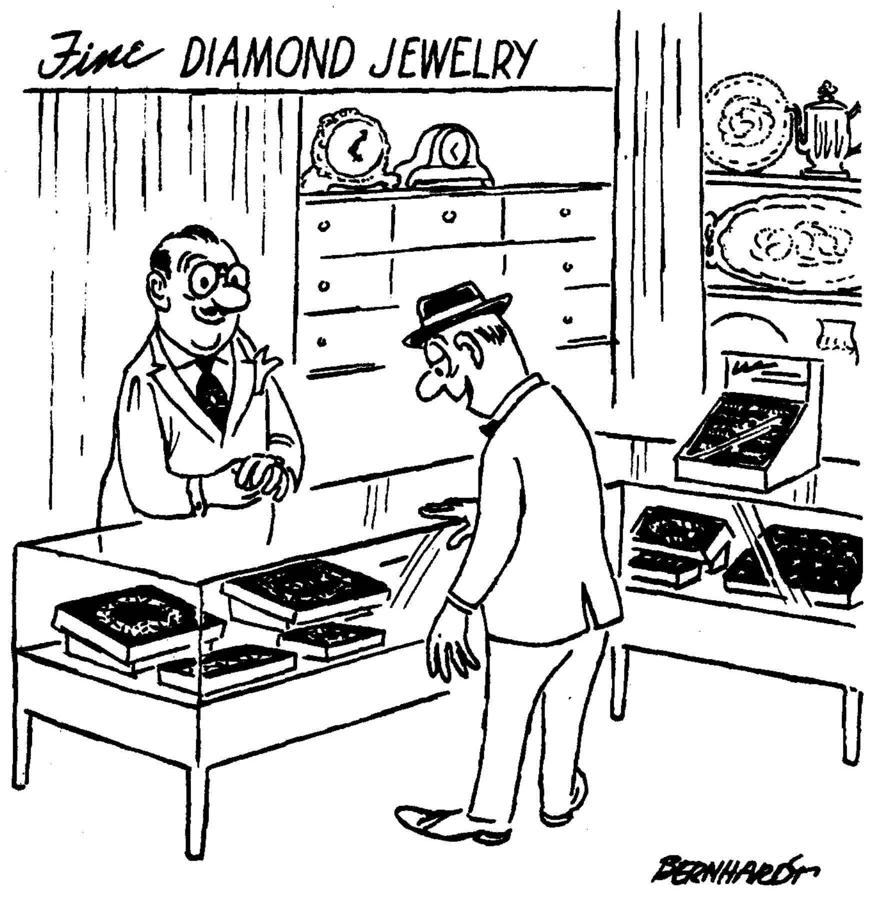
That did it. That started bullets my way. Something like a hot iron slapped me along the right side, and I stumbled backward off the coach and thumped the ground flat on my back so hard that every bit of wind was knocked out of me. I could feel the fire burning my side, and I could hear a voice in the stable shouting, but I couldn't move. And while a renewed burst of shots kept Race behind the trough, two men came around the side of the cabin into the shadows by the coach and yanked the safe out from under the box. I heard it bump on the ground, and through the wheels I saw the darker shadow of one of them lugging it away, and as I began to struggle over on my hands and knees I heard the other man shouting and slapping at the horses. The coach began to move. I was staggering to my feet by the time the rear wheels went past and I swayed toward the coach and managed to grab hold of the boot as the coach went by. I jumped and heaved, and the fire in my side bit deep as I got myself up on the boot.

The horses were running ragged, seesawing in the harness. The coach bumped and swayed, and I had all I could do trying to crawl over the top. We splashed through the ford, and the water was high, and for a few seconds I thought the whole rig was going over. I hung on and kept crawling forward. I tumbled onto the box and clawed for the reins. I braced my left foot on the brake and began fighting for control of my coach. It must have been a third of a mile before the horses were stopped —quivering and jumpy, but stopped. I talked to them and when I thought they would stand I climbed down. There were bullet holes all along the coach. I made myself look inside. On the floor was a shapeless bulk that had been our passenger.

I stood by the door, staring in and not even thinking. Moonlight through the window glinted on metal, and I reached in and found Billy Skinner's shotgun. With that in my hands I felt better. I put it on the box and climbed up. There was blood on my shirt and jacket, but the bleeding had dwindled to just a slow oozing when I moved. I swung the horses and started back slow, and there was not a sound anywhere ahead of me. I stopped near the ford and left the coach, and with the shotgun ready in my hands waded across the creek and moved toward the station.

THE buildings loomed ahead, and I peered out from the trees. The still shape that had been Billy Skinner lay lost and lonely in the road. The space behind the water trough was empty. The stable was dark and silent.

I jumped. I had heard steps inside the stable. A light appeared and moved along the windows. I crept close by the cabin and along its front wall to the stable, intending to sneak a look in the first window. As I neared it, there was a shot inside, a single shot and no more, and I leaped to get behind the rain barrel at the corner of the cabin. I must have made some small noise because the light disappeared and I was aware that the small door beside the big closed barn doors of the stable was open and someone was standing in it. At last I could distinguish the outline. Nowhere in the world



COLLIER'S **"Yep, married five years tomorrow. Never knew that was the diamond anniversary until my wife told me"** GLENN R. BERNHARDT

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could there have been two men like that. "Race?" I whispered. At the first edge of my voice he was moving, and a bullet whipped into the rain barrel. "Race," I said, "don't shoot. It's me, Jess."

"You're lying," he said, and his voice made me cold and shivering. "Jess's dead. Everybody's dead."

"No," I said. "It's me. I was on the coach. I've brought it back."

HE CAME out and peered at me; he seemed strange and terrible in the dim light of the dying moon. I followed him into the stables and he found the lantern and lit it again and hung it on a nail on the wall. I could see now why he looked so strange. His hat was gone and a bullet had plowed across his head, taking the hair and some of the scalp in a jagged furrow. Blood was clotting there and some had dribbled down one cheek and along his jaw. He grinned at me and the grin, cracking the dried blood on his face, was strange and chilling too. "Surprised to see me, eh, Jess? They won't get me. I'll live to get them all. Look around," he said. I did, and the stable had a forlorn and beaten feel. The stalls were empty. The floor by the front wall was littered with cartridge shells. And close in by the wall the bodies of three men lay sprawled in the limp carelessness of death. "The rest got away," he said. "They had horses stashed out back."

"But that shot," I said. "Just a minute ago?"

"One of these wasn't finished," he said. "He is now."

I had to think of something else quick. "The gold?" I said. He pointed, and I saw the safe smashed open and empty. But I'd said the wrong thing. He grabbed me by both shoulders. "How did they get it off the coach? You were there."

"Not then," I said. "Honest to God, Race. Not then. They knocked me off. I snatched ahold again when the horses started running."

He pushed me away hard. He stepped to the wall and swung a fist into it. He stood staring at the blood beginning to show on the knuckles. "Broke my record," he said. "Took it right under my nose. Me. Race Crim."

I had to say something. "Horses," I said, "and the tenders—?"

"Gone," he said. "Or dead."

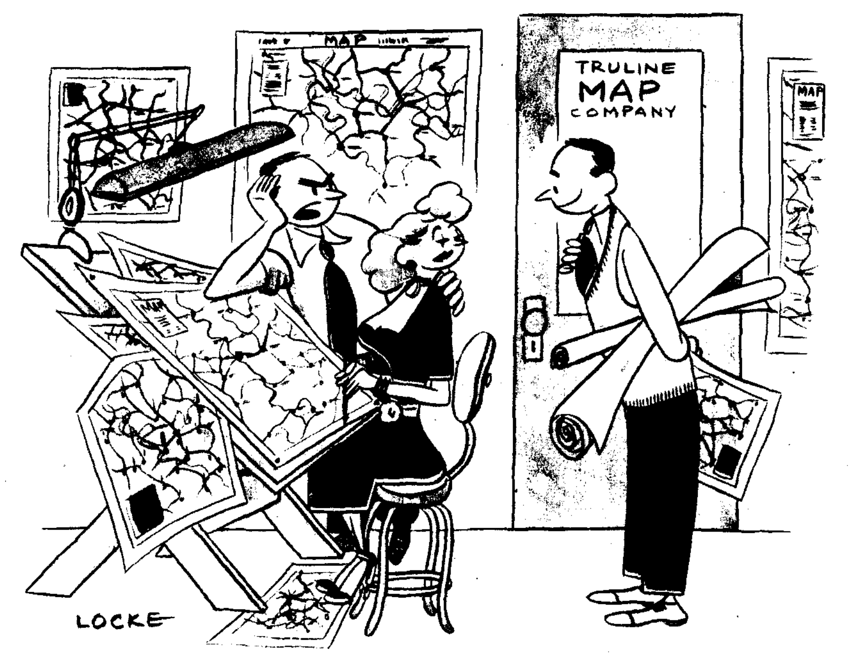
We looked around. We found one of the tenders in a back stall. He was dead. There wasn't much left of his jaw where the bullet had hit. We found the other in the feed room. He wasn't dead. He was hog-tied on the floor, gagged with a piece of feed bag. When we unpeeled him he was stiff and his tongue was swollen, but he could talk enough to tell us what had happened.

His name was Bert Foley. It all began, he told us, a while after the up coach stopped and changed horses. He and the other tender were rubbing down the tired horses when a man they'd never seen before walked in and wondered could he have a drink of water. Bert was dipping some and the other tender was rubbing again when the man pulled a gun. The other tender made a fool play then. He dashed for the door, and someone outside cut him down with a single shot. The whole bunch came in and there were seven of them. Bert could tell they'd just as soon cut him down too. But the man who seemed to be boss didn't want any more shots that might stir anybody in hearing distance. They trussed Bert and chucked him in the feed room. He could hardly wiggle but he could hear them.

THEY led out all the company horses, and several of them hazed the horses some distance into the badlands behind the station. They didn't want fresh horses around for any posses coming after them. They knocked mud out of chinks in the logs along the front of the stable so they could poke their guns through without having to show at the windows. They planned to wait till we stopped the coach and got down to investigate, then blast us all out of action. They'd get the gold afterward and split it and scatter. With luck and nobody near to hear the shooting, there might not be an alarm until people wondered why the coach failed to reach Stillwater. It was Race and that trough that made them change their plan. When they couldn't get to him they did the dash for the gold and busted open the safe right away. When they still couldn't get to him and he was getting to them with that deadly snap-shooting of his, they cut out the back and away.

"Seven," Race said. "Four left." I shivered at the way he said that. I'd had enough killing already to last me a long time. He looked at Bert. "Know any of them?" Bert didn't.

"I know one," I said. Maybe I'd



COLLIER'S "Okay, Melville, get lost!" LAFE LOCKE

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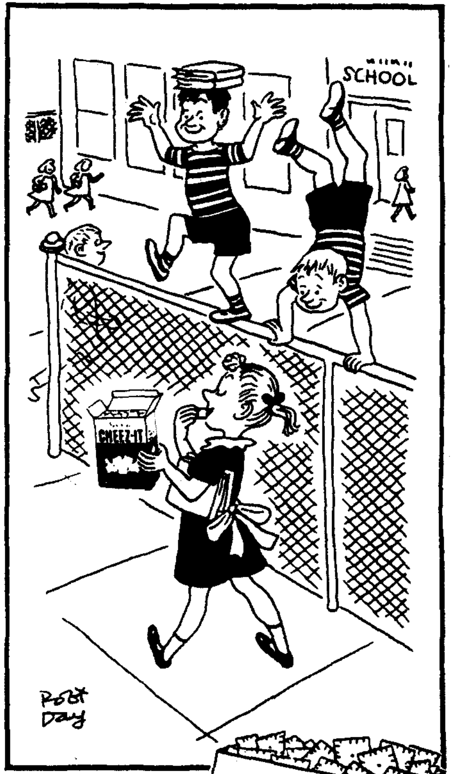

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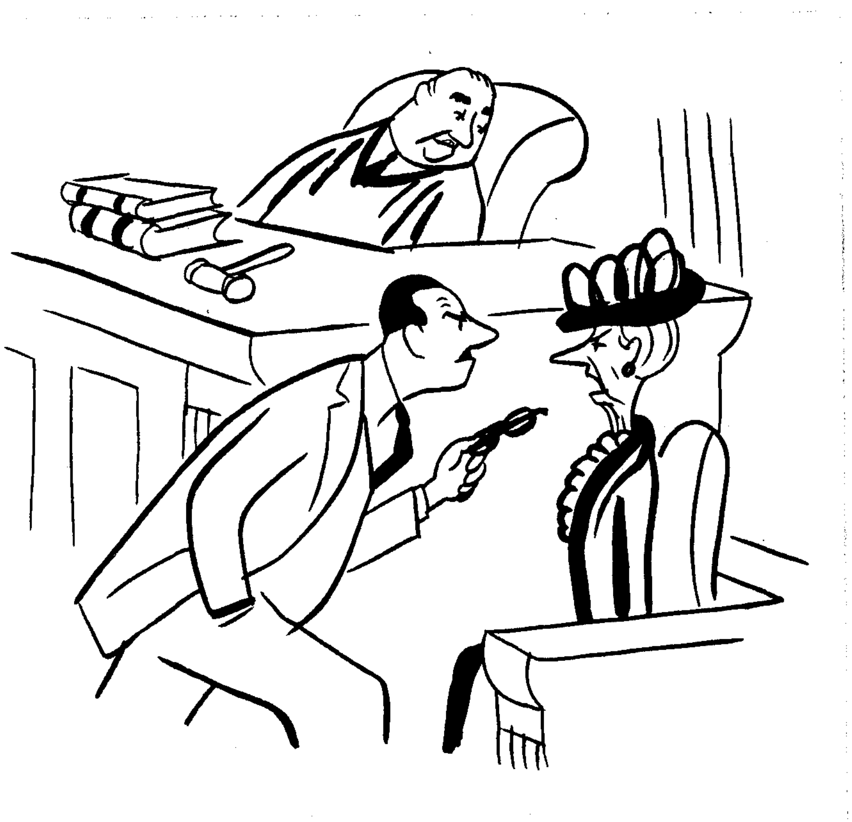

COLLIER'S "Why, of *course* that's the whole truth—and a lot more besides" LEO GAREL

known him when I was flat in the road and heard him shouting in the stable, but the knowing hadn't soaked in till just then. "Bert," I said, "did one of them have a scraggly mustache kind of hiding his mouth?"

"Sure thing," Bert said. "The boss one. They called him Slater."

"That's not the name he was using," I said. Race was staring at me. "That man," I said, "in the Hatt House this morning."

Race stared at me, and his face hardened more and he flushed. He swung to Bert. "Where's the quickest I can wrangle a saddle horse?"

"There's mine in a little corral up the creek a piece," Bert said.

"Find me a saddle," Race said, "and a rope."

"What are we going to do?" I said. "We've got a coach out there."

"I don't give a damn what *you* do," Race said. "There's four still living." He took the things from Bert and swung the saddle over his shoulder and disappeared out the doorway.

I felt plain sick. I went outside and over to the cabin and sat on the doorstep. I tried to think, and my mind simply stood still. After a while my mind stirred and did something it hadn't done for a long time. It wished that Tom Davisson was there to tell me what to do. Then it was hearing Tom Davisson tell me what he'd told me once a whole lifetime ago: *"When something's got to be done and there's no one else to do it, you do it."*

I STRAIGHTENED from the doorstep and went and brought the coach back across the creek and told Bert to bring grain for the horses. I made myself reach inside the coach and lay out the body of the drummer on the floor as best I could. I went to the dark shape of Billy Skinner lying in a grotesque sprawl in the dust. I took the revolver out of his hand and dropped it in my jacket pocket and reached to pick him up. I put him on one of the seats in the coach. Then I climbed up on the box, swung the horses around, and headed across the creek again and along the road to Stillwater.

The horses were tired. They weren't going to waste themselves on anything more than a walk. That was all right with me. I sat hunched on the seat and let them walk.

Far ahead, a horse whinnied. I stopped the coach and listened. Saddle horses, and coming fast. I drove off the road a piece and stopped. They came on. They swerved toward me and became black shapes, three of them, closing in. "Stop!" I shouted. "Keep away or I'll start spraying buckshot!"

I heard one say, "Hey, it's the coach. Is that you, Race?"

"No," I said, "it's me, Jess Harker."

"Been looking for you, boy," one of them said. "I'm Rafferty."

I KNEW him then, John Rafferty, deputy sheriff who handled things down Stillwater way for Tom Davisson. They rode close and I could make out the other two, Clyde Jenkins, station agent at Stillwater, and Gene Gamble, owner of a freighting line there. They threw questions at me and I answered, trying to tell the story straight. As soon as they had the gist of it, Rafferty cut me off. "Take the coach in," he told me. "Hurry ahead and use the wires," he told Jenkins. "Wake the country," he told Gamble. "I'll take charge at Big Creek till Tom can get along." They whirled and were gone.

I was alone on my coach again. I drove back to the road and urged the horses into a trot. I don't know how far it was to Stillwater, but it was the longest distance I ever drove.

When I rolled into the Stillwater station, things happened fast. Another coach was waiting with two men already on the box. Someone hurried to get the mail out of my coach and into the other, and nobody paid much attention to me. I didn't realize how stiff I was till I tried to climb down. I had trouble with the three steps to the station porch because my feet seemed to catch on them. I went in and found a chair. After a while Jenkins came in from outside. "Well, Jess. Was wondering where you were."

I pushed up from the chair and stumbled a step or two and caught my-

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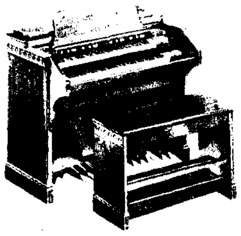

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self. "Damn it," I said. "You and your whole damn' stage line. I've got a bullet hole in me." I saw him starting toward me and the floor rocking and that was all I saw for quite a spell.

When I started seeing things again, I was on a cot in a plain room. I rolled my head on the scrubby pillow and decided this was the rear room of the Stillwater station. I could see sunlight outside, late morning sunlight. I started to sit up and found I was stiff as a plank and naked as a jay bird under the blanket. Not quite. Someone had bandaged my side and taped it tight. I squirmed and managed to sit up. I heard a small cough and swiveled my head to see a plump little gent with a goatee in the doorway. I grabbed at the blanket.

"A waste of energy, Mr. Harker," he said. "I am already intimately acquainted with your person. Doctor Schlegel is the name. You have been honored with one of my best bandaging jobs."

"Doc," I said, "you did it too good. I can't bend."

He chuckled. "An excess of zeal, Mr. Harker." He came over and started peeling strips of tape. "Too good an opportunity to miss. It's not often that a patient is so obliging, out cold and unable to resist. That better?"

I tried and found I could bend some. "Easy," he said. "Now let us clothe the nakedness." He picked up my clothes and held them for me to wiggle into.

I fastened my belt and had to sit down again. "Doc, what's wrong with me?" I asked.

"Mr. Harker," he said, "you have a very nice slice along your fourth rib. You have lost some blood and may have the aftereffects of shock. You also have the constitution of a young he-goat. There is not one single, solitary thing wrong with you that a good meal won't cure."

He was right. I was feeling better by the minute. I stood up, and when the walls stopped waving I got my jacket and started out with him. The station was deserted. "Doc," I said, "where is everybody?"

"Jenkins is around somewhere," he said. "About the only man. The others are riding the hills. Must be the biggest man hunt in these parts." We were out on the porch. "Old as I am," he said, "and office-broke, I might be out too. But I have another patient. A neat hole in the shoulder."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Man named Gene Gamble. Race Crim shot him," he said. "Must have been an accident. Well, duty calls me to his bedside."

I watched the plump figure of this Doc Schlegel go trotting down the street. I wouldn't think about what he had said. I went across the street where a sign said EATS, and the woman there piled a plate with beef stew for me twice and poured coffee and tried questions till she saw I wouldn't talk. When I went back to the station, Jenkins was there at the telegraph desk. He turned to me. "How's your side?"

"Patching good," I said. "But what's happening at Big Creek?"

"How would I know?" he said. "There's no key there. Bowen wants a report from you."

I gave it to him. He took his notes and swung back to the key. He'd pound a while, then let the receiver chatter at him, then pound again. I was fed up with waiting by the time he quit. "Jess," he said, "you able to do some driving?" I told him I was.

"Well," he said, "Bowen has a driver coming for the up coach and—"

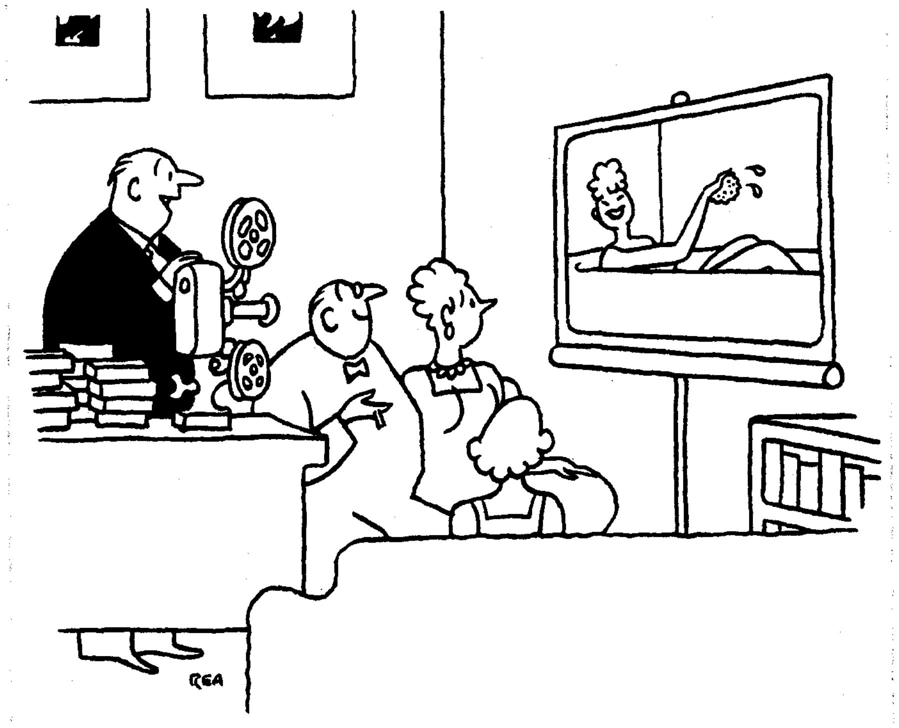
"Like hell he has," I broke in. "I'm driving that coach, Jenkins. This is my run now."

"It's your run," Jenkins said, "when and if Bowen says so. He ain't said so. You're pulling out of here in a few minutes. Those horses you brought in last night belong at Big Creek. You're taking them there. With a wagon."

"A wagon?" I said. "You expect me to drive a wagon?"

"I expect you to do what you're told," he said. "They're needing coffins at Big Creek too. You're to take them."

WHEN I reached Big Creek, a dozen or more saddle horses were tied to the hitching rail at the end of the stable, some of them mighty tired. When I went in, I saw that about half of the company horses were back in their stalls. The bodies that had been by the front wall were gone, and the floor was swept clean. A bunch of men were



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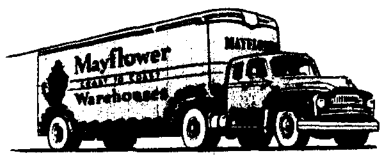

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standing and sitting around by the feed room, and leaning against the water barrel, whittling slow on a stick, was Tom Davisson. He told the others to get busy with the burying, and when they'd gone, he beckoned me to come toward him.

"Jess, what took you so long? Bowen said he'd start you with some boxes first off this morning."

"Damn it, Tom," I said, "I had to be patched."

He straightened up against the barrel. "You hit, son? Nobody told me that," he said.

"Damn' right," I said. "Nobody's paid any attention to me. I'm getting kicked around again. Bringing that lousy wagon when I ought to have the up coach today. I saved that coach. I took it through."

"Ain't that what you were supposed to do?" he said.

"Well, yes," I said. "Yes, I guess so."

"Don't go throwing your chest out about it, then," he said.

He looked at me and his face was hard as always but his eyes were *still* different. "You worry me some, Jess, but there never was a maverick worth his salt didn't, for a time. But don't worry me now. Too many things on my mind. Bert's talked, and we know what you told Rafferty. There's one thing left. You were here—you tell me."

I waited, and when the question came it was what I expected, but it still hit me low in the stomach. "What the hell's wrong with Race?"

"How do I know?" I said. "I haven't seen him since he started after them."

"None of us have," Tom said, "but we know what he's doing. He's combing the hills like a wild man. Taking a horse out of somebody's corral when he wants a fresh one. Shooting crazy at anything that moves. He's scared hell out of a couple ranchers and plugged Gene Gamble. Rode up, saw he'd made a mistake, rode off. That's not like Race."

"Maybe not," I said. "But if anybody gets those thieves, Race'll do it."

"He's got one," Tom said. "Made it four. Some of the boys found the body. There was gold in a pouch sitting on his chest where Race put it to prove he was right. That's Race's way. Shooting wild ain't—nor leaving Gamble lay." Tom started whittling again. "Five's the count now. Boys out of Stillwater got another. He was carrying gold, too. There's a string of men out from Goshen, all the way from the mountains to the river, working down. The bunch from Stillwater are working up. When they meet we'll have the last two." Tom pointed the knife at me. "What's eating Race? Is it because he feels responsible?"

"I don't know what you mean," I said. I knew what he meant, all right.

"Jess," he said, "one of those men found out the gold was moving. Likely Slater. Somebody talked. Race is my bet. His tongue's loose-hinged. You hear him say anything?"

"No," I said. "Not a thing. What's eating him is easy. They busted his record."

Tom looked at me straight, what seemed a long time. "That's it, Tom," I said. "It's got to be that."

Maybe my voice sounded queer. But *his did* too. "Won't push you, Jess. We'll just call it that."

NOT many afternoons stretch out like that one. When the other men finished their burying they just wandered around, waiting. I answered the same damn' questions so many times you'd think I'd wear out the words. Then, to do something, I helped Bert Foley get the relay teams ready. When the up coach came, the driver singled me out. "Jenkins says to pick you up here."

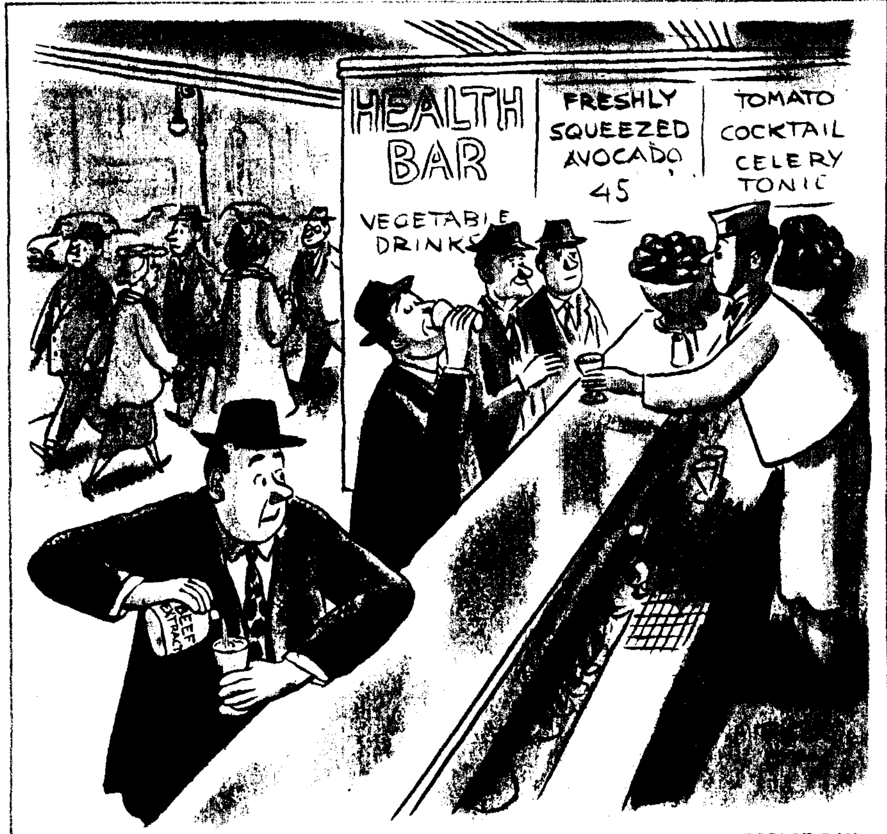
"Jenkins says wrong," I told him.

"Better do as you're told," someone said. It was Tom Davisson. "Bowen'll be wanting to see you."

"To hell with Bowen!" I said. "I'm staying here till it's over."

Tom looked at me and his eyes got as hard as his face. "Do it your own way," he said, and the coach pulled away without me and the waiting began again.

The sun had dropped farther down the sky when we saw the riders coming down the road. There must have been near fifty of them. John Rafferty was in the lead, worn and tired like the rest. They swung down, all but one. This one stayed in the saddle, hatless and



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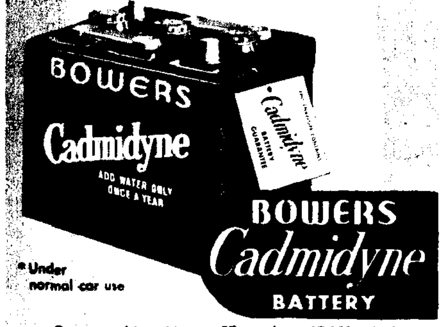

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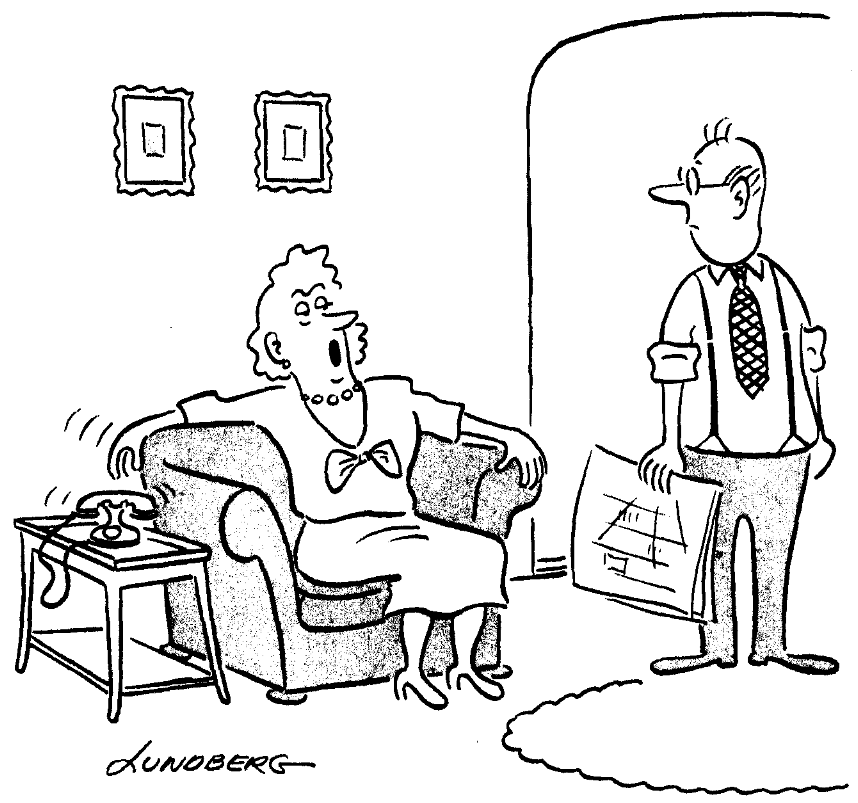

COLLIER'S "Whew! That Emily Snodgrass is *such* a bore. She never stops listening!" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

slumped, and we saw his feet were tied under the horse's belly. I pushed close. It wasn't the sallow-faced one, the one they'd called Slater.

Rafferty untied the man's feet and pulled him off the horse and hustled him into the stable, and we all followed. The man was shoved into a corner by the feed room, and he just slid to the floor and sat with his legs out and his head hanging. Tom Davisson stood in front of him. "Foley," Tom said, "do you recognize him?"

Bert Foley edged close. "That's him. That's the one asked for a drink."

"Found this on him," Rafferty said. He held out a leather pouch that wasn't much in size but you could tell had heft to it. Tom took it and bounced it on his hands. "About eight pounds. Three of these now. All about the same." He kicked the man on a boot sole. "When you scattered, which way did Slater go?" The man didn't even look up. Tom started talking, slow and casual: "A smooth, double-crossing kind of rattlesnake, that Slater. It was a four-way split and there's maybe two thousand in this bag. There was twenty-seven thousand in the safe." The man looked up, and surprise showed in his face. And still in the same soft voice, Tom added the words: "Which way did he go?" The man stared around at all of us. His lips pulled back in a snarl. His face tightened and his head dropped again.

Tom tossed the pouch to Rafferty and took the man by his shirt front, hauling him up like a sack of grain and shoving him upright into the corner. Tom swung his hands, palms flat and stinging, against the man's face, snapping his head from side to side. "Where was he heading?" The man tried to spit at Tom and the saliva dripped on his chin. Tom swung again, steady and stinging, snapping the man's head.

The man pushed out from the corner, striking blind, and Tom slammed him back and swung again. The man doubled over and tried to hide his head with his arms, and Tom struck him on the chin with a knee and drove his head up and swung again. The man stopped struggling and stood still, his head snapping with the blows, and suddenly he began to scream wordless sounds. Tom stepped back and the sounds died and the man's chest heaved. "North," he said. "Slater went north."

"Back toward Goshen?" Tom said.

"Hell," someone said, "he's lying. No one could've got through us."

"Slater was going to hole up," the man said.

"Where?" Half a dozen men asked.

"I don't know," the man said. "Honest to God, I don't."

"Get him, Tom," someone said. "He's still lying."

THE man looked at Tom like a dog that's been beat. "No," Tom said. "It figures. That'd be the only way." The man let his breath out in a sigh and turned into the corner and sobs shook him. "Easy," Tom said. "It's over." He looked around at the rest of us. "Anybody got a bottle?"

"God Almighty!" Race Crim was standing in the doorway. How long he had been there, none of us knew. He was grim and towering in the doorway, with the dried blood furrowing across his head. "What are you waiting for? You've got what you wanted out of him. Now let's swing him."

I could feel it running through the other men, the little tingle of excitement, starting small and growing. Tension had been building up in them for hours, and they wanted to release it in a way that would be big enough. Race could feel that too, and his voice flicked at us. "We've got him dead to rights. Maybe he's the one shot Billy."

Race had them—most of them. "Clear the way, boys," he said. "I'll put a rope on him." We spread to make a lane for him, and he started forward.

"No!" Tom Davisson stepped out to confront him. "This man is in the hands of the law."

"Tom," Race Crim said, and his voice was flat and another man's voice. "You and your law are too damn' soft and slow. Get out of my way."

"No." Tom Davisson's voice was harsh and there was an ache in it that hurt you to hear. "No, Race. This is not your private feud any longer. This

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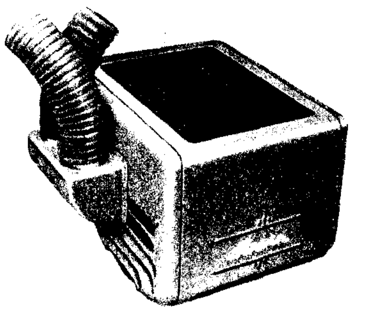

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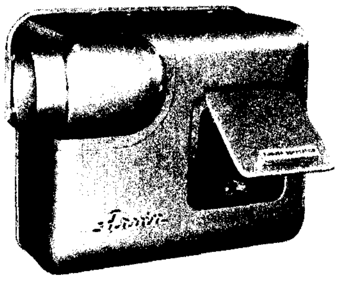

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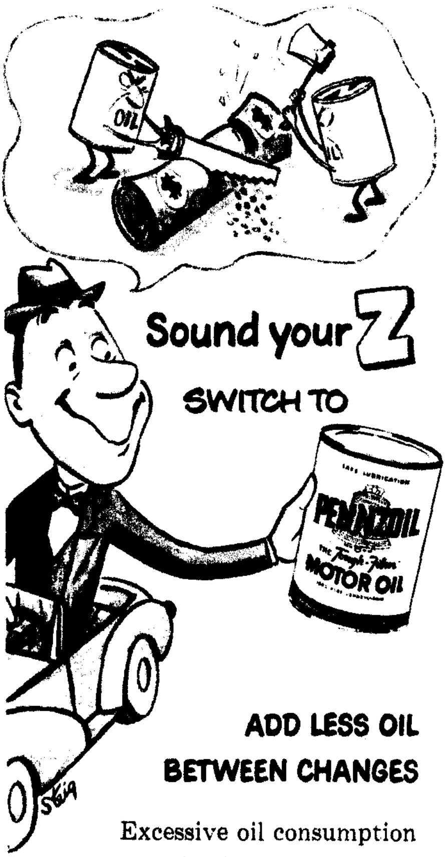

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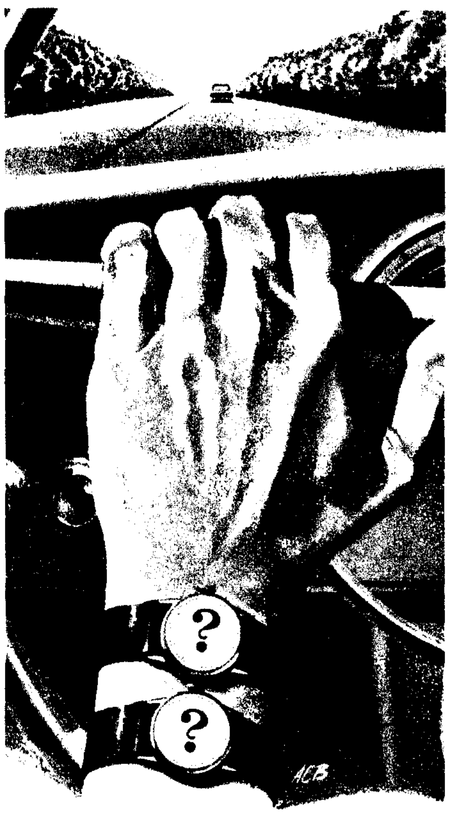

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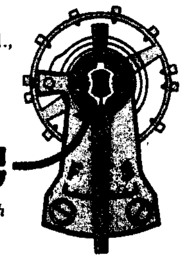

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man is in my hands, Race, and you'll not cross me. There's too many a good trail we've rode together. That's reason enough—but there's a better. Because you know I'm right."

Race rocked slow on his feet. He shook his head, and the shaking went down through him. He put one hand out toward Tom and made a funny, small gesture like he was trying to brush away something in the air between them. He turned and started out the doorway, and we could move again and there were mutterings, angry and disappointed, and he stopped and turned back. "Tom and I could take the whole bunch of you," he said. The mutterings died and he disappeared through the doorway and Tom started talking.

"You boys want to do too much of a good job. All but Slater's accounted for. It'll be up to Rafferty and me now. . . ." He was telling them it was time to think of meals and getting home, but I wasn't interested. I was in the doorway, watching Race Crim ride away. He was swinging into the badlands behind the stable, angling north.

IT WAS near noon next day when we reached Goshen. Tom figured there wasn't much sense scouting blind for Slater. The thing to do was wait till he made a move, then get onto him. So Tom sent Rafferty back to Stillwater to watch from there, and he took his prisoner on to Goshen. I tagged along, and when we got there I went in to Bowen's office. I was thinking I'd hit him before he could me, by asking why he yanked me off Russ Thorp's run and set me to hauling coffins. But when I saw him behind his desk with a pencil clamped in his teeth and the worry lines on his face, I waited for him to speak.

He took the pencil out of his mouth. "So you decided to come in."

"Yes," I said.

He pointed the pencil at me. "You still working for the company?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Neither do I," he said. "Why didn't you come in yesterday?"

"I was in that holdup," I said. "I was staying to see what happened."

"Well, you took the coach all the way. That ought to square holding out yesterday. You can start driving again tomorrow."

"Where?" I said.

"Why, over to the Gap," he said.

There was a time, not more than two days before, when I'd have laid into him with plenty of words on a deal like that. But I sat quiet. "No," I said.

"Too bad," he said. "Uncle Ben'll be sorry to hear that. It's tough on him making that run alone."

"Uncle Ben?" I said. "Is he driving that old coach? He's no driver."

"The hell he ain't," Bowen said. "He was driving stage before you were born. Got an arrow in a shoulder once, and the arm's bothered him ever since. But he can drive when he has to." Bowen looked straight at me. "When there's no one else to do it."

That was news to me. Uncle Ben never talked about himself. I remembered how I'd talked and acted in front of him. I studied on this, and Bowen waited. "Mr. Bowen," I said at last, "tell you what I'll do. Tom says I have to stick around till the judge comes on circuit for the trial. I'll drive that old coach for you till then."

"That's damn' nice of you," he said.

A week can be a damned long time. And when you're leaving at the end of it and you're through with a place and its people, a week can be a damned lonely time. I kept telling myself that if I just went on acting the way I always did, things could seem to be the same and then the time would be passed. I kept telling myself that if I would just pretend I'd never said anything to Mary Ella about getting married, maybe it could at least be the same with us as it had been before. But it wasn't. It wasn't the same at all. I went to see her, and evenings I was in Goshen instead of the Gap, I'd have supper with her and her father the way I always had. But it wasn't the same. Something was gone, a free and easy comradeship we had known, and nothing new had taken its place, and it left an emptiness that was like a loneliness even when I was with her. And her father didn't joke with me any more. Maybe it had shaken him some to realize I wanted to marry Mary Ella. Maybe he was worrying about me, not as a possible son-in-law, but just as me, another human being bumping against the hard facts of living. Quite a few people were worrying about me then, and I didn't even know.

Nothing was the same. Tom Davisson was curt and quick with me. He'd let me hang around his office when I came in from the Gap and wanted to find out was there any news of Slater. But he didn't give me advice every time I turned around any more. It wasn't till now, when he stopped, that I realized how much I'd come to depend on it—not always to take it, just to have it slapping at me pretty regular, a part of the inevitable things of life like the weather and meals and the feel of reins in my hands. And Race was a different person. He had gone in once to see Bowen and hadn't been near the station again. He slipped into town every day or two to ask if anyone had heard anything about Slater and slipped out again, leaner and harder and more deadly dangerous-looking each time. I saw him once and he let me buy him a drink, but only a little of the old familiarity was there. "Do you really think Tom was right out there at the stable?" I said.

"Tom thinks he's right," he said, cutting the words short and bitter, "so likely he is. Damn him, he's always right. You'd think a man'd get tired of being right." He grabbed me by the shirt front and shook me. "Right or wrong," he said, "I started this and I'll finish it." And he was gone.

ON THE day of our third trip back to Goshen, the sixth day after I returned to the Gap run, things started happening again. We checked in, and Bowen called me into his office. He shoved an envelope at me. "That'll clear you and some extra for a fair job. I've got someone else for Uncle Ben."

That was too sudden for me to take without jolting. "Oh, you have, have you?" I said.

"Certainly have," he said. "Frank Hatt's boy, Wes."

"Him?" I said. "He's just a kid. He can't drive."

"He can learn," Bowen said. "Everybody has to sometime."

"Damn it! I could drive better'n he ever will the day I came here, and you stuck me on the same lousy run."

"It was the only open spot," Bowen said. "Think I'd bounce a regular to shove in a cocky youngster? It's been doing you good. Now you're too big for your britches and want to set them on somebody else's box. I'm letting you."

"Damn' right," I said. "You and your whole lousy line couldn't stop me." I started out mad and had to turn back for the envelope, and that made me

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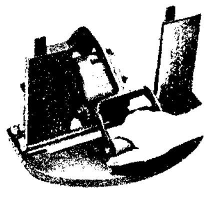

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madder. Sure, I had been intending to leave, but having it pushed at me so sudden and so definite there couldn't be any changing made me mad. I plowed up the street and around the corner to Tom's office. He wasn't there. Dodd Burnett was. He kept the office for Tom and tended the jail and was about right for that kind of work; he was a consumptive and couldn't do much else. "When's that judge due?" I said.

"Tonight," he said.

"How soon's the trial?" I said.

"Tomorrow," he said, "if the judge's willing. Sooner the better. Think I like keeping that murderer in my jail?"

DODD stopped talking. Tom was coming in the door. Tom nodded at me and made the swivel chair by his old desk squeak as he dropped into it.

"Bowen's bounced me," I said. "Well, not exactly. I was quitting—"

Tom shut me off with a hand flat up. Someone else was hurrying in the door, a tall lean gent who was puffing and had his head pushed forward with a long nose thrust out.

"Name's Horner," this gent said. "My place's a piece west of Halfway. Don't get to town much. Had to come. Something you ought to know. Have to be paid."

"Is it about Slater?" Tom asked.

"Could be."

"How in hell can I know your information's worth a damn 'less you tell me?" Tom said. "If you're smelling after a reward, there ain't any. I've stopped the company on that a while so the hills won't be full of fools shooting each other's ears off."

"You hear me mention reward?" this gent said. "No reward for doing my duty. It's my time. Three hours riding in. Three the same home. Figure that's worth six bits."

You'd have thought Tom's jaw would drop off. He fished in a pocket and handed over the money. "About Slater?"

"Didn't say it was him. Just could be. Fellow at my place this morning. Bought a horse and burro. Said he was a prospector heading for the gold country. Said his animals died. Said his pack was a piece away and he'd pick it up and move on. Didn't think it funny till he was gone a while."

"Funny?" Tom said.

"Right. He never argued about prices. Paid cash. I never knew a prospector with cash. Never knew one used a horse. Always walk and lead the burro. His clothes were all right but not dirty enough. What's he doing way off the road? Road's the best way up to the gold country."

"Did he have a mustache?" I said.

"No, not a whisker."

"He could've shaved," Tom said.

"Funnier yet," Horner said.

"Yes?" Tom and I said that together.

"Backtracked him. Found where he'd been. No dead animals. Nice hideaway. Little cave."

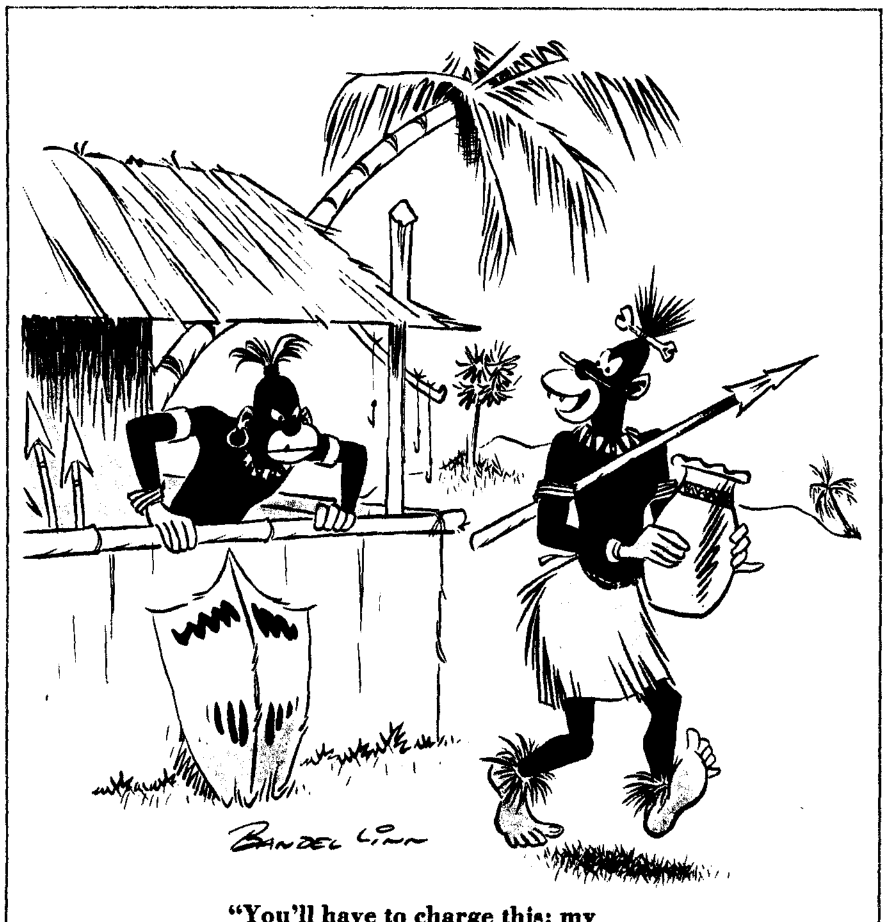
"Mr. Horner," Tom said. "You are a thorough man. Were you thorough enough to check which way he was heading?"

"Not born yesterday," Horner said. "He went west toward Old Mantrap. Hell of a big mountain, that. Probably going to climb the first ridge. Trail behind it, old Indian trail. Corkscrews north somewhere. Another thing. Horse he bought's a bay. Big back feet. Shod it myself. Work-horse shoes; double calks."

TOM went to a map on the wall. "Dodd," he said over his shoulder, "saddle the black." Burnett scuttled to the door. I caught him going out. "Dodd," I said, "saddle another one."

Tom looked at me, and I looked right back at him. "They took that gold from my coach," I said. Tom looked at me and his face was hard as always but there was a hint of something different in his eyes. "Do it right, then," he said. He jumped to his desk and yanked at a drawer and tossed me a deputy's badge. I caught it and was right behind him through the outside door.

(To be concluded next week)



COLLIER'S "You'll have to charge this; my wallet is in my other grass!" BANDEL LINN

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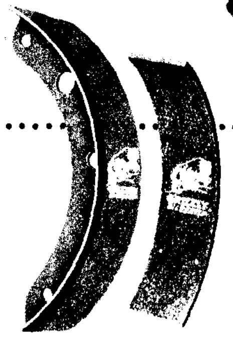

Suit comes out of valise ready to wear when made of pure synthetics like Dacron, or blended with small amounts of wool, cotton or rayon

No tears over spilt milk; a damp cloth removes the stain. Man-made fibers such as Orlon and nylon promise to keep cleaners' bills down

Dressing in Stainless Style

By BERT BACHARACH

It's easy to stay neat-looking in the rugged, new suit fabrics. They almost take care of themselves

One of the stars in a current Broadway musical has been plunging into an on-stage swimming pool, fully clothed, for more than 130 performances. His suit hasn't needed an ironing yet. He wears one of the man-made wonder fibers which defy poor grooming. Such synthetic materials as Dacron, Orlon, nylon and others are exceptionally stain- and crease-resistant when used either in pure form or blended with small amounts of wool or cotton. They shed spots when wiped with a damp cloth, and wrinkles after an overnight hanging. When the new fabrics are in abundant supply, by mid-1953, it should become virtually impossible for a man's suit to look slept-in—even if it is.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PETER DIMITRI

New fabrics can take a drenching, dry out quickly with trouser creases intact. They come in many colors and patterns, will be available soon

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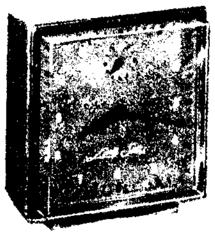

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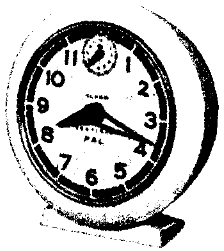

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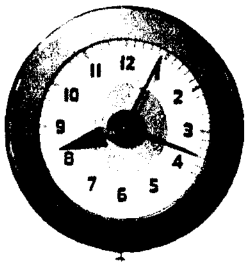

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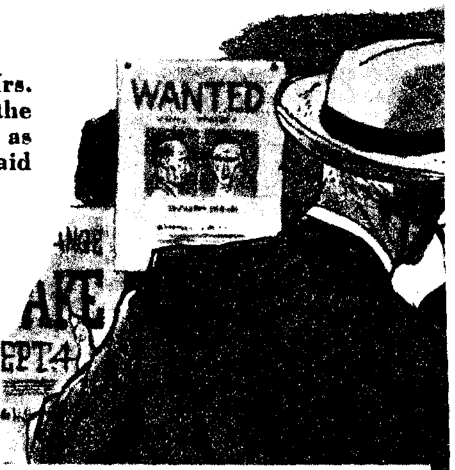


Cady stayed put in front of Mrs. Dickle's cage, oblivious of the tension. "It's not the same as shaving cream at all," he said

Poor Little Rich Town

By KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

They welcomed him until he tried to make over

NEWELL CADY had the polish, the wealth, the influence, and the middle-aged good looks of an idealized Julius Caesar. Most of all, though, Cady had know-how—know-how of a priceless variety that caused large manufacturing concerns to bid for his services like dying sultans offering half their kingdoms for a cure.

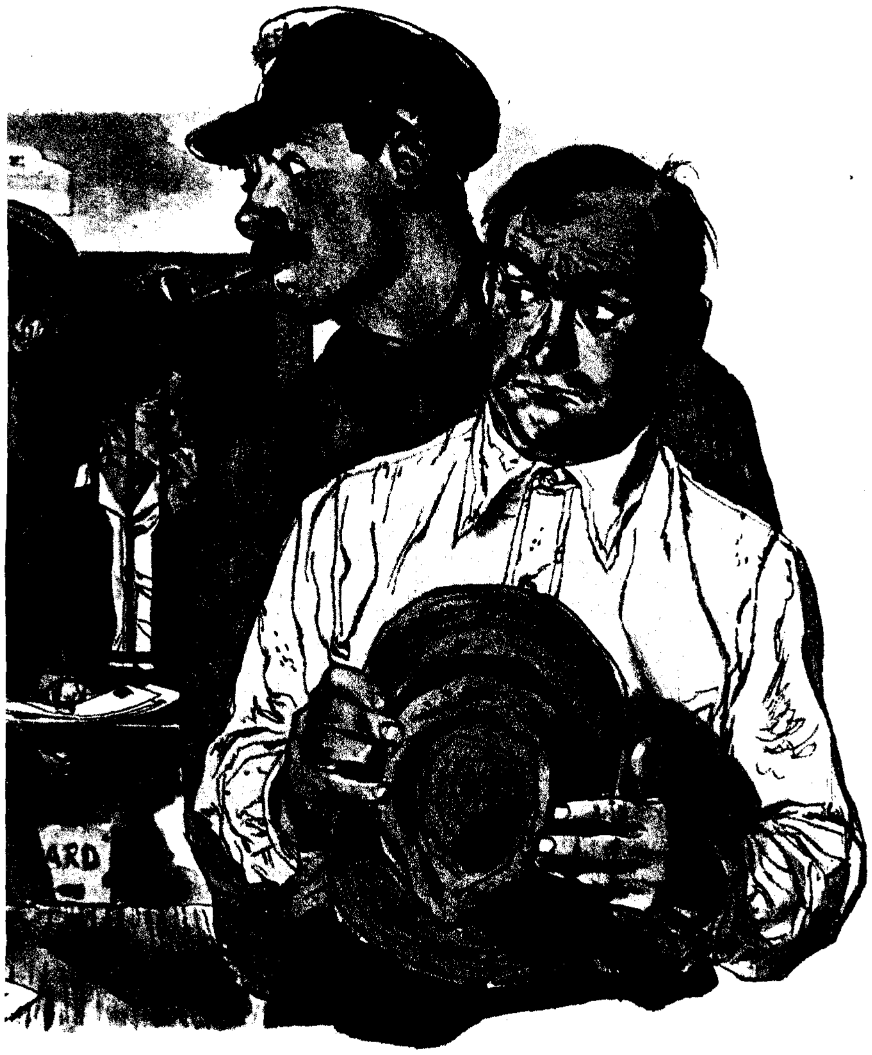
Cady could stroll through a plant that had been losing money for a generation, glance at the books, yawn and tell the manager how he could save half a million a year in materials, reduce his staff by a third, triple his output and sell the stuff he'd been throwing out as waste for more than the cost of installing air conditioning and continuous music throughout the plant. And the air conditioning and music would increase individual productivity by as much as ten per cent and cut union grievances by a fifth.

The latest firm to hire him was the Federal Apparatus Corporation, which had given him the rank of vice-president and sent him to Ilium, New York, where he was to see that the new company headquarters were built properly from the ground up. When the buildings were finished, hundreds of the company's top executives would move their offices from New York City to Ilium, a city that had virtually died when its textile mills moved South after the second World War.

There was jubilation in Ilium when the deep, thick foundations for the new headquarters were poured, but the exultation was possibly highest in the village of Spruce Falls, nine miles from Ilium, for it was there that Newell Cady had rented, with an option to buy, one of the mansions that lined the shaded main street. The mansions had been built at the turn of the century, before the advent of income taxes, and before the discovery that bathing in and drinking from the warm mineral springs of Spruce Falls were not only without therapeutic value, but that they apparently caused an unsightly skin condition which was named by a dermatologist, with no respect for real-estate values, "Spruce Falls Acne."

Since the discovery of income taxes and Spruce Falls Acne, destiny had skirted the village, leaving it to the natives, who got honest livings from one another and the soil, avoided the springs as their forebears had, bought for songs the mansions of the departed rich and had, on an average, one bedroom with fireplace and bath for every man, woman, child and dog in town. But when Newell Cady moved in, with an option to buy, a feeling of destiny filled Spruce Falls.

"If we can make Newell Cady taste the joys of village life," said fire chief Stanley Atkins, speaking before an extraordinary meeting of the volunteer firemen on a Saturday afternoon, "he'll *use* that option to buy, and Spruce Falls will become *the* fashionable place for Federal Apparatus executives to live. Without further ado," said Chief Atkins expansively, "I move that Mr. Newell Cady be elected to full membership in the fire department and be named head judge of the annual Hobby Show."



And then they knew that he had to be stopped

"*Audaces fortuna juvat!*" said Upton Beaton, who was a tall, fierce-seeming sixty-five. He was the last of what had been the first family of Spruce Falls. "Fortune," he translated after a pause, "favors the bold, that's true. But, gentlemen—" and he paused again, portentously, while Chief Atkins looked worried, and the other members of the fire department shifted about uneasily on their folding chairs. Like his forebears, Beaton had an ornamental education from Harvard; and, like them, he lived in Spruce Falls because it was no effort at all for a Beaton to feel brilliant and prosperous there, even though the government had long ago made the Beatons stop bottling and selling the spring water, because of Spruce Falls Acne, and the family wealth was gone.

"But," Beaton said again, as he stood up, "is this the kind of fortune we want? We are being asked to waive the three-year residence requirement for membership in the fire department in Mr. Cady's case, and thereby all our memberships are cheapened. If I may say so, the post of judge of the Hobby Show is of far greater significance than it would seem to an outsider. In our small village, we have only small ways of honoring our great, but we, for generations now, have taken pains to reserve those small honors for those of us who have shown such greatness as it is possible to achieve in the eyes of a village. I hasten to add that those honors that have come to me are marks of respect for my family and my age, not for myself, and are exceptions that should probably be curtailed."

He sighed. "If we waive this proud tradition, then that one, and then another, all for money, we will soon find ourselves with nothing left to wave but the white flag of an abject surrender of all we hold dear!" He sat, folded his arms, and stared at the floor.

Chief Atkins had reddened during the speech, and he avoided looking at Beaton. "The real-estate people," he mumbled, "swear property values in Spruce Falls will quadruple if Cady stays."

"What is a village profited, if it shall gain a real-estate boom and lose its own soul?" Beaton asked quietly.

Chief Atkins cleared his throat. "There's a motion on the floor," he said bleakly. "Is there a second?"

"Second," murmured someone who kept his head down.

"All in favor?" said Atkins.

There was a scuffing of chair legs, and faint voices, like the sounds of a playground a mile away.

"Opposed?"

Beaton was silent. The Beaton dynasty of Spruce Falls had come to an end. Its paternal guidance, unopposed for four generations, had just been voted down.

"Carried," said Atkins. He started to say something, then suddenly motioned for silence. "Shhh!" The post office was next door to the meeting hall, in the same building, and, on the other side of the thin partition, Mr. Newell Cady was asking for his mail.

"That's all, is it, Mrs. Dickle?" Cady was saying to the postmistress.

"That's more'n some people get

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

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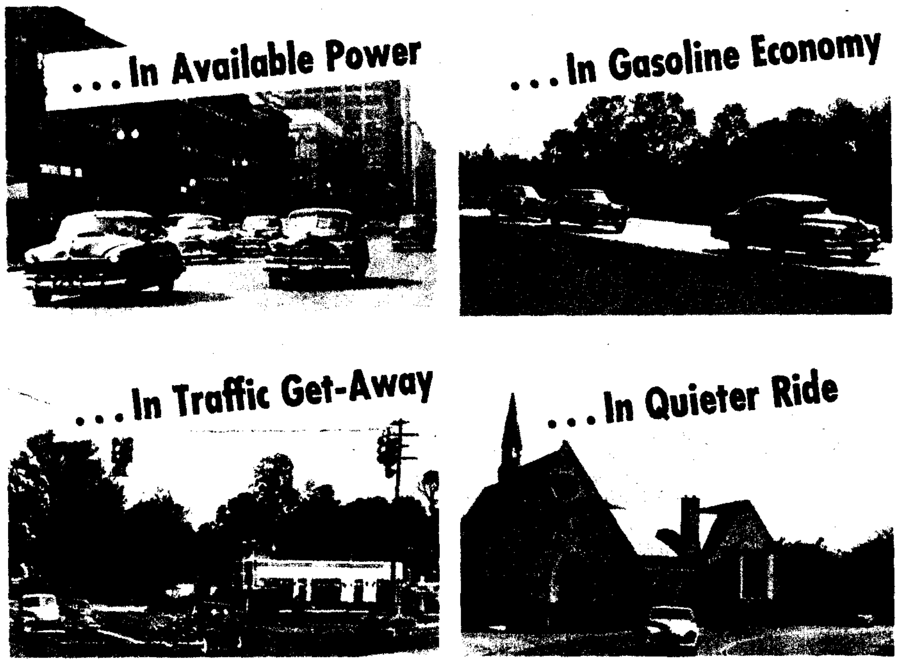

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around here in a year," said Mrs. Dickle. "There's still a little second-class to put around. Maybe some for you."

"Mmm," said Cady. "That the way the government teaches its people to sort?"

"Them teach me?" Mrs. Dickle said proudly. "I'd like to see anybody teach me anything about this business. I been postmistress for twenty-five years now, ever since my husband passed on."

"Um," said Cady. "Here—do you mind if I come back there and take those things for just a minute?"

"Sorry—regulations, you know," said Mrs. Dickle.

BUT the door of Mrs. Dickle's cage creaked open anyway. "Thank you," said Cady. "Now suppose, instead of holding these envelopes the way you were, suppose you took them like this, and, uh—ah—putting that rubber cap on your thumb instead of your index finger—"

"My land!" cried Mrs. Dickle. "Look at you go!"

"It would be even faster," said Cady, "if it weren't for that tier of boxes by the floor. Why not move them over here, at eye level, see? And what on earth is this table doing back here?"

"For my children," Mrs. Dickle said defensively.

"Your children play back here?"

"Not real children," Mrs. Dickle said wistfully. "That's what I call these on the table—the wise little cyclamen, the playful little screw pine, the temperamental little sansevieria, the—"

"Why," interrupted Mr. Cady, "do you realize that you must spend twenty man-minutes and Heaven knows how many foot-pounds a day just detouring around it?"

"Well," said Mrs. Dickle, "I'm sure it's awfully nice of you to take such an interest, but, you know, I'd just feel kind of lost without—"

"I can't help taking an interest," said Cady. "It causes me actual physical pain to see things done the wrong way, when it's so easy to do them the right way. Oops! Moved your thumb right back to where I told you not to put it!"

"Chief Atkins," whispered Upton Beaton in the meeting hall.

"Eh?"

"Don't you scratch your head like that," said Beaton. "Spread your fingers like this, see? *Then* dig in. Cover twice as much scalp in half the time."

"All due respect for you, sir," said Atkins, "this village could do with a little progress and perking up."

"I'd be the last to stand in its way," said Beaton. After a moment he added, " 'Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, where wealth accumulates, and men decay.' "

"Cady's across the street, looking at the fire truck," said Ed Newcomb, who had served twenty years as secretary of the fire department. The Ilium real-estate man, who had put stars in every eye except Beaton's, had assured Newcomb that his twenty-six-room Georgian colonial, with a little paper and paint, would look like a steal to a corporation executive at fifty thousand dollars. "Let's tell him the good news!"

The fire department joined its newest member by the fire truck and congratulated him on his election.

"Thanks," Cady said absently, tinkering with the apparatus strapped to the side of the big red truck. "By George, but there's a lot of chromium on one of these things," he said.

"Wait till you see the new one!" said Ed Newcomb.

"They make the damn' things as ornamental as a merry-go-round," sai Cady. "You'd think they were playthings. Lord! What all this plating an gimcrackery must add to the cost! Ne one, you say?"

"Sure," said Newcomb. "It hasn' been voted on yet, but it's sure to pass." The joy of the prospect showed on every face.

"Fifteen hundred gallons a minute!" said a fireman.

"Two floodlights!" said another.

"Closed cab!"

"Eighteen-foot ladders!"

"Carbon-dioxide tank!"

"And a swivel-mounted nozzle in turret smack spang in the middle!" cried Atkins above them all.

In the silence that followed the passionate hymn to the new truck, Cady spoke. "Preposterous," he said. "This is a perfectly sound, adequate truck here."

"Mr. Cady is absolutely right," said Upton Beaton. "It's a sensible, sturdy truck, with many years of dependable service ahead of it. We were foolish to think of putting the fire district into debt for the next twenty years, just for an expensive plaything for the fire department. Mr. Cady has cut right to the heart of the matter."

"It's the same sort of thing I've been fighting in industry for half my life," Cady said sadly. "Men falling in love with show instead of the job to be done. The sole purpose of a fire department should be to put out fires and to do it as economically as possible."

Beaton clapped Chief Atkins on the arm. "Learn something every day, don't we, Chief?"

Atkins smiled sweetly, as though he'd just been shot in the stomach.

THE Spruce Falls annual Hobby Show took place in the church basement three weeks after Newell Cady's election into the fire department. During the intervening twenty-one days, Hal Brayton, the grocer, had stopped adding bills on paper sacks and bought an adding machine, and had moved his counters around so as to transform his customer space from a jammed box canyon into a race track. Mrs. Dickle, the postmistress, had tearfully moved her leafy children and their table out of her cage and had had the lowest tier of mailboxes raised to eye level. The fire department had voted down scarlet and blue capes for the band as unnecessary for fire fighting. And startling figures had been produced in a school meeting, proving beyond any doubt that it cost seven dollars, twenty-nine cents and six mills more per student per year to maintain the Spruce Falls Grade School than it would cost to ship the children to the big, efficient, centralized school in Ilium.

The whole populace looked as though it had received a powerful stimulant. People walked and drove faster, concluded business more quickly, and every eye seemed wider and brighter—even frenzied. And moving proudly through this brave new world were the two men who were shaping it, constant companions after working hours now, Newell Cady and Upton Beaton. Beaton's function was to provide Cady with the facts and figures behind village activities and then to endorse courageously Cady's realistic suggestions for reforms, which followed facts and figures as the night the day.

The judges of the Hobby Show were Newell Cady, Upton Beaton and fire chief Stanley Atkins, and they now moved slowly along the great horseshoe of tables on which the entries were displayed. Atkins, who seemed to have lost weight and grown listless since informed public opinion had turned against the new fire truck with the swivel-mounted nozzle turret, carried a shoebox in which lay neat stacks of blue prize ribbons.

"Surely we won't need all these ribbons," said Cady.

"Wouldn't do to run out," said Atkins. "We did one year, and there was hell to pay."

"There are a lot of classes of entries," explained Beaton, "with first prizes in each." He held out his hand to Atkins. "One with a pin, please, Chief." He fixed a ribbon to a dirty gray ball four feet in diameter.

"See here," said Cady. "I mean, aren't we going to talk this over? I mean, we shouldn't all merrily go our own ways, should we, sticking ribbons wherever we happen to take a notion to? Heavens, here you're giving first prize to this frightful blob, and I don't even know what it is."

"String," said Atkins. "It's Ted Batsford's string. Can you believe it—the very first bit he ever started saving, right in the center of this ball, he picked up during the second Cleveland administration."

"Um," said Cady. "And he decided to enter it in the show this year."

"Every show since I can remember," said Beaton. "I knew this thing when it was no bigger than a bowling ball."

"So, for brute persistence, I suppose we should at last award him a first prize, eh?" Cady said wearily.

"At last?" said Beaton. "He's always gotten first prize in the string-saving class."

Cady was about to say something caustic about this, when his attention was diverted. "Good Lord in heaven!" he said. "What is that mess of garbage you're giving first prize to now?"

Atkins looked bewildered. "Why, it's Mrs. Dickle's flower arrangement, of course."

"*That* jumble is a flower arrangement?" said Cady. "I could do better with a rusty bucket and a handful of toadstools. And you're giving it first prize! Where's the competition?"

"Nobody enters anybody else's class," Beaton said patiently, laying a ribbon across the poop deck of a half-finished ship model.

CADY suddenly snatched the ribbon away from the model. "Hold on! Everybody gets a prize—am I right?"

"Why, yes, in his or her own class," said Beaton.

"So what's the point of the show?" demanded Cady.

"Point?" said Beaton. "It's a show, is all. Does it have to have a point?"

"Damn it all," said Cady, "I mean it should have some sort of mission—to foster an interest in the arts and crafts, or something like that. Or to increase skills—to get better at something creative." He gestured at the displays. "Junk, every bit of it junk—and for years these misguided people have been getting top honors, as though they didn't have a single thing more to learn, or as though all it takes to gain acclaim in this world is the patience to have saved string since the second Cleveland administration."

Atkins looked shocked and hurt.

"Well," said Beaton, "you're head judge. Let's do it your way."

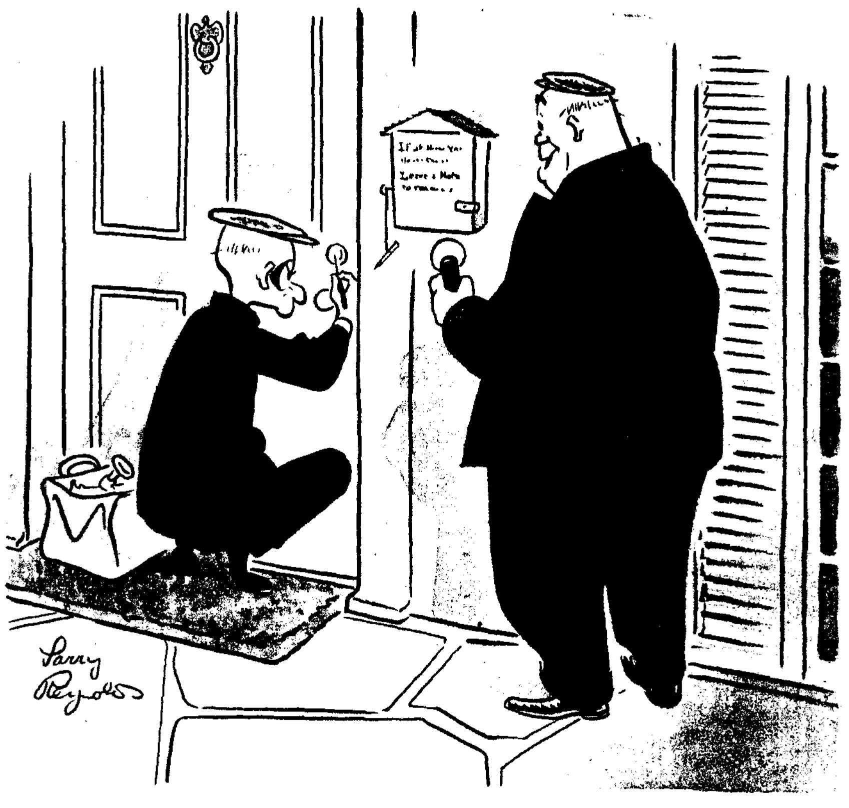
"Listen, Mr. Cady, sir," Atkins said hollowly, "we just can't not give—"

"You're standing in the way of progress," Beaton said sharply.

"Now, then, as I see it," said Cady, "there's only one thing in this whole room that shows the slightest glimmer of real creativity and ambition." . . .

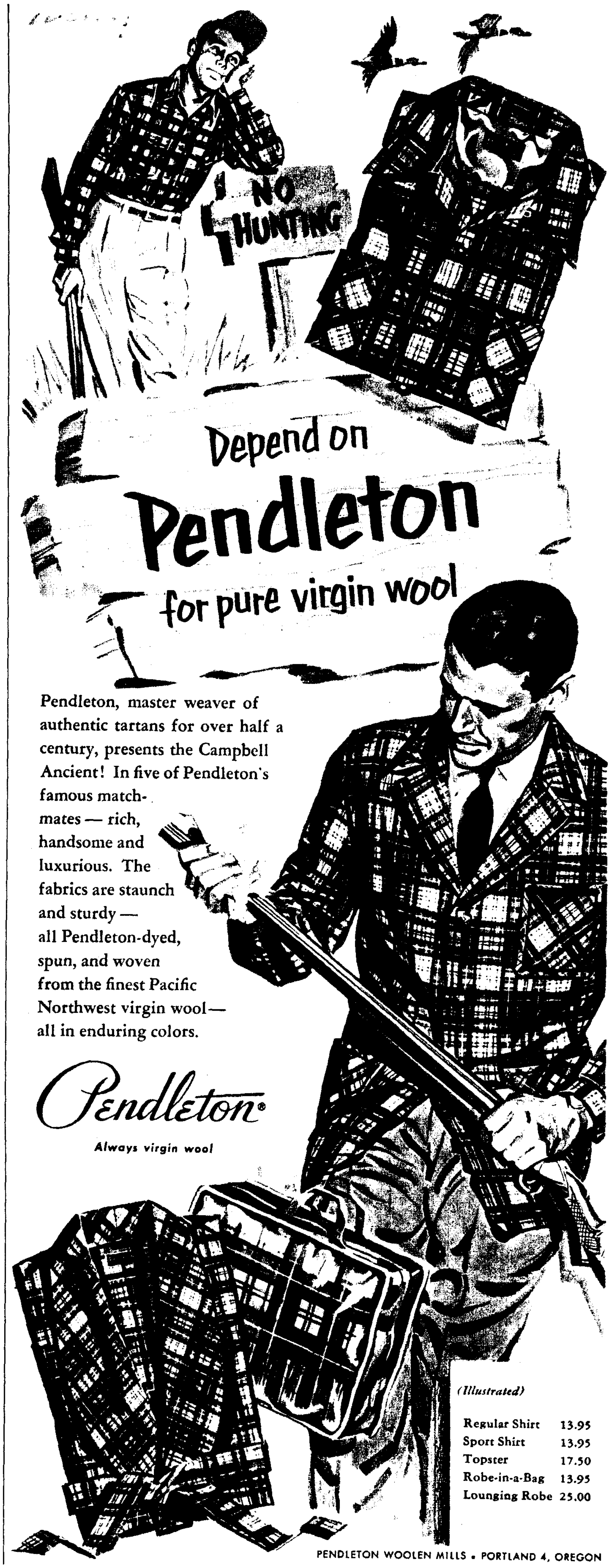
There were few lights in Spruce Falls that went off before midnight on the night of the Hobby Show opening, though the town was usually dark by ten. Those few nonparticipants who dropped in at the church to see the exhibits, and who hadn't heard about the

BUTCH



"'If at home you do not find us, Leave a note to remind us.' Well? Shall we?"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS



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The church bells are ringing and Jimmy and Jane are all dressed up ready to go. And so is Mother.

But not "Pop". He seems to think that "keeping the Lord's Day holy" is all right for the children. For Pop himself, though, it is his day of rest..."it even says so in the Bible." Besides, he will insist, he "is better than some people who go to church regularly."

Not all "Pops" are like this, of course. But empty pews in countless churches bear witness to the numerous fathers ...and mothers also...who are either indifferent concerning their obligation to worship God, or confused as to how they should do so.

There is confusion, in fact, even among those who recognize this obligation. Some Christians insist that the Sabbath (Saturday) is the day to be kept holy, as do Orthodox Jews. In this they are following the literal meaning of the Law of Moses and ignoring the practice of the Christian Church from Apostolic times, as sanctioned by Jesus Christ.

Our Lord Himself substituted the New Covenant for the Old, abrogating the law which made the Sabbath observance obligatory. Sunday became The Lord's Day of the Christians even during the lifetime of the Apostles. After several centuries, it became a worldwide law of the Church, which Christ had authorized to make laws.

There is also confusion as to what constitutes "keeping The Lord's Day holy." Catholics, for instance, must assist at Mass, or The Lord's Supper, under penalty of serious sin. Many other Christians also place great importance on unfailing participation in Sunday worship. But many think going to church, while a "nice thing to do," is not absolutely necessary. Christian opinion also varies concerning what work, and what pleasure, are permissible on The Lord's Day.

Even though you are not a Catholic ...and perhaps never intend to be...it will be inspiring and valuable for you to learn the Catholic teaching and practice concerning The Lord's Day. For these teachings and practice date back to Apostolic times and have their origin in the teaching and example of The Master Himself. They give a clear and understandable guide to those who wish to manifest their love of the Lord on His Day.

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Don't wait for your child to ask: "But, don't you love God, too?" Write today for free pamphlet explaining the Scriptural and historical authority for observing The Lord's Day as Catholics have been doing for nearly 2,000 years...pointing out what we must do—what we cannot do—if we wish rightly to honor God. For free copy, write today. Ask for Pamphlet No. C-36.

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judging, were amazed to find one lonely object, a petit-point copy of the cover of a woman's magazine, on view. Pinned to it was the single blue ribbon awarded that day. The other exhibitors had angrily hauled home their rejected offerings, and the sole prize winner appeared late in the evening, embarrassed and furtive, to take her entry home, leaving the blue ribbon behind.

Only Newell Cady and Upton Beaton slept peacefully that night, with feelings of solid, worth-while work behind them. But when Monday came again, there was a dogged cheerfulness in the town, for, on Sunday, as though to offset the holocaust of the Hobby Show, the real-estate man had been around. He had been writing to Federal Apparatus Corporation executives in New York, telling them of the mansions in Spruce Falls that could virtually be stolen from the simplehearted natives and that were but a stone's throw from the prospective home of their esteemed colleague, Mr. Newell Cady. What the real-estate man had to show on Sunday were some letters from executives who believed him.

By late afternoon on Monday, the last bitter word about the Hobby Show had been spoken, and talk centered now on the computation of capital-gains taxes, the ruthless destruction of profit motives by the state and federal governments, the outrageous cost of building small houses—

"But I tell you," Chief Atkins said vehemently, "under this new law, you don't have to pay *any* tax on the profit you make off of selling your house. All that profit is just a paper profit, just plain, ordinary inflation, and they don't tax you on that, because it wouldn't be fair." He and Upton Beaton and Ed Newcomb were talking in the post office, while Mrs. Dickle sorted the late afternoon mail.

"Sorry," said Beaton, "but you have to buy another house for as much or more than you got for your old one, in order to come under that law."

"What would I want with a fifty-thousand-dollar house?" said Newcomb, awed.

"You can have mine for that, Ed," said Atkins. "That way, you wouldn't have to pay any tax at all."

"And have twice as many termites and four times as much rot as I've got to fight now," said Newcomb.

ATKINS didn't smile. Instead, he kicked shut the post-office door, which was ajar. "You big fool! You can't tell who might of been walking past and heard that, what you said about my house."

Beaton stepped between them. "Calm down! Nobody out there but old Mike Mansfield, and he hasn't heard anything since his boiler blew up. Lord, if the little progress we've had so far is making everybody that jumpy, what's it going to be like when we've got a Cady in every big house?"

"He's a fine gentleman," Atkins said sullenly.

Mrs. Dickle was puffing and swearing quietly in her cage. "I've bobbed up and down for that bottom tier of boxes for twenty-five years, and I can't make myself stop it, now that they're not there any more. Whoops!" The mail in her hands fell to the floor. "See what happens when I put my thumb the way he told me to?"

"Makes no difference," said Beaton. "Put it where he told you to, because here he comes."

Cady's long black car came to a stop before the post office.

"Nice day, Mr. Cady, sir," said Atkins winningly.

"H'mmm? Oh, yes, I suppose it is. I was thinking about something else." He went to Mrs. Dickle's cage for his mail but continued to talk to the group over his shoulder, not looking at Mrs. Dickle at all. "I just figured out that I go eight tenths of a mile out of my way every day to pick up my mail."

"Good excuse to get out and pass the time of day with people," said Newcomb.

"And that's 249.6 miles per year, roughly," Cady went on earnestly, "which at eight cents a mile comes out nineteen dollars and ninety-seven cents a year."

"I'm glad to hear you can still buy something worth while for nineteen dollars and ninety-seven cents," said Beaton, pointedly.

CADY was in a transport of creativeness and was apparently oblivious of the tension mounting in the small room. "And there must be at least a hundred others who drive to get their mail, which means an annual expenditure for the hundred of one thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven dollars, not to mention man-hours. Think of it!"

"Huh," Beaton said coolly, while Atkins and Newcomb shuffled their feet, and seemed eager to leave. "I'd hate to think what we spend on shaving cream." He took Cady's arm. "Come on over to my house a minute, would you? I've something I think you'd—"

Cady stayed put before Mrs. Dickle's cage. "It's not the same thing as shaving cream at all," he said. "Men have to shave, and shaving cream's the best thing there is to take whiskers off. And we have to get our mail, certainly, but I've found out something apparently nobody around here knows."

"Come on over to my house," Beaton said firmly, "and we'll talk about it."

"It's so perfectly simple, there's no need to talk about it," said Cady. "I found out that Spruce Falls can get rural free delivery, just by telling the Ilium post office and sticking out mailboxes in front of our houses the way every other village around here does. And that's been true for years!" He smiled, and glanced absently at Mrs. Dickle's hands. "Ah, ah, ah!" he chided. "Slipping back to your old ways, aren't you, Mrs. Dickle?"

Atkins and Newcomb were holding open the door, like a pair of guards at the entrance to an execution chamber, while Upton Beaton hustled Cady out.

"It's a great advantage, coming into situations from the outside, the way I do," said Cady, oblivious of the fact that he was being propelled out the door. "People inside of situations are so blinded by custom. Here you people were, supporting a post office, when you could get much better service for just a fraction of the cost and trouble." He chuckled modestly, as Atkins shut the post-office door behind him. "One-eyed man in the land of the blind, you might say."

"A one-eyed man might as well be blind," declared Upton Beaton, "if he doesn't watch people's faces and doesn't give the blind credit for the senses they do have."

"What on earth are you talking about?" said Cady.

"If you'd looked at Mrs. Dickle's face instead of how she was doing her work, you would have seen she was crying," said Beaton. "Her husband died in a fire, saving some of these people around the village you call blind. You talk a lot about wasting time, Mr. Cady; for eally big waste of time, walk around village someday and try to find nebody who doesn't know he can ve his mail brought to his door any ne he wants to."

The second extraordinary meeting of volunteer firemen, within a month, ished its business, and the full mem-ship, save for one fireman who had been invited, seemed relaxed and ntented for the first time in weeks. e business of the meeting had gone iftly, with Upton Beaton, the patri-h of Spruce Falls, making motions, d the membership seconding in cho-. Now they waited for the one ab-nt member, Newell Cady, to arrive at post office on the other side of the n wall to pick up his Saturday-after-on mail.

"Here he is," whispered Ed New-mb, who had been standing watch by window.

A moment later, the rich voice came rough the wall. "Good afternoon, rs. Dickle," said Cady. "Good heav-s, you've got all those plants in there th you again!"

"Just got lonesome," said Mrs. ckle.

"But, my dear Mrs. Dickle," said dy, "think of—"

"The motion's been carried, then," id Chief Atkins in a loud voice. "Mr. aton is to be a committee of one to form Mr. Cady that his fire depart-ent membership, unfortunately, is in olation of the by-laws, which call for ree years' residence in the village ior to election."

"I will make it clear to him," said aton, also speaking loudly, "that this in no way a personal affront, that it's nply a matter of conforming to our -laws, which have been in effect for ars."

"Make sure he understands that all like him," said Ed Newcomb, nd tell him we're proud an important man like him would want to live here."

"I will," said Beaton. "He's a brilliant man, and I'm sure he'll see the wisdom in the residence requirement. A village isn't like a factory, where you can walk in and see what's being made at a glance, and then look at the books and see if it's a good or bad operation. We're not manufacturing or selling anything. We're trying to live together. Every man's got to be his own expert at that, and it takes years."

The meeting was adjourned.

THE Ilium real-estate man was upset, because everyone he wanted to see in Spruce Falls was out. He stood in Hal Brayton's grocery store, looking out at the deserted street and fiddling with his fountain pen.

"They're *all* out with the fire-engine salesman?" he said incredulously.

"They're all going to be paying for the truck for the next twenty years," said Upton Beaton, who was tending Brayton's store, while Brayton went out for a ride on the fire engine.

"Red-hot prospects are going to start coming through here in a week, and everybody goes out joy-riding," said the real-estate man bitterly. He opened the soft-drink cooler and let the lid fall shut again. "What's the matter—this thing broken? Everything's warm."

"No, Brayton just hasn't gotten around to plugging it in since he moved things back the way they used to be."

"You said he's the one who doesn't want to sell his place?"

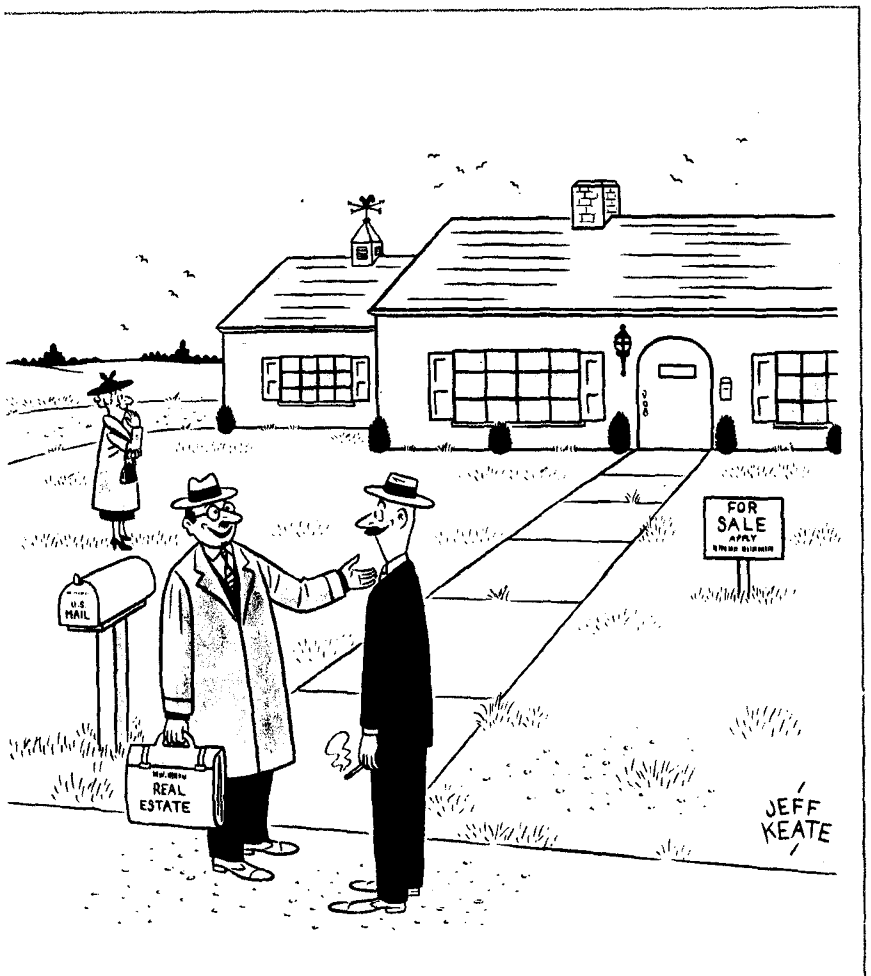
"One of the ones," said Beaton.

"Who else?"

"Everybody else."

"Go on!"

"Really," said Beaton. "We've decided to wait and see how Mr. Cady adapts himself, before we put anything else on the market. He's having a tough time, but he's got a good heart, I think, and we're all rooting for him." ▲▲▲



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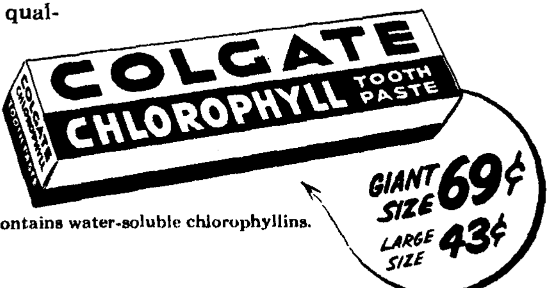

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Lieutenant Richard Williams and his men get ready to steal behind the enemy's lines. The Commies send out patrols, too—and a deadly game of blindman's buff goes on every night

Marine Ed Chin, of Washington, D.C., almos was put in Red Army while at school in Chin

Pfc Albert Tyde (left), once of Poland, plays chess with Latvian-born Cpl. Laimoinis Sprogis

Steve Szkupinski (l.) served in French Foreign Legion. George Homiakoff is Shanghai-born

Michael Averko Olaff von Hilderbrand, now a Marine pfc, once was in Germany's *Luftwaffe*

A Spanish refugee, Miguel Alvarez Sarmiento wears makeshift costume to entertain his buddies

EGION

st Marines' crack Recon Company in Korea

By PETER KALISCHER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Korea

THE company commander was a narrow-eyed, high-cheekboned captain named James O. Webb, who is part Cherokee Indian. The executive officer was Captain James H. A. Flood—lean and long-headed—a qualified paratrooper and submariner. They were running an outfit of 144 United States Marines among whom were men of a dozen nationalities speaking a couple of dozen languages—the 1st Marine Division's Reconnaissance Company, better known as the vest-pocket Foreign Legion.

I first heard of the Foreign Legion in Tokyo, from a Marine sergeant on his way home.

"They're a bunch of European ex-DPs—refugees from hell and gone," the sergeant said. A note of genuine awe, as rare in a Marine as a kind word for the Army, crept into his voice. "They go snooping and pooping way out in enemy territory at night—cloak-and-dagger stuff. Rough? They're fire-eaters."

When I got to Korea, I went to see Major General John T. Selden, then division commander, under whom Recon operated directly.

"They're a great bunch of boys," said Selden, a white-haired professional Marine who wept when he left the division two weeks later for a European assignment. "I'm going to see them this morning. Come along."

We jeeped to the Recon Company area, where Selden introduced me to Webb and Flood, both in their late twenties.

The two captains took the general to a situation map inside their tent, and outlined a plan for a night ambush in which they hoped to snatch a Chinese prisoner. Selden listened briefly, cut Webb short and said: "I'll buy it. Clear it with G-2 (Intelligence) and G-3 (Operations) at division. This correspondent," he added, nodding toward me, "will stay with you fellows a while and see how you operate." Then he gave a completely superfluous order: "Under no circumstances let him go on night patrols." There was no argument.

"You know," Selden told me before leaving, "this sit-down war is ruining the Marine Corps. The boys on the line are losing the old Gung Ho spirit of attack."

I soon found out that the majority in Recon are native-born Americans, but 20 to 40 per cent of the company (depending on the rotation turnover) *are* refugees from political persecution—Nazi, Fascist and Communist. The company roster includes Pfc Albert Tyde, a bridge-blowing former member of the Polish underground; Corporal Edward S. Chin, Jr., an American-born Chinese who almost got drafted into the Chinese Red army while attending school near Canton; Pfc Miguel Alvarez Sarmiento, a refugee from Franco Spain; Pfc Michael Averko Olaff von Hilderbrand, ex-member of German army intelligence; Corporal George Feodorovich Homiakoff, a Shanghai-born White Russian; an Egyptian corporal named "Frenchy" Rofé; and Pfc Steven J. Szkupinski, a former member of the *French* Foreign Legion, and a member of the British armed forces in World War II.

Recon is loaded with ex-DPs because a knowledge of languages is one requirement for intelligence duty—and Recon is battle intelligence. When the line commanders want to know the location of enemy mine fields or outposts, whether a bridge in disputed territory will support tanks, if the enemy has reinforced a sector or shifted a unit, the word goes down for Recon to find out. Aerial photography can only indicate; a Recon patrol can report, "We've been there."

So nearly every night, groups of Recon men walk, crawl and slither into enemy territory. The Chinese also have patrols probing and cruising through the dark. Between these two groups is fought a silent, deadly game of blindman's buff.

The Recon mission is to avoid a fight, if possible, but to find out; to avoid killing, but to capture. A prisoner snatch is the jack pot—and, in a stationary war, a hard one to win.

Too Much Luxury for Recon

Because it takes orders directly from division, Recon is bivouacked farther back than a regimental command post and enjoys comforts denied to front-line troops. It was not always like that. "We used to hold a piece of the front just like a line company," Captain Webb said. "The division's been using us the way we're supposed to be used for only three weeks. Another year of this kind of trench war will ruin the corps."

Webb's tour as company commander was about up and he was looking forward to going home to Cedar Falls, Iowa. Flood, the exec, whose Australian wife lives in Oceanside, California, was handling Recon's training and debriefing the patrols.

I accompanied Webb to the division intelligence tent, where he had to clear the operation with the G-2, Lieutenant Colonel William R. Watson, of Virginia Beach, Virginia, and Captain Edward Walker, of Syracuse, New York, division battle intelligence officer. The three went over to the situation map, and Webb spanned the proposed ambush with two fingers.

"We'd like to find out who's opposite George Company and the extent of the trenches they're digging," he said. "And we want to snatch a prisoner if we can."

Captain Walker laughed good-na-

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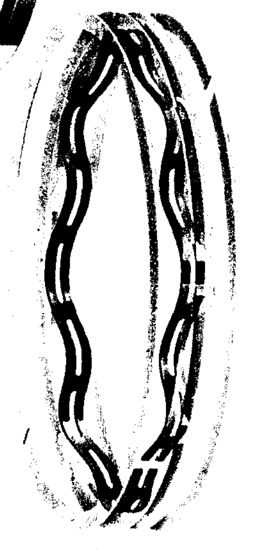

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By night, "Foreign Legion" daredevils crawl into enemy territo

turedly. "I can tell you where you can get a prisoner." He pointed to the right of Webb's forefinger. "Right here. You heard him and you let him get away."

Webb was silent. Recon had not yet bagged a prisoner and he was a little sensitive about it. Walker noticed this and added, "I think you're working against masters of counterambush."

"I know it," Webb said. "The other night Lieutenant Paredes (one of Webb's platoon leaders) tried to get a patrol across the Imjin into Chinese country but his swimmers got all fouled up in the current. He flashed two lights trying to locate 'em and got two flashes back—only they were white flashes and the patrol was using red. Damn' funny."

"Not for Paredes," said Watson. He okayed the George Company operation for the night after the next.

Planning Patrol's Next Raid

There was still plenty of paper work to do; the Recon patrol had to slip out through friendly lines and get back without being shot up by its own side. Regiment, battalion and George Company had to be briefed, a map showing where the patrol was going had to be deposited with the respective commanders, and a plot had to be drawn up for emergency mortar and artillery support. The problem was complicated by the closeness of the patrol area to the Panmunjom neutral zone.

These matters were left to Captain Flood, the exec, and First Lieutenant Richard Williams, of Eureka, California, the twenty-five-year-old commander of Recon Company's second platoon, whose job this was to be.

Williams lived in a sagging tent with three other lieutenants. Twenty-two-year-old First Lieutenant Robert B. Russell, of Glendale, California, commanding the third platoon, is the youngest and only reserve officer in the company. Second Lieutenant Oswald (Gaylord) Paredes, of Chester, Virginia, the man who tried the Imjin crossing, is a fair ringer for Montgomery Clift—and, by virtue of some remarkable pin-ups dedicated personally to him, the undisputed ladies' man of the outfit. The high-jinks ringmaster of the quartet is Second Lieutenant Karl (Moose) Moore, of College Park, Georgia.

In Recon they still tell the story of how, when Moore was new to the company, he made his first night inspection tour of forward outposts (Recon was then on the line), and heard strange, foreign voices coming from a bunker supposedly held by his own platoon. Fearing the Chinese had moved in, but wanting to make sure, Moore hastily hit the deck and called out, *"Who's there?"*

"Corporal Sprogis and Pfc Mangulis, sir," was the reply. "What is?"

The two Marines had been chatting in their native Latvian. Moore soon learned that, depending on the bunker, it could have been any one of two dozen other languages from Arabic to Chinese. (None of these languages is of any intelligence value at the moment—even the Chinese is the wrong dialect. But a Recon platoon once used German on the radio net to confuse the Reds.)

While Williams went over his platoon roster to see who would go on the patrol, Moore engaged Paredes in a long-standing feud over a trio of half-grown kittens who made their headquarters in the tent. Paredes and Russell liked cats; Moore and Williams threatened them with horrible forms of extinction.

In the middle of the argument, Moore called in a Marine passing by the open tent flap. "Sarmiento," he said, "is it true you've got a wonderful recipe for *arroz con gato?" (Arroz con gato* is rice with cat.)

"Yes, sor," said Sarmiento, a short muscular Spaniard. "I remember heem from my student days."

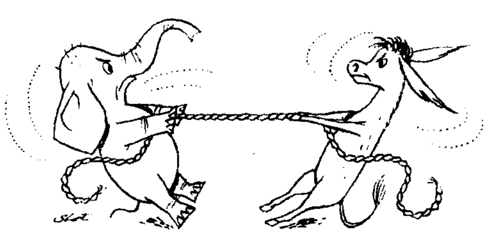
"Well, I can put you in the way of fixing up a batch tomorrow night," Moore said. "It's time the boys got some fresh meat. Take your pick."

"If one of those cats gets missing," said Russell, who was Sarmiento's platoon commander, "it'll be your tail." The cat discussion ended inconclusively when I asked Sarmiento if he'd had any language difficulties since becoming a Marine 12 months before. "Not in Recon Company," he said. "There ees no talking on patrols."

Sarmiento's family was on the losing side of the Spanish civil war. Young Miguel now calls Brooklyn home. He is renowned in Recon for his elaborate bullfights with another Brooklynite, Pfc Patrick Nero. Nero dons a helmet liner with two sticks pushed through for horns, and a barbed-wire tail. Sarmiento dresses in a matador's costume of GI long underwear, a cape of cerise and yellow air-message panels, and a woolen cap stuffed with oranges. "Flower girls" strew his path with toilet paper. "Ha, ha, *torito,"* calls Sarmiento, swinging the air-panel cape at the maddened Nero. The bullfight usually lasts as long as the beer ration holds out.

I noticed that Williams wrote down the name of Pfc Steven J. Szkupinski for his patrol and then crossed it out.

Next Week



Will it be IKE or ADLAI?

To obtain a significant preview of the election, Collier's had the authoritative Crossley Poll make a special survey of three counties which habitually have voted for victorious Presidential candidates. Writer-photographer teams, working independently, supplement the poll. You'll want to see the results

I asked him why. "Ski is a good man," Williams said, "but he's got a tendency to fall asleep if things get dull."

This seemed like boredom on a magnificent scale, and I started to look up Szkupinski. Wandering through the squad tents, I got sidetracked by Pfc Albert Tyde, a soft-spoken Pole who at sixteen had been in the anti-Nazi underground. Tyde's hour of adolescent glory came when he detonated a bridge, snafuing the Germans' east-west rail system for five days. The Gestapo grabbed him in 1943, tortured him and shipped him to a slave-labor coal mine. After the war, some occupation GIs took him to France and gave him the most satisfying job he's ever held—guarding a group of Nazi SS prisoners. Tyde got to Chicago in 1950, but he has not heard from his father and sister for nine years.

Then I met two men who had fought *for* the Germans. One of them was Pfc John Diener, who became a German army tanker at fifteen and saw action against the Russians. He steered me to the other, Michael Averko, the rest of whose full name—Olaff von Hilderbrand—had been dropped for the convenience of Marine sergeants. In a tent full of Marines, I couldn't miss Averko. Blond to his eyelashes, he wore his fatigue cap in the arrogant peak of a *Luftwaffe* noncom, which he had once been. He was born in Lithuania, but moved to East Prussia, where, like every eligible youngster, he joined the Hitler Youth. When war came, he served with the German antiaircraft. (At this point in his story, a dozing Marine on a nearby cot roused himself long enough to grumble, "Mike, you dirty name, you shot down my uncle.")

As Interpreter for Nazi Army

Mike's knowledge of nine languages was appreciated by German intelligence, as it was later by the U.S. Marines. He was attached as interpreter to Lieutenant General Andrei Vlasov, the renegade Soviet commander, who organized an army of anti-Communist Russian and Ukrainian prisoners, and led them for the Germans.

Mike last saw his family in East Prussia in an area now part of Red Poland—in 1944. He is now an American citizen.

I asked Mike a lot of questions about Vlasov, but I learned most about why the general and his followers defected to the Germans from Corporal Laimoinis Sprogis, a Latvian.

Sprogis, now of Minot, North Dakota, watched the Russians absorb independent Latvia in 1940 and the Germans invade it in 1941. When the Russians were about to take it back, Sprogis' father decided to follow the Germans out. "The Russians were harder to resist," said young Sprogis, "because they were—how do you say it?—in the tyranny business longer."

Sprogis found a former DP-camp buddy in Recon—Pfc Visvaldis Mangulis, another Latvian. But generally there are no national cliques in the company. The native Americans prize the *émigrés* for the characters they are, and try to learn foreign anguages from them—usually getting no further than the swear words. Most of the Poles are nicknamed "Ski" and a call for Ski to report to the first sergeant brings out a squad. To the orderly, Prussian mind of Michael Averko Olaff von Hilderbrand, such heterogeneous harmony is amazing. "It iss much better even than the French Foreign Legion," he said.

A Man of Eleven Languages

And that brings us finally to Steven Szkupinski, the former Legionaire, who can ask, "Which way is the border?" in 11 languages. He's twenty-five, short and wiry, with the face of a world-weary elf. His Odyssey began at the age of twelve, when the Nazis smashed into Poland.

The Szkupinski family fled to Romania, but instead of finding asylum, wound up in a concentration camp, the first of three young Steve got into. After a few months he hopped the wire and hiked into Bulgaria. Friendly Poles sent him on to Yugoslavia, and, via Fascist Italy, into France, which had not yet been conquered.

When France fell, the Germans caught Steve and shipped him to Heidelberg. There he worked (unpaid) for a German farmer until he stole a bicycle and pedaled back to France. A "Wanted" poster helped the police to pick him up in Dijon. They assigned a guard to take him, handcuffed, back to Germany. Ten minutes before train time, Steve asked to go to the lavatory. The guard took off the cuffs, and waited outside. Steve squirmed over the partition into the ladies' room ("Was lucky no womans there, maybe she scream"), walked out another door to the street, and ultimately made it into unoccupied France; and there, the Vichy police clapped him into a refugee camp. Steve promptly broke out and headed for Marseilles, where he signed up with the French Foreign Legion—no questions asked. He served six peaceful months in Algeria and went over the hill on his first leave.

While he was passing through Spanish Morocco, he fell afoul of an Arab train inspector and went first to jail, and then to a concentration camp in Spain, where he nearly died of typhoid fever. The consul for the Polish government-in-exile got him out and sent him to neutral Portugal. From there he worked a ship to Gibraltar and, at the ripe age of sixteen, joined the British Army.

When he got to England, he transferred to a Polish-manned corvette. Nothing exciting happened to him, he says—except for being wounded on antisub patrol, convoying supplies to Murmansk, helping land ammunition for the French *maquis* and taking part in D day at Normandy. His arrival in the United States, after a few postwar years in South America, was typically informal: he jumped ship at Brooklyn.

Steve has been on only a few Recon patrols, but after talking to him I understood better why he sometimes has trouble staying awake.

The afternoon following my talk with Steve, Williams briefed the men picked for that night's operation. Two patrols would start after dark from the George Company barbed wire, one advancing straight out and the other at a slight angle to the left. Williams was to lead the right-hand patrol as far as he could toward "Blue" Hill, 700 yards away and freshly scarred with Chinese trenches. Corporal Ernest Boyd, a low-ranker but of proven leadership, would take the other patrol toward a smaller hill to the left of Blue.

In the widening V between the advancing patrols, Williams hoped to bag his Chinese. The two groups would be in phone and radio contact, with each other and with Lieutenant Moore, who would monitor from a forward observation post. (I planned to stay safely—I thought—back with Moore.)

The men grabbed a few hours' sleep and then went to early chow. Now they were dressed in World War II green and brown "jungle suits" (they're the only other unit in Korea to wear them) and tennis shoes. They kept their pants up with rope—a metal belt buckle might scrape noisily—and the cuffs were bound tightly around their ankles to avoid catching in the brush. Each man carried grenades and either a submachine gun or a carbine with a knife strapped to it. Lithuanian-born Pfc Vytautus Juskus slipped a grenade in a GI sock—an excellent prisoner persuader.

In the mess tent, one of the men called out: "Levandowski, be sure and keep your mouth shut. That gold tooth in front lights up the whole lousy area."

After chow, I walked down to the company motor pool, where a tall, long-nosed mechanic was swearing softly in Russian over a partly dismantled jeep. "You one of the Foreign Legion boys?" I asked.

"Forn Legion, hell," he said. "I'm citizen, born Gary, Indiana."

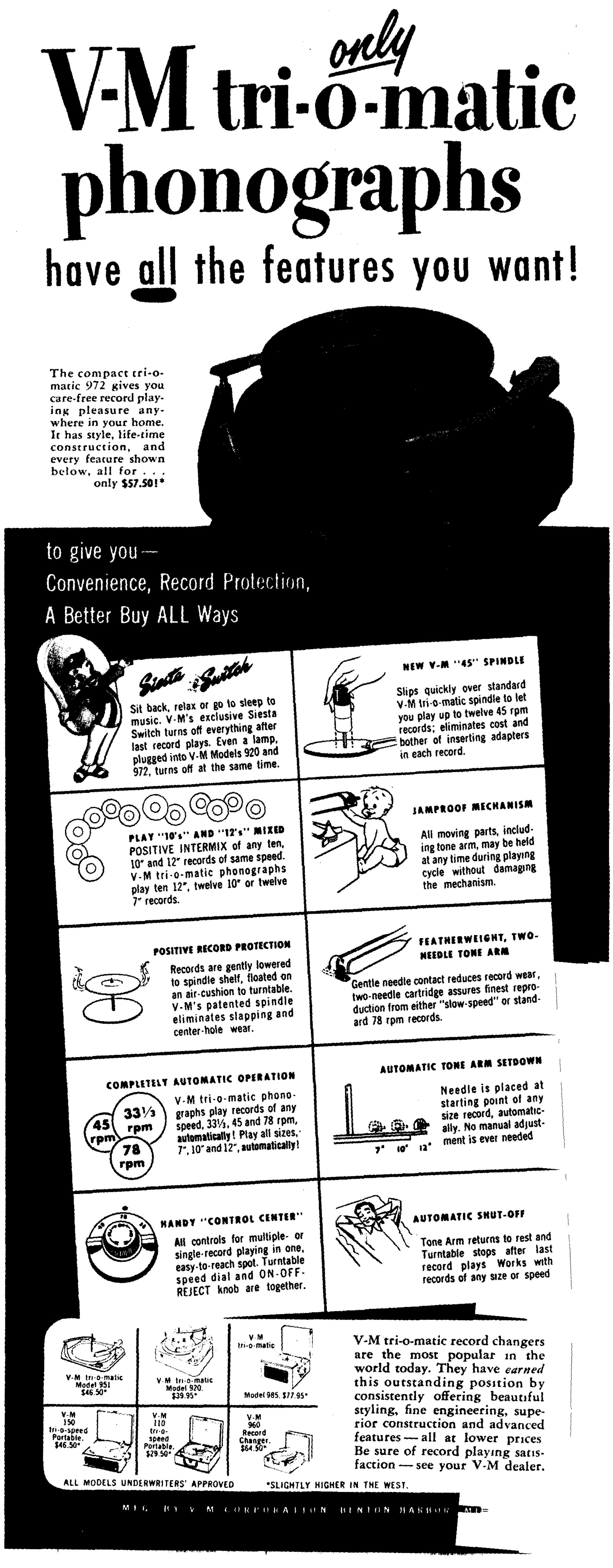
Corporal Betrosian's Career

He was Corporal Saznek Betrosian, better known as So-so, whose fluency in four languages (none of them English) came from living all but six of his twenty-two years in Russia and Iran. As a babe in arms, So-so went to Siberia when his steelworker father was hired, along with other American technicians, to help boost Soviet industrial output. By 1937, the elder Betrosian had had enough, but the Russians claimed he was a Soviet citizen. The Betrosians, originally Armenian, escaped to Iran and it took So-so until 1947 to get home. His parents are still in Tehran.

I asked So-so how he came to pick the Marines.

"I get draft notice in Dearborn where I'm working for Ford," So-so said, "and me and friends report to room with flags all over and peekshur Truman. Sergeant comes up and say, boys I'm gonna give you three choices—Army, Air Force or Marines.

"Tell you truth, I don't know what is this Marine Corps. I talk quiet with my friends. One say Marines pretty tough bunch. In my life So-so never kill a chicken—how can I kill a man? We pick Army. But when sergeant yells Betrosian he points under sign that say Marines. Some mistake, I tell him, I put down for Army. Sergeant—he's Army sergeant—take me outside and show me husky fella in bee-oootiful uniform with shiny white belt, white straps all over. Tell you truth, he look like Iranian bride. That's Marine, he say. Then he show me skinny guy in brown, no muscles, no chest. That's Army, he say, now which you wanna be? Army,



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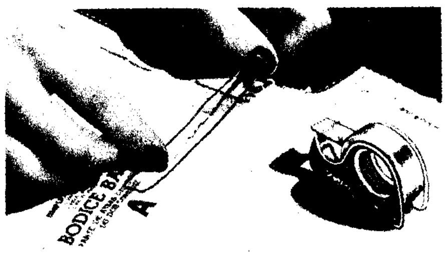

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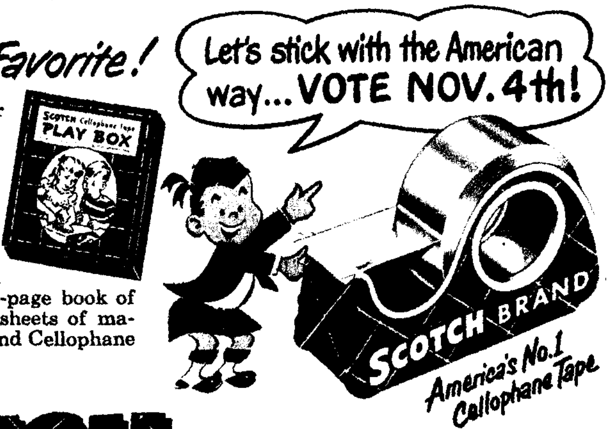
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I say. He gets real mad. You want it, he say, or you don't want it—you Marine. So I'm Marine."

"And what do you think of the war?" I asked.

"Tell you truth," said So-so, "we fight some more sit still like this, we gonna lose all our Gong Ho."

At this point, Lieutenant Williams' group checked in at the nearby supply tent and drew shrapnelproof nylon vests. (They were to wear them right up to the time they went out into no man's land. Then they discarded them and their helmets. Too much noise.) We all piled into jeeps and headed for George Company.

On the Road to Panmunjom

The sun was setting when we took the road toward the truce village of Panmunjom. This dirt highway illustrates, as nothing else can, the cockeyed ground rules of the Korean war. For 18 miles, from the UN truce camp in Munsan right through the front lines to the Red truce camp in Kaesong, the road lies in a 200-meter-wide no-fire zone. Both sides use the road to attend armistice meetings in Panmunjom, but most of the time it serves as a dandy, untouchable ammunition feeder for troops fighting as close to the foul line as they can get.

Just short of the Panmunjom neutral zone, our five-jeep convoy turned off on a winding, rutty track leading to George Company. In less than a minute, we were in plain sight of the Chinese, and fair game.

Sitting atop a finger of high ground, George Company sticks out into enemy territory. It is a sore finger. The Chinese have their guns zeroed to a hair on George, but because they're afraid to overshoot into the no-fire zone they have not fired anything—so far—heavier than mortars. There has been no fighting here on the scale of Bunker Hill, off to the right, but life has its distinctive hazards.

We parked the jeeps and walked up toward the jump-off point. Marines lounging outside their bunkers made appropriate remarks when the men paused to black their faces with a mixture of cold cream, charcoal and petrolatum. A Marine mortar battery, a little way back, coughed up a few shells over our heads. Short of the hill crest, Moore and I said good-by to Williams who headed for a platoon comman post. We kept climbing toward our sp for the night, Observation Post No. 2

OP 2 is the tip of the finger, a sand-bagged bunker cut into the top of th hill, from which you get an unobstructed view of Chinese outposts 40 yards away—and vice versa.

Moore and I were about 10 yard from the mouth of the bunker when Marine sang out, "On the way," an dived inside. "On the way" is the customary signal from an artillery batter to a spotter that a friendly shell ha been fired at an enemy target. It mean the reverse at George Company. Th Chinese are so close the Marines ca hear their shells slam into the morta tubes. The lobbing flight of the projectile gives from three to six seconds t get into the bunker after the warning *chokk.* We made it with plenty t spare.

"Keep your face away from the aperture," a Marine lieutenant told me. "Sometimes the stuff hits just outside and splatters in."

There were three sharp cracks directly overhead and sandstone trickled from the bunker ceiling. The lieutenant—he was Raymond Fitzsimmons, of San Clemente, California—grabbed a phone and called for counterartillery fire. After what seemed a long time there was a welcome bark from a Marine 105.

Four more explosions went off, seemingly right on top of us, and a few more farther back. "Two hundred up and fifty to the left," Fitzsimmons said. "Hurry it up, will you? They're messing up the top of this bunker something fierce."

He handed the phone to a sergeant and sat down next to Moore on one of the bunker's two air mattresses. The following conversation then took place:

Moore: "Did you know Joe Yeplar back at Camp Pendleton?"

Fitzsimmons: "Sure—what a clown! What ever happened to Joe?"

Sergeant (speaking into the phone): "You're still short . . . Whaddya mean can I see the position? When you can see a mortar, you've had it."

(Two more explosions and a thump.)

Moore: "I don't know. He got awful mad at me just before I pulled out. I tore up all his clothes."

Me: "Just for the hell of it—why?"

Planning a sortie: Sergeant D. E. Field (l.), of Morrisville, N.Y.; Captain James Webb and Laimoinis Sprogis, of Minot, North Dakota

aptain James H. (Hellion) Flood, of Oceanside, California, gives fill-in on a patrol to Sergeant D. C. E. Culp, of Gilroy, California

Sergeant (into phone): "Okay, fire ›r effect."

Moore: "I needed some cleaning ıgs."

Fitzsimmons: "Did Joe marry that ıl from Birmingham?"

Moore: "She wasn't from Birmingam, she . . ."

Sergeant (into phone, just like a aining movie): "Right on the money! Iortar neutralized, cease firing! (To itzsimmons) If they aren't where that ınded I don't know where they are."

Moving Toward the Trenches

The firing ceased. I never learned 'hat happened to Joe Yeplar. Through ıe OP aperture, over which stretched shrapnel-torn camouflage net ("Moths idn't do that," the sergeant said) I ould barely make out the ragged fringe f trenches at the base of Blue Hill. At :20 P.M., Williams' patrols moved out ɔward it.

In an embrasure just outside the unker mouth, Moore and two Recon ıoncoms began their all-night monioring of the phone and radio. Inside he pitch-dark bunker, the crew settled lown to another night of taking turns t the "window." Fitzsimmons and anɔther man went to sleep on the air nattresses.

After a while, Moore came in and sat hunched in a corner. A faint gnawng was audible. "That's Wilbur," the sergeant said. "Our rat. He's so big, when he walks across the aperture here ıe gets sky-lined and draws fire."

Moore spoke up from his corner. "Hey, you guys wouldn't want a cat, would you?"

"Why, sure. But Wilbur will probably take him."

"Okay. You got yourself a cat," Moore announced.

Moore was called out. When he came back he said Boyd's patrol had become separated going through the wire, had returned and now had to start all over again. Then Williams' patrol reported seeing three lights flashing dead ahead—but nothing further.

Around midnight, I sat down for a while in the embrasure. Off to the left, the Panmunjom searchlight beacon burned blue-white and straight up. In front of the OP, it was so quiet the crickets were deafening, but from time to time artillery thumped from behind us and on either side. Over past Kaesong, a plane suddenly set off three photo flares that flashed in rapid succession like heat lightning. The weirdest sight appeared a few hundred yards to the west, where two headlights blazed startlingly close, and then veered away —an MP jeep on a routine patrol of the Panmunjom road.

I dozed off. Moore tapped me at 2:45 A.M. to tell me that Williams and Boyd had reached their objectives, apparently without making contact, and were on their way back. An hour and fifteen minutes later, we all rendezvoused at the jeeps. Williams was swearing as we started the blacked-out convoy back toward the company area.

"Four of the guys got right into those trenches on Blue," he said. "Explored them for 50 yards both ways. Nothing."

Boyd also had drawn a blank. He had reached the base of his hill and found nobody. The ground was littered with stones and crumbly rock, and Williams would not let Boyd risk a giveaway landslide by trying to scale it.

"I don't know," Williams said, very depressed, "maybe we ought to put on flak vests and helmets and keep going till we hit something. We don't seem to get close enough."

"I'll get you within three feet of more Reds than you're able to handle," I promised him.

I did, too. Two days later, Williams and I traveled the same road, but we went right on to Panmunjom with a caravan of correspondents covering another fruitless armistice session. Walking among North Koreans and Chinese, Williams bristled like a terrier smelling rats.

There is one more story about the vest-pocket Foreign Legion that must be told. It involved Lieutenant Paredes' platoon, this time. A patrol loaded with Foreign Legionaires fired at five Chinese. They wounded at least two and then lost them when they couldn't get enough illumination shells over the area. A Marine lieutenant colonel was skeptical of the report.

"Do you really believe those men ran into something?" he asked Paredes.

Paredes said sure.

"Why, Lieutenant?" asked the lieutenant colonel. "Most of those guys can't speak English."

"Because they're my Marines, sir," Paredes said.

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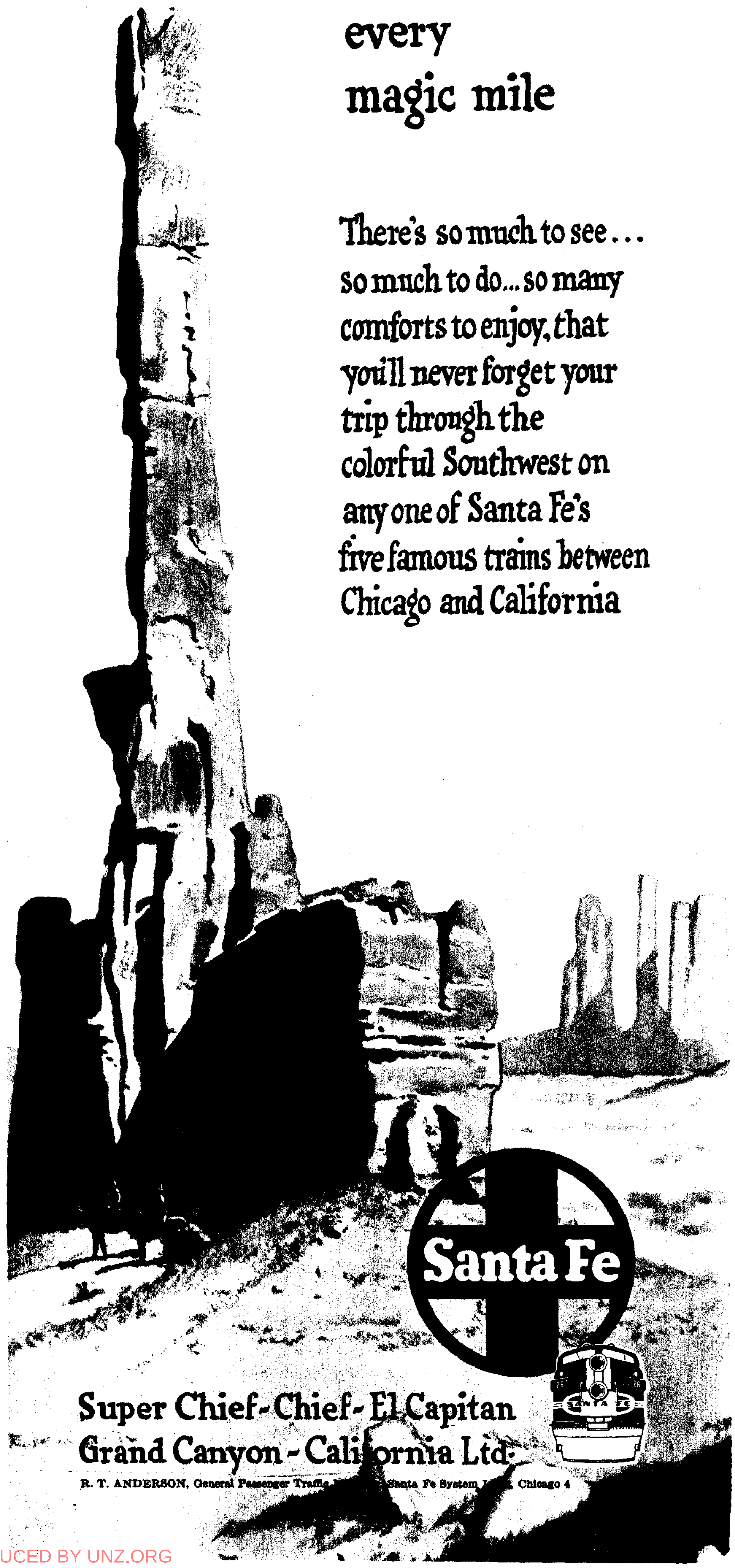

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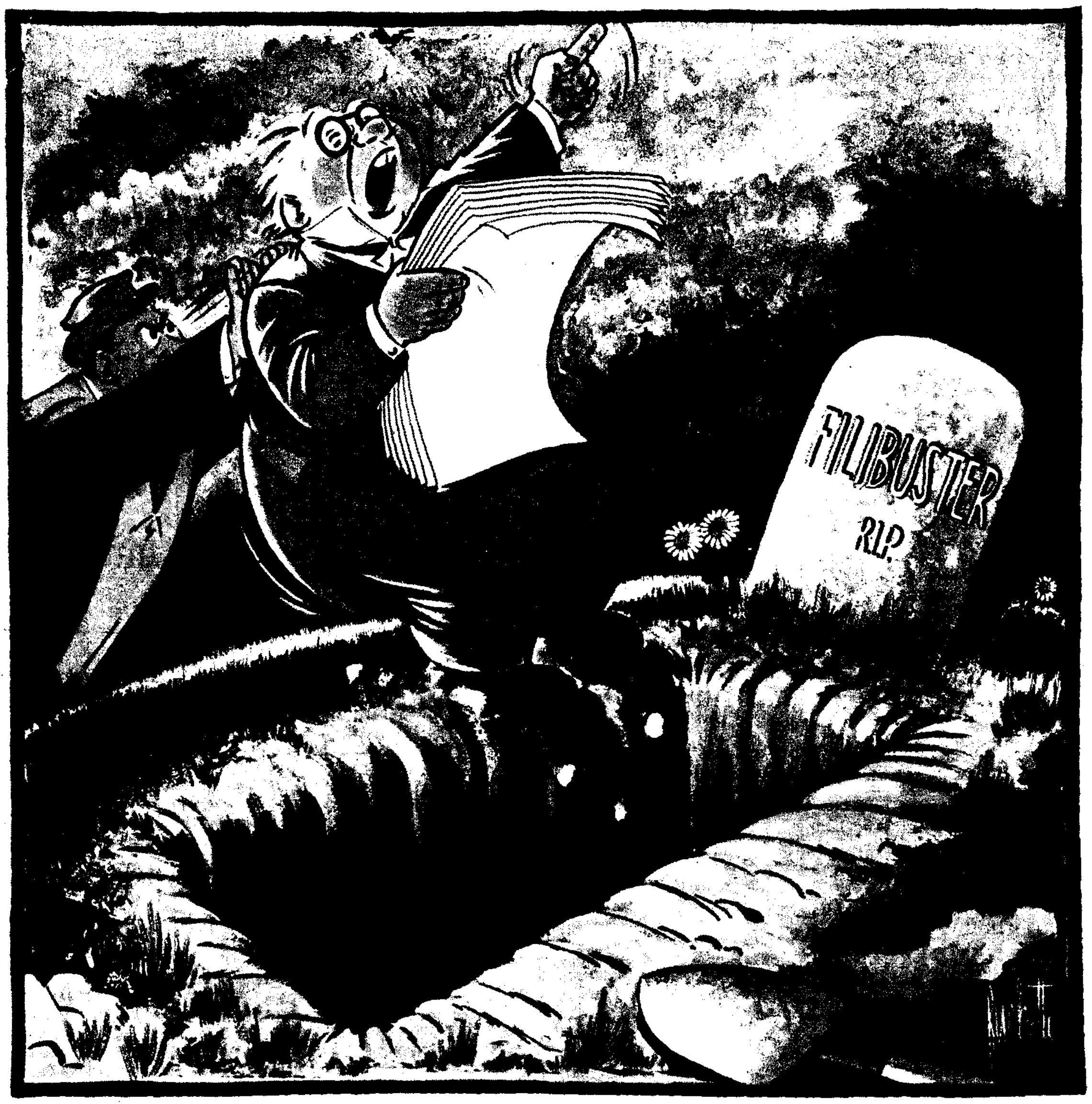

JOHN FISCHETTI

Let's Bury the Filibuster

ON THE SURFACE, civil rights and Senate filibusters might not seem to have much in common. But it no longer strikes anyone as odd that they have been fused into a single, burning issue of the Presidential campaign, just as they were in 1948. We believe it's time that the two subjects were cooled off and separated. That's going to take some calmness and honest, reasonable thinking. It will also take, in our opinion, a change of administration in Washington.

It is ridiculous and shameful that, in the year 1952, a bitter fight should still be raging over proposals to put into effect the equal rights that were set forth and guaranteed in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. Just as ridiculous and shameful are some of the methods that have been used to circumvent those rights. Yet the fact remains that the fight does rage, and that the methods are still available, and that something needs to be done about both.

Collier's believes in the protection and fair treatment of minorities—and that includes the minority of Southerners in the United States Senate as well as the racial minority in the South. We're for equality of opportunity for education and employment, and we don't buy the idea of the ghettoed, segregated, second-class citizen. At the same time we realize that, while the majority of Americans probably agree with us, there are many Americans who do not. And their spokesmen in the Senate certainly should have the privilege of expressing themselves fully, as long as they do it fairly.

The filibuster isn't fair. In theory, the rule of unlimited Senate debate is undoubtedly sound. We have heard and read numerous convincing arguments by Southern senators in support of that rule. But it seems to us that they have destroyed their case against limited debate when, in practice, they have carried such debate beyond the limits of dignity, intelligence and human endurance. A filibustering senator who talks endlessly about nothing is making a mockery of our government and its legislative processes, as well as making a fool of himself.

But by saying that, we haven't removed the conditions by which a senator, under the present rules of debate, can filibuster to death even the consideration of a motion to change those rules. So what's to be done about the problem of equal opportunities for all Americans?

Well, there's an old and proved technique known as compromise, which hasn't been given much of a try to date. It's quite possible that something less drastic than outright federal compulsion could be worked out—perhaps some sort of federally sponsored or federally assisted state action. There are some thoughtful, realistic, forward-looking Southern legislators in Washington now who would like to see an improvement in the status of Negroes in their part of the country, and yet who know that a compulsive law would arouse such resentment as to make it unworkable. They have already gone so far as to draft some bills along this line. But these bills haven't got to first base with the Truman administration.

The reason why they haven't is obviously political. The administration, which is sure o at least most of the Solid South, has preferred to keep the civil rights question alive and unsettled as a political issue, in order to win the suppor of leaders of Negro organizations and labor unions in the North, rather than to try for a workable solution.

No one can promise that any such bills would pass, or that they would do the job. No one, surely, can hope for any overnight miracles. But at least the efforts deserve some consideration.

Meanwhile there is progress under way in the South, though it's slow progress. We hope that under a Republican administration which would consider the South a region worthy of recognition, rather than a gilt-edged security in the political strongbox, progress might be speeded up. And if, in addition, something could be done about giving the filibuster a decent burial, that would be an extra and most welcome dividend.

You're Big, So You're Bad

COLLIER'S FEELS that one of its most important journalistic functions is to try to correct the thoughtless, too-prevalent, government-fostered impression that Big Business is automatically a harmful and fearful ogre. We have sought to show, through articles and editorials, that this big country needs Big Business, that it could not be big and still free without it, and that the government should intelligently foster Big Business in the public interest, rather than seek to destroy it.

In line with these efforts of ours we should like to recommend to our readers a remarkably interesting word-and-picture book called Du Pont: The Autobiography of an American Enterprise. It is the story of Du Pont's growth from a single powder mill on Brandywine Creek in Delaware 150 years ago to the immense, complex, versatile corporation of today. It is a story of hard beginnings, of prudence, research, diversification and efficiency. And in the course of this story, the reader finds a sensible and logical refutation of the "Merchants of Death" label which some have tried to hang on the Du Pont company.

The Du Ponts did not grow prosperous through making explosives for war, because war creates no real wealth—not even for munitions makers. They prospered first by providing gunpowder for the arms which brought food and protection to the pioneers who opened our frontiers. Later they made the explosives which helped immeasurably in clearing the wilderness, developing mining, and blasting the way for the railroads which finally spanned the continent.

The Du Pont company has given vital aid, however, as a munitions maker from the War of 1812 to the present. It was the first to mass-produce plutonium for controlled atomic energy, and it now has undertaken the awesome assignment of developing a hydrogen bomb (at a nominal fee, incidentally, of $1 for each of the latter jobs). But Du Pont's greatest contribution is seen in its many peaceful developments which have led to a better, easier, more comfortable life for Americans.

The fact that the government is presently trying to dismember this invaluable company as an alleged monopoly is an ironic commentary on current thinking in Washington.

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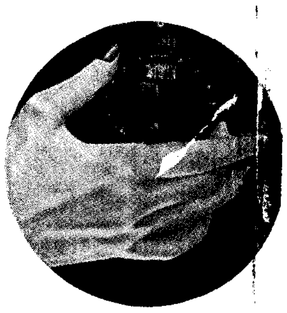

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ArvinTV *All-Channel Super 28*

Many more stations made possible for every TV area!

Here is a list showing the number of TV stations, existing or authorized, within 60 miles of these typical TV communities of the future. Arvin is first to provide built-in, all-channel tuning to receive them all!

Akron	23
Albany-Schenectady-Troy	14
Allentown-Bethlehem, Pa.	26
Atlanta	17
Baltimore	22
Benton Harbor-St. Joseph, Mich.	22
Birmingham	18
Boston	24
Bridgeport	25
Buffalo	15
Canton	24
Charleston, W. Va.	15
Charlotte	13
Chicago	23
Cincinnati	16
Cleveland	18
Columbus, O.	14
Dallas-Fort Worth	21
Davenport-Rock Island-Moline	20
Dayton	18
Denver	17
Des Moines	15
Detroit	18
Evansville, Ind.	12
Flint, Mich.	24
Fort Wayne, Ind.	15
Grand Rapids	15
Harrisburg	13
Hartford	21
Houston	12
Indianapolis	27
Jacksonville, Fla.	12
Johnstown, Pa.	16
Kansas City	15
Louisville	12
Los Angeles	19
Memphis	14
Miami	8
Milwaukee	13
Minneapolis-St. Paul	16
Nashville	16
New Haven	26
New Orleans	17
New York	23
Oklahoma City	16
Omaha	15
Philadelphia	24
Pittsburgh	20
Portland, Ore.	12
Providence-Pawtucket	22
Reading	24
Richmond, Va.	10
Rochester, N. Y.	14
St. Louis	13
Salt Lake City	14
San Antonio	11
San Bernardino	16
San Francisco-Oakland	22
San Jose, Cal.	22
Scranton	13
Seattle-Tacoma	17
South Bend, Ind.	12
Spokane	8
Springfield-Holyoke, Mass.	17
Syracuse	14
Toledo	15
Washington, D. C.	16
Waterbury, Conn.	20
Wheeling, W. Va.	16
Wilkes-Barre-Hazleton, Pa.	15
Wilmington, Del.	26
Worcester	31
Youngstown	27

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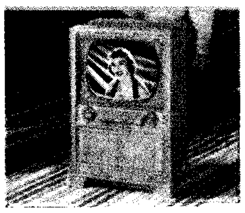

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*Including picture tube anc rectifiers.